



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

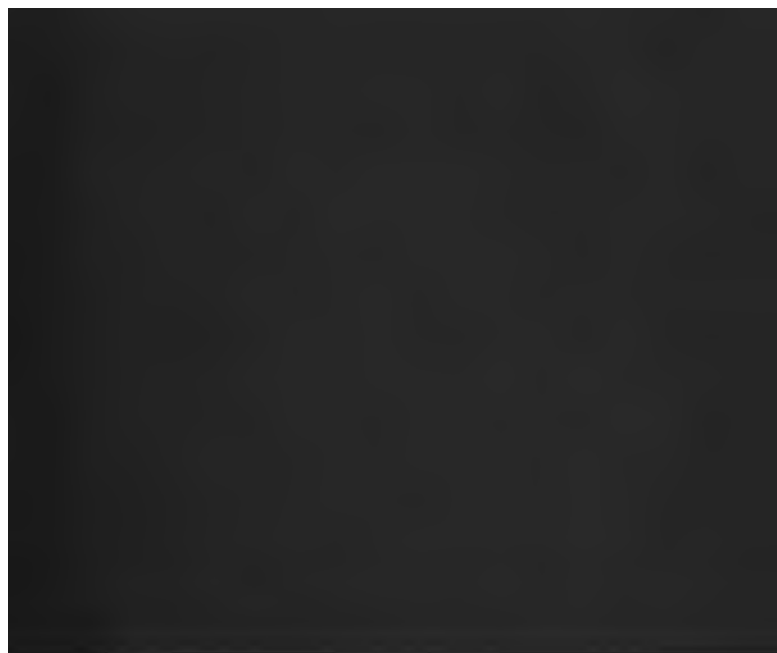
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





600078461W





DRAKE RECEIVING A BIBLE FROM HIS UNCLE, HAWKINS. P. 187.

THE
ADVENTURES OF A SAILOR BOY:

BEING

Tales of the Sea and Exploits of the British Navy.

BY AN OLD SAILOR.

"Here I am, poor Jack,
Just come home from sea, sir,
With stories in my sack,
So listen unto me, sir."

DIDDY.



LONDON:
DARTON AND HODGE, 58, HOLBORN HILL.
1862.

250 m. 10.

LONDON:
SAVILL AND EDWARDS, PRINTERS, CHANDOS-STREET,
COVENT GARDEN.



PREFACE.

STORIES of the Sea and of the Sea Service will always be acceptable to *British Boys*; for in them they will find the noblest instances of heroism and self-devotion, and learn to be ready at all times to serve their Queen and country.

The following tales are either strictly true as matters of history, or founded upon truth, which is often more wonderful than fiction, as the adventures of "Jack, the Sailor Boy," will testify. In them the boy reader will see much of the Battle of Life on salt water, and be taught how to brave not only the dangers of the "*mighty deep*," but the perils of the shore.

That every one who reads this volume may do so, having a trust in God's Providence, and a bold and honest heart, is the sincere desire of their old and faithful friend,

WILLIAM MARTIN.

Holly Lodge, 1862.

CONTENTS.

PART I.

	PAGE
JACK, THE SAILOR BOY—HIS BIRTH, SCHOOLING, HISTORY, AND WONDERFUL ADVENTURES—NARROW ESCAPES— FEARFUL ENCOUNTERS—DOLEFUL DISASTERS, WITH INSTRUCTIVE LESSONS.	1

PART II.

VOYAGES OF DISCOVERY TO THE NORTH POLE	131
--	-----

PART III.

TALKS OF THE BRITISH-NAVY	155
THE SEA KINGS	160
THE FIRST VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC	176
THE STORY OF DRAKE	187
DESTRUCTION OF THE SPANISH ARMADA	193
STORY OF THE BUCCANEERS	204
THE BATTLE OF CAMPERDOWN	214
THE BATTLE OF THE NILE	220
DEFEAT OF DE GRASSE BY ADMIRAL RODNEY	231
COCHRANE AT BASQUE ROADS	239
THE MUTINY AT THE NORE	245
FIGHT OF THE SHANNON AND CHESAPEAKE	251
THE SIEGE OF ACRE	258
THE BATTLE OF NAVARINO	269
THE PRIVATEER	278
THE WRECKERS	297
CAPTURE OF GIBALTAR	309

PART I.

JACK, THE SAILOR BOY.

HIS BIRTH, SCHOOLING, HISTORY, AND WONDERFUL
ADVENTURES — NARROW ESCAPES — FEARFUL
ENCOUNTERS—DOLEFUL DISASTERS, WITH IN-
STRUCTIVE LESSONS.



STORY OF A SAILOR BOY.

CHAPTER I.

Oh a sweet little cherub sits smiling aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.—DIBDIN.

SAILOR BOYS! who does not love to hear of sailor boys? Old England always was and always will be proud of them. They are the real Young England of our times; the men in embryo of the next generation; for it is to them that we look to keep our country "going a-head" in the world's great sailing match. Iron-clad frigates and Armstrong guns are well enough, but they must have brave hearts to man them, and these are to be found in "*English Sailor Boys*."

The history of one such boy is in these pages. The hero of my tale was one John Roden. His father was a ship-chandler in the port of Yarmouth about fifty years ago. He, however, was seized with illness and died when Jack was only three years of age. He was rather rich, and in his will left an annuity to Jack's mother, the bulk of his property he willed to Jack when he came of age; but should he die

before that time then his wealth was to go to his brother, Richard Roden, captain of a gun-brig, and who was, of course, Jack's uncle.

It is not very common for sailors to have hard and wicked hearts, but Roden's heart was such. He often wished little Jack dead ; for then he would have come into possession of his property.

Jack could not touch a farthing of his money before he was twenty-one years of age, and his poor mother had little to support him with ; she was therefore glad to see him taken notice of by his uncle, who pretended to be very fond of him. This was his hypocrisy, for he wished in his heart to make away with him.

So he set about scheming how he should get rid of his young nephew ; and one day, when he came from off a voyage, he went to little Jack's mother's house, and entered into conversation with her about her son.

Said he, " The boy is old enough now to go to sea : he ought to be fond of a seafaring life ; why do you not bring him up to it ? " His mother said, " Why, brother-in-law, he is but twelve years old ; there is plenty of time to think of that ; let him go to school. "

" School ! pshaw, " said the old man ; " it is all nonsense. School spoils boys ; they are never good for anything after they have been cut and hacked about by a schoolmaster—it breaks their spirit, and makes them timid. However, to give you

a taste for the sea, Jack, I have got a sailing boat for you, and will send it up to the creek to-morrow, and you can amuse yourself with it in the river, and make yourself a sailor."

The boat which uncle Roden had prepared for his little nephew was barely large enough to carry two such little boys as himself, and was fitted up with sails rigged with the greatest exactness.

The reason why Jack's uncle gave him this boat, was not because he loved him, or designed to please him, but because he thought that, like other children, he might be tempted to get into it and have a sail; and then he might stand a chance of being drowned.

The boat was duly at the creek the next morning, as uncle Roden had promised, and little Jack was delighted with it beyond measure. He thought his uncle one of the kindest of all gentlemen in the world; and his mother said, "You see, my dear, although your uncle does snarl at you sometimes, he is very fond of you; and I hope you love him very dearly."

"Oh, that I do, mamma," said Jack; "he is a dear, good, kind uncle, I know, or else he would never have given me such a beautiful boat. I do not mind his rough words; I have heard people say his bark is worse than his bite."

The next day Jack went to sail his vessel: his mother told him to be very careful, and not get into the water; and, above all, not to think of putting up

the sail while he was in the boat ; “ for should you do so,” said she, “ you might stand a chance of being drowned.”

Jack was off early to sail his boat. It was a fine warm, sunny morning, and everything looked so bright and happy, that Jack seemed as if he could have jumped up to the sky, he was so light-hearted.

So away he went, but before he had gone far a schoolfellow met him. It was Henry Roebuck. “ Let me go with you,” said Henry. “ Yes, if you like,” said Jack ; “ come along, come along.”

Away went the two boys, direct towards the river, to a place called Martlesham Creek, and in a pretty, quiet spot the *Decoy Duck*, for that was the boat’s name, was launched.

Both the boys then got into her to have a row. At last Roebuck said, “ Let me hoist her sail ; I am sure I can manage her.”

Jack said to himself, “ Mother told me not to put the sail up, for fear I should be drowned. But ought I to let anybody else do it ? that is the question.” His conscience told him he ought not. But he said, “ I don’t see why I should prevent anybody else having a sail : there is no harm in it.”

But there was harm in it, and little Jack’s heart told him so ; it was not right to risk another boy’s life any more than his own. But he did not do what he ought to have done. You shall know the result.

Henry put up the sail, and put the helm round ; and she went so beautifully down the stream that Jack shouted with delight. Then Henry turned her head, and sailed across ; then he made her tack again and again from side to side. At last Henry called out, " Why don't you try her, Jack ? "

" I should like to have a try," thought Jack ; although his mother's injunction seemed to say no. But then, said he to himself, there is no danger, and that makes it quite different. " There is no danger, is there, Henry ? " said he.

" Not a bit," said Henry. " I would not mind sailing her quite down to the water-mill." This was nearly a mile off.

" Well," said Jack, " if you sail her down to the water-mill, I'll sail her down to Kyson." This was a place a mile below the water-mill.

So away went the boys, boat and all. The wind was fair, and Jack had much to do to keep up with her, as he ran on the banks of the river down the stream.

In less than half-an-hour both reached the water-mill ; and if Jack had been before delighted with his boat, he was much more so now. Eager indeed was he to try his skill, and take the helm.

Without thinking of what his mother had said to him, he jumped in with Henry, laid hold of the tiller, and away they went as fast as the wind and tide could carry them, onwards towards the sea, in fine style.

When they reached the place called Kyson, he

tried to guide his ship towards the shore, but found that his rudder had been broken off, and he could not make her turn in the way he wished ; so away she drifted towards the sea, Henry all the while calling out, " Stop, stop !" But the boat would not stop. Henry, being very much frightened, fell overboard, and with great difficulty reached the shore, leaving Jack to his fate.

Glad indeed would Jack have been to stop, but he could not. The boat went on ; and, as he found the danger increase, he lost his presence of mind ; and in less than another half-hour he heard the sea roaring. The wind seemed to blow, too, fresher than ever.

Away went the little craft, and away went Jack, calling out loudly for assistance, but to no purpose. The boat danced upon the waters—she rocked again—she was out at sea.

Jack tried to make her turn towards the shore, and she did bend her course a little and hove round ; but just as Jack began to have hope, *she capsized*, and overboard he went ; and his pretty boat was bottom up.

Jack had learned to swim, and he buffeted the billows for some time. Now he was lifted up upon the waves, and saw the land ; and then he sank down again, and all was dark. His heart failed him—his hands grew stiff—*it was the cramp*.

At this moment he felt the sharp teeth of some-

thing at his neck ; he gave a scream—and saw and heard no more. What do you think it was ? It was the gripe of a Newfoundland dog, which had been sent out after him by a gentleman walking on the beach. The noble creature seized him by the collar, and in a few minutes bore him safely to *land*.

There was never such a fine fellow ! He looked the glory of his species. He reached the shore safely, and laid his exhausted burden on the sand.

Poor Jack was some time before he recovered—but he was not dead ; and by the exertions of the gentleman to whom the dog belonged, and the people at the cottage on the beach, and the clergyman of the parish, he was restored to life. His first inquiry, poor fellow, was for his mother ; and the half heart-broken widow was soon standing by his side.

Jack was taken home and put to bed, and attentively watched for several days. His uncle Roden came to see him, and pretended to be very sorry for what had occurred. He was, however, only sorry that the poor boy was not drowned.

It was a long while before the young shipwrecked sailor went into a boat again, and perhaps he would never have done so, had it not been for his uncle, who, when he came from his next voyage, endeavoured to persuade Jack's mother to send him to sea.

“Look you, Sarah,” said he (for that was the widow's name), “if you coddle the boy in this way, he will never be good for anything ; money or no

money, he ought to rough it. Look at the son of our King George, the young Duke of Clarence. He may be a king, like his father, some day, and he goes to sea, just like the poorest boy in the world."

"I cannot part with him yet," said the good woman. "How do you think I should feel when I heard the November gales beating the tiles about the house, and the chimneys falling, and the inn signs creaking, and the black night coming on? How could I sit at my fireside? how could I sleep in my bed? I should go mad, brother Roden."

"You will be worse than mad not to let your son have a good chance. Here is the good ship *Grampus*, as tight a ship as ever crossed the bar of our river; she sails like a swan in the water, and dips her nose into the foaming billows as if she cared no more for the storm than she did about her christening. A brave ship, and will make a mint of money, I'll warrant. The man who built her has always been uncommonly lucky with his ships."

"Luck, or no luck," said John's mother, "the boy shall not part from me. I would not let him go for the world."

"Then you are——"

"His mother," interrupted the woman; and at this moment Jack rushed into her arms, and she almost smothered him with kisses, and pressed him to her heart.

Old Roden turned away at this, as if he was quite disgusted. His heart was as hard as a piece of flint. However, as he walked home, he said to himself, "There are more ways than one to kill a drake. This youngster shall not baffle me, or my name is not Roden."

So he pondered and pondered, and thought and thought, as he walked along; and many a time his fingers gave his wig a hitch up behind as he went. He schemed and schemed till he seemed quite angry with himself at not hitting on a plan likely to suit his purpose, by which he might get his young nephew out of the way.

Satan very often comes to people pretty readily when they want to do anything wrong. In this case, however, it was otherwise, and the old captain went mumbling along till he reached the churchyard. The moon was rising over the "ivy-mantled" tower, and everything looked quiet and serene.

"I have got it," said he, and struck his stick upon the stile which led to the church; "I have got it! The young rogue shall go to sea in spite of his mother. Yes, yes, he must be got off somehow; let me see, how shall it be?—take him off by night, send him aboard a man-of-war, and then—umph!—ha!"

He might well pause and say umph and ha, for at that very moment the moonbeams fell upon a gravestone, on which was written, "Sacred to the Memory of John Roden." It was his brother's.

"Woo whoop—woo!" said the old owl in the steeple top; and then the jackdaws fluttered and cawed; and then the clock struck twelve.

"What a stupid old fool I am," said he, and made his way out of the churchyard as quickly as possible. "I declare I am." And here he took a sip from his brandy-bottle, which seemed to revive him.

So he went home, but he slept little that night; he plotted and plotted till his head ached; at last he determined that Jack should be kidnapped and sent to sea.

When the old captain's vessel got under weigh a few days after, the old man bribed two of the sailors to go and seize Jack and bring him on board, while the ship waited at a small creek about three miles down the river.

The sailors came up to a spot near the dwelling of Jack, and loitered about, thinking they might see him. It was in the evening, and most boys have a game of play in the evening; besides, it was moonlight.

The moonlight danced among the green leaves, and chequered the field paths with a flickering light. Jack had been to visit a sick schoolfellow, and was coming home with his heart not very merry. "Thank God," he said, at last, "that I am not sick; I should not like to lie on a sick bed from week's end to week's end. Poor Arthur! it is very hard for him. I wish I had taken him another orange or two; and I will in the morning, fair or foul."

One of the sailors whispered to the other, as they stood behind a tree—"That is he! shall we give him a knock at once?"

"Stop a minute," said the other, "till I take the gag out of my pocket."

Jack walked on, little thinking of the danger that was near him; for he was thinking of his mother. "I wonder what thing my mother would like for her supper. I have got sixpence in my pocket, and I think I shall go and buy her a lobster; she is fond of lobsters—and I will, too."

"No, you wont," said one of the sailors. "You wont, indeed, young gentleman," said the other, and both seized him rudely by the collar.

"Oh, do not harm me! What have I done? Oh! pray let me go. Oh, pray!"

"Hold your tongue, or I will half murder you," said the first. "Yes, hold your tongue, you rascal," said the other, and squeezed his throat as if he would choke him. He then placed the gag over or in his mouth, and blindfolding him, they both dragged the poor boy away towards his uncle's ship.

He was put into a place in the forecabin, and kept below for several days, till the ship was far out at sea. At last, he was brought on deck, and there he saw his hard-hearted and cruel uncle.

"Oh! uncle," said the little boy, "wont you punish these naughty men for ill-using me as they have done?"

"Not I, boy," said the uncle. "Wont you be a cabin-boy?—you must be, and therefore you have nothing to do but mind what I say to you. There, go aloft, and help to furl that sheet yonder."

Jack was not used to going aloft, but his uncle looked so cross that he seemed afraid to disobey him, so he did as he was bidden. When he came down, his uncle said he was an awkward young scoundrel.

They sailed for several days without anything particular happening, and it grew warmer and warmer every day. At last, Jack heard some one say they were getting near the coast of Africa, and that they had entered the Gut of Gibraltar.

Soon after, several dark-looking fellows came on board and held consultation with his uncle. They were Algerines, and came on board to purchase some English knives, swords, and fire-arms. After the bargain was concluded, Jack was ordered to come on deck, and found that he was sold with the other articles.

"Take him along with you," said Roden, "and the sooner the better; he will do well for the Dey, and will make his fortune, I dare say." The wicked old man had sold him for a slave.

Jack fell on the deck, and clung to his uncle's knees—"Oh! pray save me—save me from those ugly men! Oh! dear uncle, let me go back again to my poor mother."

"Hand him over his hammock," said the captain;

“don’t stand long about it—away with him !” and so one of the men hauled his hammock on deck, and, giving it a swing, passed it over the ship’s side, while he still kept imploring his uncle for mercy.

The old man said nothing, but beckoned to the Algerines to come and take him. So Jack was taken, more dead than alive, and forced over the ship’s side into the boat of the Algerines.

Jack still called out to his uncle while the boat pushed off, but to no purpose. The old man turned a deaf ear to him : he looked once over the side of the ship, and then turned abruptly away, and put the helm down, and the ship went about.

Forced now to lie down at the bottom of the boat by the Algerines, Jack cried till he was quite spent. The boat hoisted a sail, and drew rapidly towards the shore. There was a storm rising, and it looked very black overhead ; there was, however, no wind.

The sail was lowered, and the Algerines took to their oars, and after about an hour’s hard pulling, the boat reached a low sandy coast, and went boldly upon it.

All hands now got out, and took Jack with them. They then sat down on the sand to take some food, of rice, bread, and dried fruit.

Jack had a morsel thrown to him ; and having drawn the boat up high and dry on the sands, they all departed in an easterly direction. As they travelled on, the country became more bold and

rocky ; and mounting one of the hills, Jack turned his eyes towards the sea, and there, like a dim speck in the horizon, was his uncle's ship, sailing, to appearance, towards England. The poor boy burst into tears.

He was made to leave off crying by some heavy blows dealt upon him by one of the ruffians, and forced to move on at a quicker rate; and now the winds began to blow, and the thunder was heard in the distance ; presently vivid lightning ran upon the tops of the waves, and the sea was in convulsions.

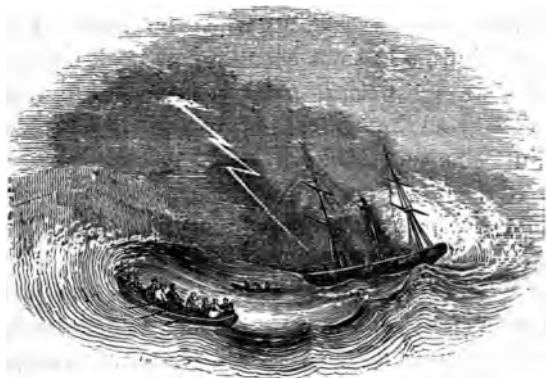
The rain now descended in torrents, and the party crept into a cleft of one of the rocks facing the sea. The storm continued for an hour or two ; some of the men slept ; at last, however, the report of a gun aroused them.

They rushed forward on the rock. The report had proceeded from a ship in distress, setting headlong towards the shore. The Union Jack was hoisted on a piece of the broken mast ; the sails were torn to ribands, and the starboard bow completely carried away by the violence of the waves.

Bang again went the cannon, and a dreadful cry was heard on board. The sea rolled over the ship, for she was now among the breakers of a ledge of rocks jutting out to sea. Jack looked—it was his uncle's ship.

Presently a boat was lowered, into which several of the sailors crowded ; it went a little distance

from the ship, but an overwhelming wave of surge and foam swallowed it up like a nutshell.



Another boat beat off from the ship ; in it was Jack's uncle. He waved his hand to the shore : in a moment he was carried to the top of a mountain of wave—the next minute he and the boat and all in it were engulfed.

The ship soon broke up, and came on shore piece by piece. The Algerines rejoiced, and stayed for several days on the spot, picking up the wreck. Three days afterwards, as they were all wandering along to see what they could find, Jack discovered stretched on the shore the body of his uncle, which the Algerines rifled.

Jack wished to give his relation a burial-place, and made signs to the men that he should like to dig a

grave for him ; and Jack was allowed to go and try to scratch a hole in the sand with a bit of old plank and a cutlass.

It was towards evening when he went to this service ; and he had not been long at work before he heard a strange noise. He looked behind him, and there stood an immense lion, with his head crouching, just about to make a dreadful spring.

Jack shrieked out wildly and ran off. The lion seemed rather surprised, and, instead of following him, walked very deliberately to the body, and, taking it up by the neck, dragged it along, with apparent ease, to a small clump of trees, at a little distance.

The Algerines laughed at Jack's fright, and seemed more kind to him. They were upon good terms with themselves, from the spoils of the wreck and the wealth they had obtained, and seemed disposed to be very merry.

After a while, several casks of spirits were washed up, and these were received by the savage fellows with great delight ; they started the bungs, and in a very short time obtained access to the liquor.

Drunkenness followed, and two of the four began to quarrel ; at last one struck the other a blow with his short crooked sword, when in a moment the person struck stabbed his foe to the heart with a short knife ; before, however, he had fallen, another blow told upon his assailant, and both fell, never to rise again.

Jack was now alone with two men only ; where, he knew not. Both of his kidnappers, or whatever else we may call them, were still intoxicated ; they seemed scarcely conscious of what was going on, and sunk in slumber. Jack now formed the design of escaping.

But where was he to fly to ? he knew not the country, and he feared the lions and other wild beasts ; but, said he to himself, “ Wild beasts cannot be worse than these men ; ” and so taking as much provision as he could, from that washed ashore, in a bag upon his shoulder, and cramming his pockets with biscuit and dried meat, putting a cutlass by his side, a brace of pistols, and a little powder and shot in his bosom, he darted off as fast as his legs could carry him.

Jack determined to keep as near as possible to the seacoast, that he might take advantage of any British ship that hove in sight. He travelled all that day and all the next night without seeing or meeting with any living thing ; and now, thinking he was too far for pursuit, he sat himself down on the hot sands, and, after taking a plentiful meal, fell asleep.

When Jack awoke, he found that he had slept an entire afternoon and night. The sun was rising on the hills behind him ; he looked around, but all was barren ; he listened, but nothing was to be heard except the gentle dashings of the great sea along the shore, and the lonely scream of a few sea-birds fluttering about the rocks.

He continued his course as close to the seaside as possible ; sometimes, however, he had to go a considerable distance out of his way, owing to the sea breaking close under the rocks. He travelled the whole of the day ; at last his progress was stopped by the course of a considerable river, which fell into the sea at the spot he had reached.

To cross this river was impossible ; so he turned round the point, determined to trace his way along its banks. After walking for several miles, he found the tide returning. He had some thoughts of endeavouring to make himself a sort of boat of the gigantic rushes which grew near the spot, but was deterred from attempting it by observing, at a little distance, some people fishing.



They appeared to be Africans, for their skin was dark, and they were nearly naked. He drew near

to them with great caution ; and when he came close enough to get a full sight of them, he was so frightened at their fierce looks, that he dashed away as quickly as possible.

The Barbary men (for Jack was on the coast of Barbary without knowing it) continued their sport on the water, without noticing Jack ; but just as he was struggling through a little thicket, he suddenly came to two women, engaged in picking rice, who immediately uttered a loud cry, and ran off to the men. In a moment the fishing was suspended, and all ran like so many bloodhounds after Jack.

The poor lad dashed along the side of the river at full speed. His pursuers, however, came near him, and discharged their long fishing spears at him, happily without effect. Again they pursued, gaining upon him at every step. Jack's breath was almost spent, and he gave himself up for lost. The spears were again hurled, and one inflicted a wound on his shoulder.

The savages were now within about twenty yards of Jack, but at this moment he discovered a canoe lying at the edge of the water : the rising tide had caused it to float : in a moment Jack jumped into it, and before either of the men could get up to him, by a dexterous push with his cutlass, he was floating on the stream.

The savages gave a loud yell, and again discharged their spears, without effect, however ; for they were too

much excited and out of breath with running, to take deliberate aim. There were paddles in the canoe, and Jack plied them so skilfully that, in a few minutes, he was in the middle of the river.

Jack now made way with the tide as fast as he could, keeping near the opposite side of the stream. He heard the halloo of the savages for some time, but at last they died away. When he thought himself out of danger, he began to refresh himself; and it was a lucky thing that he had taken the precaution to stuff his pocket with beef and biscuit, for his bag of provisions had been dropped at the onset of the chase.

The boat went on with the tide, and Jack now looked about him. It was a noble river, about a mile



and a half wide, and in some parts broad-leaved and lofty trees stood close to the water's edge. At last,

however, the tide began to recede, and it was necessary for the young adventurer to row against it, or stop.

As it was drawing towards evening, he preferred the latter, and drew his forest canoe on shore, into a little cove which overhung a small creek of the river.

Here he determined to rest for the night ; and having made some rude rope of the long tough grass that grew on the spot, he bowsed the canoe up to the branches of a tree which hung there very conveniently.

Again he slept as sound as a top. In the morning when he awoke he heard thousands of birds singing all about him—some were of the most beautiful hues. He ate sparingly of his provisions, for he did not know how long he might be a fugitive ; and having taken down his canoe bed, again launched it on the unknown river.

Our young adventurer continued to proceed up the stream, not knowing whither he went. He thought it likely that it would lead to some inhabited place, as streams usually do ; nor was he long disappointed ; for, towards evening of the next day, he beheld in the distance the glittering house-tops of a town or city, and his heart beat high with hope.

The tide had fallen, and Jack was obliged to pull away lustily, to keep his canoe going ahead. He now rounded a small point of land, and a town broke upon his view. He drew near the shore ; and under

the brows of a craggy cliff, he beheld two grave-looking men, who appeared to be Turks or Arabs, sitting. The younger of the two had a map or plan in his hand, and he seemed to be consulting it with some anxiety.

When they saw Jack approach, the elder rose up and looked at him steadfastly ; he then cast his quick piercing eyes up and down the stream ; then he listened—spoke to his companion, and, in the end, drew his sabre, and came close to the water's edge.

Jack rowed his boat ashore, and, leaping out, fell down on his knees before the Arab, who said something to his companion, and beckoned him to approach. He did so. The Arabs looked at Jack's boat, then at him : at last one said, "English?"

"Yes, I am a poor English boy," said Jack. "The ship in which I was has been wrecked ; and I have come many miles up the stream, and want to go back to England."

The Arabs did not seem to understand him ; but they beckoned him to sit down, which he did. One of them then took from his bosom a bottle containing a sweet strong liquor, which he gave Jack to drink.

This was a welcome draught, and seemed to revive him : and he showed his gratitude by gestures. They also gave him some food, but as they could not understand each other they soon left Jack once more alone.



CHAPTER II.

I TOLD you how Jack determined to keep to the sea-coast, that he might take advantage of any British ship that hove in sight. So, after he had received the hospitality of the Arabs, he made the best of his way to the sea-coast, which was within sight, although at a great distance. When he at last reached it he was gratified at beholding a fine ship-of-war close on shore, and within hail too. This made Jack's heart leap for joy. So he pulled out his pocket-handkerchief and hoisted it on a bit of stick, and presently a boat came on shore manned by six stout rowers and a midshipman who was steering. After a few words, the history of Jack's fate was soon learned, so the young midshipman ordered him at once to jump into the boat, and then rowed back immediately to the ship, and he was presently on board. When Jack arrived he was presented to the first lieutenant,

who looked at him with some curiosity and no little interest ; at last he said—

“ Can you bite a biscuit ? ” to which Jack replied he could.

“ Can you go to the masthead ? ” Jack said he could.

“ Can you box the compass ? ” he asked. Jack said he could.

“ Then you will do very well, my lad, for us. A competent powder-monkey, Mr. Quartermaster. Will you join the *Spitfire*, ” said the lieutenant, again addressing Jack, “ and go and fight the French, and return in a year or two with pockets full of prize-money ? ”

Jack said he would go and fight the French if he had the chance.

“ Give him some salt junk and plenty of grog, and rig him out with a new monkey. ”

That was a monkey-jacket, which the purser soon brought, and Jack was then told to go below to salt junk himself, and when he got to the lower deck the men flocked round him ; some gave him bread and some cheese, one gave him a knife, another gave him grog. Sailors are the kindest fellows in the world, you know. So after Jack had been on board half-an-hour he felt himself quite at home, and one of the happiest lads in the world.

Such was Jack’s reception on board the *Spitfire*. But where he was bound to he could not tell. The ship was a fine frigate of thirty-six guns, well-manned,

and seemed to be fit for anything, and her captain, officers, and men seemed quite brave enough to take the moon by the horns, scale the pyramids, or knock down the great wall of China.

But Jack wanted to know where he was going to, so in the morning when he was at breakfast, happening to sit next to the boatswain, who was captain of his mess—he said to him, “Pray, Mr. Boatswain, can you tell me where we are bound to?”

“What is that to you, young spanker?” he replied. “That is the business of your superiors. Don’t trouble your head about things of that sort. All that you have to think of is to learn your duty and do it.”

Jack thought it was very strange that no one should know where he was going to, but he supposed that they were sure to go somewhere or other, and so without puzzling his brains about it, which would have been of no use, as soon as the boatswain piped up, Jack went on deck.

He looked towards the quarter-deck, and there he saw several of the young officers, with the first lieutenant, looking at the sun through a machine like the bladebone of a shoulder of mutton—as he thought then; for he did not know that it was a quadrant.

“What are they looking at the sun for?” said he to the cook-boy, who was kneeling down before the caboose and poking a piece of coal into the fire-place.

"Why, looking to see where we are. Don't you see we are going by the sun, and all that?"

Well, thought Jack, who had yet a good deal to learn, that is a pretty story! Going by the sun! why we shall all be burned up! and he said, "I wish I had never come on board this ship: our captain must be mad, I am sure."

"Why, you don't understand; they are looking at the sun to tell how far we are got."

"Then I think they are all as mad as the captain. But, however, here I am: and if we go into the sun, I hope we shall take the sea with us, for we shall want some water there."

The truth was, although Jack did not know it at the time, the captain had orders from his government at home to sail to a certain latitude: and when he reached it, he was to open his despatches, and proceed to an appointed place.

They did not reach this certain latitude till two or three days afterwards, and then the command was given to put about ship, and to steer for the Spanish main, where they were to meet with some other vessels.

So away they went like lightning through the water—nothing but sea and sky, sea and sky—till Jack was quite tired of it: at last, however, a small white cloud was seen on the horizon, not larger than a man's hand.

The telescopes were all turned to it, and the mid-

shipmen aloft seemed to pore their eyes over it as if they had never seen a cloud before. The old men shook their heads ; and the boatswain blew his shrill whistle, and piped all hands to double-reef the top-sails.

The decks were now cleared, the topmasts were lowered, and the wind seemed to slacken till at last it died away into a calm, and the sea was as smooth as a piece of glass.

The little cloud seen arising so far off had by this time covered a great part of the heavens, and was beginning to stand over the ship like the black tilt-cloth of a large waggon. All looked aloft, for the cloud stood scowling over them, threatening to fall.

Everybody was very silent: except the captain, who said, "Stand by—we shall have it presently." Everybody was busy stowing things away; and so nicely was everything secured, that there was not a single thing on the deck out of its place.

Jack looked along the water at a great distance, and there saw the white foaming waves rising up against the black sky, although the water close to the ship was quite smooth and tranquil. Over the quarters were seen several little birds of the duck kind, which the sailors call "storm breeders." They were of the breed called the Stormy Petrel.

Presently the clouds were high arched over head, and were smeared about the sky, lying as lumps, and daubs, and patches. Jack never saw such a sky.

The billows heaved heavily under it, and the swell made the ship pitch as if she had been tipsy, although there was no wind.

Again the boatswain's whistle shrilled through the sultry air—"All hands upon deck!" and in a moment every man was at his post. Before, however, a word could be spoken, the wind rushed wildly by and whistled through the ratlines most awfully; it seemed to scream over the ship in its rage.

The ship made a luff, and spanked along at such a rate as is rarely seen. In a few minutes the sea rolled mountains high, and dashed over her quarter; but she bore it bravely, and did not flinch a bit.

The captain, who had been seeing that everything was in order, was now upon deck, his keen eye watching every spar, and looking intently on every rope. The spars bent and creaked, but did not crack; the cordage thrummed again, but did not fly. "Well done, old girl!" said he; "grin at them again!—Port there! Port! port!"

I wish we were in port, thought Jack to himself; and yet he felt a pleasure in there being a little danger, for it was a noble sight to see a large ship brave the blast as she did.

Presently, however, she had more to do: the lightning flashed—and such a clap of thunder! It was as if a thousand pieces of artillery had all gone off at once. Jack was deaf for some seconds after; and the first thing he heard was the voice of one of

the officers, who said as he passed, "This is the way to let us know we are not in the Pacific!"

Crack and roll again and again; and then the rain descended, and then the lightning ran on the tops of the waves like fiery serpents. Gust followed gust of wind, till at last the foremast went by the board, and the ship lurched over on her larboard side.

In a minute twenty stout fellows ran with their hatchets, and in a twinkling the mast was cut away, which swung overboard, and the ship righted.

"Easy, my hearts, easy!" said the lieutenant; and the sails of the mainmast were in a moment clewed up as taut as the yard-arms on which they were bent. The wind, however, increased, and with it the sea, which rose higher a great deal than the mast of the ship.

Sometimes a wave at a great distance could be seen towering over the rest; coming on and on, like a great mountain, till it either broke over the ship, or elevated it to its top, from which it let her down with a swoop that seemed to take the breath out of the bodies of all on board.

One of these waves came on and on, and broke over the starboard quarter, throwing the vessel completely out of her course, and carrying away the rudder.

All was now consternation. The sails were loosed, and the endeavour was made to steer the vessel by them, but to no purpose. After several vain

attempts to control her, she drove at the mercy of the wind and waves, and Jack gave himself up for lost.

The night came on, and the waves rolled over the ship ; she swung, and rolled, and pitched, and drifted no one knew whither. A great number of the men were washed from the deck ; and at last, about the middle of the night, the *Spitfire* struck, and the poor boy was washed at the same moment from her bows into the sea, and thought he felt the arm of death raised up to strike him.

What became of the ship Jack knew not ; but in the morning he found himself stretched on a rock, and was awakened to consciousness by a bird hovering over him : it was an eagle, a sea eagle, which took him for a dead body. Jack raised his arm, and it flew off. He rose on his knees, and then on his feet. The eagle fluttered around him ; he took up several large stones and hurled at the bird, which flew screaming away.

Jack looked now around him. There were high rocks above him. To the top of one of these he mounted, and, from the elevation he was at, got a glimpse of the country. It seemed to extend a great distance, but was rocky and barren. There was not a blade of grass to be seen, nor anything to give evidence of the spot being inhabited.

He looked for the ship, but could see nothing of her. Jack supposed she was lost. He then felt very

hungry, and went down to the beach to see what he could pick up.

He soon found plenty of shell-fish, which he devoured. Some of them were like our common whelks, only longer: these seemed most agreeable to his palate; Jack would, however, have been glad of a little bread to have eaten with them.

After recruiting himself in this way, Jack wandered along the shore, thinking he should come to some town or village. But the night soon came on, and so Jack crept into one of the sea-beat holes in the rock to pass the night, and collected a large quantity of dry sea-weeds for a bed; and a very good one it was.

"Well," said Jack, "I once thought I should like a Robinson Crusoe sort of life, and I have got it to my heart's content;" and then he thought of his adventure in the boat. He began to feel very thirsty, and at last found a small hole, in which the rain water from the late storm had collected.

Jack wandered this way for several days, but met with nothing to afford him any tidings of being in a civilized place; and at last determined to travel inland, to see what could be discovered.

So he turned aside through a cleft in the mountains, and proceeded for several miles, but all was rocky and barren. At last he thought he saw something like a flag flying at a great distance.

He walked in this direction, but the day closed

upon him before Jack could distinguish what it was. On he went, however, in the same direction : and at last, just when he did not expect it, heard some strange voice, and saw the glare of a lighted torch.

Jack sprang forward, and in a moment found himself seized by two soldiers—Frenchmen, as he afterwards knew—who commanded him to stand, on pain of death : so he stood.

As he waited wondering what would become of him—he saw two of the soldiers apply their torch to some gunpowder in one of the clefts of the rock : and after about eight or nine minutes had passed, the report of a terrible explosion was heard, and Jack was dragged away by the soldiers in an opposite direction.





CHAPTER III.

I TOLD you how Jack was dragged away from the spot where the explosion took place; I must now tell you what happened to him after this.

He and the soldiers walked and walked, as quick as their legs could carry them, for several miles; and if Jack did not walk so fast as the soldiers thought he ought to do, he got a prick with the bayonet.

At last, however, they came to a spot among the rocks, in which a number of soldiers were collected, who received the company that bore Jack along with them, with great joy. But, from not understanding their language, Jack could not tell what they had been doing, nor who and what they were.

All that he could find out was, that they were at war with the English. This inspired Jack with some hope; as he thought, if that were the case, the English could not be far off; so he determined to make his escape as soon as he could. He then

bethought himself of the flag he had seen in the distance, and had no doubt but it was an English flag: whether it had been blown up by the explosion he had heard, he did not know; but he was determined to find out, if possible.

The next day there was a grand muster, and a reinforcement of above a thousand men came and pitched their tents on the spot on which they were; they brought with them four pieces of cannon; and the whole of the day after was spent in warlike preparations, as the object was to attack the English fort.

Jack now, by paying great attention, began to pick up a few words of the French language; and as there happened to be a Frenchman who knew a little English, he thought if he could get a few words from him, they would be of service. Jack found this, however, to be a difficult task; but an accident threw him into this man's way.

He had been assisting to get one of the large guns on its carriage, when, by some means or other, a portion of the tackle slipped, and he had the misfortune to break his leg. As nobody else could be spared, Jack was sent to attend him—to be his nurse, as it were. On his part, he was to shoot Jack if he attempted to leave the tent where he lay.

Jack did all he could for the poor fellow, and won his esteem; and by being very attentive and kind, he began to converse with him in his own language. He had been in England; and told Jack a story

of his being taken before the Lord Mayor, after escaping from an English prison, and that the Mayor, instead of ordering him into confinement, gave him some money out of his own pocket, and dismissed him. So, by thinking, I suppose, of this kindness, he resolved to be kind to Jack, and soon put his gun up on one side of the tent.

The preparations for war went on, and Jack soon learned that he was on the island of Martinique, at that time in the hands of the English, and that a French squadron, of three frigates and two brigs, had landed these forces, with a determination to attack the fort; that the party of soldiers who captured him had been out, and endeavoured, but without effect, to blow up a part of the fort, having drilled a hole upwards of five hundred yards through the mountain. Jack learned also that the fort was only about nine miles off, and that the forces there were very much straitened for provisions.

He determined, therefore, if possible, to do his countrymen all the service in his power, although at the risk of his life. The squadron that brought the troops had anchored in a little creek, about four miles to the west of the hollow in the mountains in which they were encamped. On the next night it was arranged that the greater number of the sailors of the ships, the ships' artillery, and marines, should join these forces, and proceed to take the fort by storm, before daybreak.

If I could only tell the governor of the English fort this, Jack thought, I should save it from falling into the hands of the French;—but how to do this was the great difficulty.

About noon the same day, an order came for all the sick and wounded to go on board the ships. This Jack considered fatal to his wishes; and five men, a little boy, and the broken-legged grenadier, went down together with him, to go on board one of the French frigates.

On their way over the mountains they were forced to mount a somewhat high peak, upon the top of which they rested for a few moments, screening themselves behind the large masses of jagged stones. On this spot the soldier pointed out the fort: "There," said he, "are your countrymen—would you not like to be with them?"

"Not if they are all about to be slaughtered," said Jack: who was glad to find, however, that the fort stood close to the sea-coast, and appeared to be guarded by tolerably-sized lines.

They soon reached the creek in which the French ships were anchored, and went on board of them; Jack was quite astonished to find the small number of persons on board. They were put below in the starboard bow, and, after supping, were glad to get to sleep, for they were fatigued with the journey.

Jack awoke about midnight with a horrible dream. He thought he was being cut to pieces by the

French. He called out, but nobody answered : everybody in the berth was sound asleep.

Jack looked out at the starboard port. It was an agreeably warm night, and the moon shone as bright as the day. How he wished to be ashore, and on the mountains ! he had a great mind to let himself down from the port-hole into the sea, and swim ashore ; but Jack thought of the sharks, with which all the islands of the West Indies are infested.

He hesitated, and yet longed to be off. The thought of regaining his liberty—the probability of giving warning to the English of the force preparing to attack them—all incited him ; and so, taking in his hand a French cutlass, he slid down by means of a rope from the port-hole, and committed himself to the deep.

He suffered the tide to take him to the east, for it was fast running out ; and when he got about a quarter of a mile from the ship, he struck out boldly towards the shore.

The tide, however, ran very stiff against him ; but in the course of half an hour, he had the joy to find his feet touch the ground, and soon stood on terra firma. He immediately ran along the sands and shelving rocks, till he had weathered the peak that formed one head of the cove. This, however, took him nearly two hours, for it ran out eight or nine miles into the sea.

The moon now shone more brilliantly than ever ;

and what was Jack's surprise, when he had doubled the cape, to see the English fort lying in the centre of a capacious bay, into which he had now turned, and apparently not more than a few miles distant !

He determined to keep along the coast, and sometimes had to plunge into the water and swim round the jutting rocks ; at others he had to climb up to their tops ; and soon found the exertion extremely severe. However, by dint of perseverance and courage, he at last came so near the fort as plainly to distinguish the British flag.

If ever Jack felt overjoyed in his life, it was when he saw the red cross of England flaunting in the moonlight. His heart seemed to leap towards it ; and he set off in a run, although his feet were bleeding, from being cut with the sharp points of the rocks over which he had climbed.

Everything was as silent as the grave—even the waters scarcely rippled in the distance, for the tide was down, and had left a large expanse of weed and sand between him and the ocean. He found no difficulty now in coming directly under the rock upon which the fort was built.

So he walked and walked, looking every way he could to discover a human being ; but no one was to be seen—not even a sentinel was discernible : at last, however, as he came towards what appeared to him to be a high sand-bank, he thought he heard voices.

The wind was blowing from the quarter in which the persons were who spoke. Jack looked towards the spot, and saw the British picquet of four soldiers and a corporal walking along the beach towards its extremity.

He immediately quickened his pace, and at last reached what he had supposed to be a sand-bank. It was, however, a long kind of pier, partly natural and partly artificial, upon which, at the other side, guns were planted to defend the entrance to the river, which he now saw ran directly into the land.

The picquet by this time had reached the guard-house, and were on the return. There was, however, a deep fosse or ditch between him and them, so that it was impossible for him to get over; therefore he determined to wait till they came past, and then to call out as loudly as he could.

Just as the picquet were on the point of passing, they stopped, and in a moment every gun was levelled at the boy, who felt certain that he should be shot dead.

"Old England for ever!" he sang out, and this saved his life—they did not fire. "I have just run away from the French ships, and have news for you."

"Come round, then," said the corporal; "but if you attempt to go back, we will blow your brains out."

"Well! that is a civil reception," thought Jack, "for an Englishman who has run the hazard of being eaten by sharks, to bring you word what's

going on. But never mind—it will be better presently.”

So the picquet and Jack paced along towards the rocks, each man with his musket at his side, ready to bring it to his shoulder if Jack should go out of his course. In a few minutes they reached a battery, and shortly afterwards a moveable bridge was turned over to Jack, and he stood on Fort George.

He immediately desired to be conducted to the officer on guard, to whom he related his adventure, and told him how the fleet were left, and how totally unprovided they were. He said, “This is a good service, my lad.—Keep him in custody, and wait till I return.”

So Jack waited and waited ; at last he was sent for, and conducted to the citadel, and there he saw a grey-headed old gentleman in his dressing-gown. He questioned Jack about his adventures since he was cast ashore, and particularly about his connexion with the French, their number, ships, and present state. He then retired into another room, and Jack was taken back to the guard-house, and a good mess of turtle set before him ; for this was all the soldiers had had for a long time, as they were very short of provisions.

The tide had just turned, and before Jack had finished his turtle, he heard the plash of oars and the stifled voices of sailors. He looked out to see what it was, and beheld ten boats full of armed men,

with a howitzer at the head of each, and the old governor of the fort, just as he was, in his dressing-gown, coming down and giving directions for the attack.

"Well!" thought Jack, "this is quick work—I suppose they are going to make sure of the ships." And sure enough they were; and away they went, as fast as their oars could move, or the tide would carry them."

The guard now made Jack up a bed with some coats and matting, and he fell asleep. He was awakened just after daybreak, about five o'clock, and told to look out. He saw several of the officers and men running down to the point, and he followed them.

It was to see the French frigates, all captured; and when they came near the fort, cheer after cheer was given. The old governor was now seen coming down, full-dressed, and immediately went on board the ships.

When he came on shore, he sent for Jack, and told him that he had performed a duty to his country in a very praiseworthy manner, and that he should send his name home in his despatches. "Besides which," said he, "you shall have an officer's share in the prizes obtained."

"Thank you, your honour," said Jack; "but there is a poor Frenchman with a broken leg in the Black frigate, that I was in; would your honour think of him, and let him be well treated? for he behaved very well to me while I was a prisoner."

"Go to him, and make what provision for him you like," said the old man; "but you must be answerable for his safe custody."

"He can't run away, your honour," said Jack, "for he has but one leg." So, making his bow, Jack soon found his way on board, and reached the berth of his old grenadier.

You will wonder what became of the *Spitfire*. She got off the rock on which she had struck while Jack lay insensible on the shore; for you know he had been washed off the starboard-bow by the violence of the sea.

Jack heard from the sailors of Fort George that she had put in to St. Christopher's to refit, having been terribly damaged; and that she would be ready for sea again in a week or two.

Jack desired to see his old messmates again, for he liked the *Spitfire*; and the governor determined to meet his wishes, and sent him round to her, with a letter to the captain.

So Jack was put on board the fort cutter, and had the honour of communicating the news of the capture of the French squadron. The Captain, whose name was Bowline, ordered him into the cabin: "My lad," said he, "you have performed a valuable service to your king and country, and have met with the approbation of Governor Goring. I shall represent your conduct to our commodore."

In a few days after, the commodore came on

board, and Jack was had up. He was an old, rough-looking man, and seemed to dart his clear grey eyes through him. "Well, my brave boy," said he; "so you got out of the clutches of Mounseer, eh? I am glad to find you knew your duty to the service and the king. What can I do for you, eh?"

"I should like you to send part of my prize money sir, when I get it," said Jack, "to my good mother who brought me up in England. Her name is Roden, and she thinks I am at the bottom of the sea."

"Prize money, eh? Ay, to be sure; there will be a good round sum for you. That's very proper conduct, my boy. Would you like to be a midshipman, and wear a coat with long tails?"

"Oh yes, sir," said Jack; "I should like to be a midshipman, but I am not learned enough for that."

"Then you must go under the rough touch of our schoolmaster, and he shall teach you;—and so for the future, captain, you take charge of the lad."

So from that day Jack went to school, and began to learn navigation, and a great many other things. There were several of the young middies who were lords' sons; but they did not take much notice of him, except to play him many a sad trick.

Jack made up his mind never to be out of temper, and to take nothing amiss; and so it turned out that the young fellows were tired of teasing him before he was tired of bearing it.

The ship after this sailed up the Straits of Malacca,

and being very short of provisions, the crew were forced to land on one of the islands there to find out the fishing places of the natives, and to take away the fish that they had caught, as it would save the time otherwise necessary in catching them.

Jack thought this was very wrong, but was forced to obey orders; and so into the island the



sailors went, a whole boat's crew of them. After a while, they came to a very splendid waterfall, at the bottom of which were seen several of the native tribes, spearing the fish when they rose after having come down the fall.

The sailors immediately rushed upon them, and took away all the fish they had got. The poor creatures tried to jabber out some sort of expostulation,

and fell on their knees ; but the sailors only laughed, and walked off with the fish.

When the boat's crew got back to the *Spitfire*, they found she had grounded while they were on shore, and that it was impossible to get her off till the next tide ; but this did not give them much anxiety. They, however, soon found out the evil of it ; for towards dusk they beheld on the shore several hundreds of the natives, half savages as they were, whooping and yelling in a great fury.

They no doubt thought our people had done them great injury in stealing their fish, and they came down to the shore to revenge it.

All hands were called up, and preparation was made for firing upon them, if they endeavoured to approach the ship. They seemed to be quite aware of the force of cannon-balls, and stood off.

At last, however, some of them came close to the vessel, bearing a great number of large fish, which they appeared willing to barter ; and the captain said, " Better to buy fish, than steal them ;" and signals were made, by which they were to understand they might deal.

A large number came close to the ship, and an officer and about thirty men went on the sands to trade. At first several large fish were thrown down, and for these, knives, a little looking-glass or two, and some beads, were offered in exchange.

One of the natives, after having taken up a small

hatchet and a couple of spoons, which had been offered in exchange for some fish carried by himself and a female with him, ran away, taking his fish with him. He thought he had a right to be paid for the fish taken from him before. This was no more than just.

The boatswain's mate, seeing this, ran after him with his cutlass, and wounded him severely in the arm. And in a moment the whole of the Indians turned round and discharged their arrows at the men; above a thousand, at the same instant, rushed down from the woods skirting the beach, and discharged their arrows at the ship.

Two struck Jack—one in the throat, the other in the breast—and he immediately fell into the arms of a messmate who was standing close behind him.

Directly after Jack fell, the guns were brought to bear on the savages, and shot after shot flew amongst them, till they all retired into the woods.

The boatswain's mate was killed, and several of the crew. Jack was taken below, and it was thought that his wounds would not be dangerous, unless the arrows were poisoned; in which case, the wound they make is fatal.

Luckily, the arrows were not poisoned, and in a few days Jack regained his health; the *Spitfire* weighed her anchor, and made off; not, however, before the crew had been ashore, and destroyed several of the Malacca villages, and carried away everything of value the poor creatures had.



CHAPTER IV.

WE left Jack pierced with the arrows of the savages ; he was taken below, and in a few hours the brave ship got under weigh again, and stood out to sea, and away she went under close-reefed topsails as much as she could stagger under, while heavy seas kept dashing over the weather bow.

Just at this moment, a man who had been on the fore-top-mast-head, and who had altered his position to the main-top-mast-head, cried out, " a sail on the lee-bow." Every eye was turned towards it. In a moment the captain was in the fore-top with his telescope, and after having " taken a sight " cried out to the first lieutenant, "'tis the lee ship of the

French squadron, the old *Achilles*, let's walk into her at once ; take out your reefs, set another fore-top-gallant-mast ;" and in a few minutes she was under as much canvas as she could carry to a quarter's wind, which she now had. The drum beat to quarters ; the decks were cleared ; every gun was run out, chests of wads in readiness, and the fire-screens hung up. Captain Bowline visited every part of the decks to see that the officers and men were properly stationed, giving all the same directions not to fire till within pistol-shot ; and now the boarders were armed, pikes, tomahawks, and cutlasses distributed, an abundant supply of ball cartridges were handed to the mariners, principally by the agency of Jack, who found himself elevated to the important rank of powder-monkey.

The wind had fallen, but there was still a stiffish breeze at play, and the sea wafted about in fine style ; the frigate soon began to overhaul her chase, and as she neared it, beheld beyond her seven sail of the line, all of whom had tacked and were beating up. The captain never looked abaft to see if any of his squadron were in sight, but pressed forward, determined to sink, take, burn, or destroy the first ship he could get at, and then to fight his way out of danger as well as he could, trusting to the bravery of his crew and the fine sailing qualities of his frigate.

At about seven o'clock in the evening they came

up so hand over hand with the chase, that she did not like it, and stuck out more canvas, to enable her to get to her own squadron. She was a noble three-decker of eighty guns; the *Spitfire* was only sixty-four, but that was nothing in the way of odds. As they pressed on, the *Achilles* did not like it, so she ran up the tri-colour at her mizen, and fired in quick succession her long stern chasers, which being double-shotted, knocked away the binnacle, and killed one of the men at the wheel. "Steady, boys," said the captain, and held the wheel till another man had taken the place of the one who had fallen. Steady was the word, and not a shot did the English ship think of returning till they closed upon the weather quarter, when putting the helm hard up, the vessel stretched across the stern of the enemy, till our broadside bore upon her gingerbread work abaft, and then she had the contents of our guns, which were double-shotted. This evidently astonished her, and as the smoke blew off, it was found that her mizen-top-mast had been knocked away, and was hanging over the side; this was a fortunate accident of which advantage was taken; and now about thirty yards from her stern, the English ship bore up, and gave her another broadside, as hot as the Frenchman could take it.

This was warm work, and poor Jack scarcely knew what to make of it; he had been employed running to and fro the hatchway leading to the

magazine with powder, so what with the noise, the confusion, the smoke, the hurraing, and splinters flying, he was not a little bewildered; he however felt that he was a Briton, and that "England expected every man to do his duty," so he worked away cheerfully. Many a fine fellow did he see cut in two by shot, some terribly mangled by splinters, some with legs shot off, some with their heads blown away and their brains scattered upon the stauncheons, while the blood trickled down the scuppers; at last, something struck poor Jack on his legs, and down he went; a loud cheer arose from the upper deck, and the last sounds he heard were that the French were trying to board.

The frigate had run in under the lee quarter of the French ship; at the instant of the contact the French captain, with about fifty very ferocious fellows, dashed down from the bulwarks; but they had a warm reception, the bold fellows of the *Spitfire* met them hand to hand, killed their captain, and in return poured into the ship so quickly, that in a few minutes the greater part of her crew were killed or driven below, and the English Jack waved proudly at the main-mast-head—the *Achilles* was taken.

Poor Jack, who had not been much hurt, was ordered up to the mizen-mast-head during the engagement to nail up the English flag, which had been shot away; he had no sooner performed this heroic exploit

than the mast to which he had nailed the flag was shot away also, and fell down by the run over Jack's head. The spar struck him on the head, and he was sent head-long upon the deck of the ship terribly bruised; he lay in his berth the whole of the night quite insensible, and when he returned to consciousness in the morning, he felt very faint, and as he lay in a dark corner of the forecastle, he could not see things very distinctly. Soon, however, he saw two black balls glaring upon him, surrounded by white rings in a dark hemisphere of something, which after opening his eyes to their full extent, he discovered to be a face—a black one it is true—an ugly one, but still a face, and what was better, ugly as it was, it had a smile upon it—an ugly grin—with large tush teeth glaring at him, and a horrid capacity of mouth, which looked as if it would swallow him; at last something came out of the aforesaid mouth, not very musical, but still very sweet.

“How do, picaninny? Not dead me see. How do, pic?”

“How do, pic,” said Jack. “I don’t understand.”

“Picninny get leg broke; picninny get well; picnin eat, trink, laffe, dancee, jump him bout like skip-jac-monkey.”

Jack moved his leg and attempted to sit up, but it gave him such pain he called out “Oh!”

“De dear picninny soul, let I rub de bone, it no brokee, doctor say only smash a bit—leetle crack like.”

Jack found his leg bound up with splinters, and it seemed to him quite as bad as if broken, and so he groaned again, but before he had quite got his groan over, he found a bottle pressed heartily to his mouth by the old black woman.

"Dere swallow, swallow, it make oo man agen ; it is de raal tuff, de tuff what stick all de bones of de body together like de carpenter glue ; make oo well, make oo well, quick as litning."

Jack therefore supped at the bottle again and again, and it seemed to do him good, but what it was he knew not.

"It is de modder milk," said the old woman ;
"try him gen."

So Jack tried "him gen," and in a short time found himself revived and in a condition to ask questions.

So the old woman told him exactly how the matter stood, that his ship had beaten the French, how many had been killed, and all the whole particulars, not forgetting a most lamentable account of the death of her husband the cook, who had his head blown off by a cannon shot, which she ended by a deep sigh and ejaculation, "Ay, poor massy, him nebber hold him head up gen."

"I should think not, poor fellow," said Jack, "if he had it blown off his shoulders."

"Him nebber cookee, nebber no more."

Jack thought this a very queer way for the poor

woman to talk of her husband, but supposed her English not very good.

"Him gone to Davy Jones," she said again, with shrugged up shoulders, and a melancholy look. "Dead him door nail; him gone for eber; oh deare me, deare me," and then the poor old creature howled with anguish, while the hot tears seemed to pour from her eyes, as she bemoaned her husband.

Just as this colloquy was proceeding, Jack heard an unusual noise upon deck, running and scampering, bolts hammering, ropes falling, presently a gun was fired, then a crackling, a bawling, a crash, another gun, and a tremendous rush to the ship's side.

The old woman rushed up the forecastle ladder, and as quickly rushed down again, calling out, "The ship is all in a blaze!"

Again a gun fired—again the crackling of the spars—and Jack thought he could hear the voice of the flames among the sails like the roaring of the sea, which roared but little. The old woman stood below looking piteously on Jack, thumping her closed hands together in an agony of alarm; at last a most horrid crash was heard, the ship seemed to shrink at it. The mainmast had fallen, and the whole of the midships were in a blaze, so that it was quite impossible for those in the stern of the ship to come to the aid of those forward.

"We shall soon be blown up sky high," said the old woman.

"Not while I'm alive," said Jack, leaping up on one leg, and creeping round the sides of the fore-castle towards the ladder.

"Me do wid you," said the old woman, and clasped Jack round the neck; "me nebber part from picaninny."

"Carry me up the ladder then," said Jack, and leaped upon her back.

The old woman was quite ready, and crawled up the ladder with Jack holding on behind as well as he was able. When he got upon deck an awful sight presented itself; the ship was completely in flames from the fore-mast to the mizen; the prize was some little distance behind, and a well-manned boat was pulling up lustily, over the side from which the boats had been launched, and officers and men were dropping into them. The old woman went to the fore-castle gangway with Jack on her back, and turning her head round over her shoulder, said, "Shall me jump in de worra, massa?"

"No, no, no," said Jack. "What for goodness is the use of that?"

"Me swim beauful—me swim like de alligator—me swim wid four picaninny. Hold him fast behind, here go."

"Stop a bit, pray stop a bit," said Jack; "only while I say my prayers."

"Him no time to pray much; tink it, tink it, it will do just as well. Here we go; hold fast behind."

"Stop, stop, for goodness, stop!" cried Jack, and he clung to the bulwarks.

"De magazine burst and we go up to de very tip top of the moon," said the old woman, "come down whack, break you de oder leg; hold him up stiff behind; here go. Got bless all the world."

And so without saying another word, the old woman jumped into the sea, Jack and all.

What became of them I shall relate in my next chapter.



CHAPTER V.

I LEFT poor Jack and the old black woman leaping into the sea from the burning ship, and you would of course like to hear what became of them.

Well, it was a lucky thing that *Spitfire* had a prize; and boats were coming from her to the blazing ship when the old black woman, with Jack at her back, leaped overboard. Jack as soon as he felt fairly in the water struck out right and left; as for the old woman she put her arms akimbo and kept herself afloat by treading water, and this she seemed to do with ease, calling out every now and then to Jack to "keep him picker up."

But soon a picker up was found in the approach of a boat from the prize, which first took the old woman and then Jack on board the French prize. Here they counted up their savings and losses, and it was found that more than thirty British sailors had perished in the *Spitfire*, who went to the bottom hissing and cracking and spitting fire till the last.

Well, Jack was in a good ship even now, and in a short time the dreadful catastrophe was almost forgotten. Fine weather came, the French ship made good way with a fair wind. At last, however, the weather grew very hot and there was often a scorching day; the little wind they had lulled to a perfect calm, and all was fair and bright, serene and quiet.

Jack was placed still on the sick list, and not to be idle was put into the hands of the schoolmaster, and in a few weeks he wrote a rapid running hand. It was then that he thought of keeping his own journal, and thus it is that I relate the rest of his adventures in his own words. There is a great charm in doing this at times, which it is right to avail oneself of. So resuming the tale in Jack's own words, he says,—

When the sun went down into the ocean, as it seemed, to the far west, I cast my eyes thitherward, and thought of my native land and when I should see it again. "Yes, there she lies," thought I, "perhaps never more to be seen by me." And then I thought of my native town, and my poor mother, and of everybody who had been good and kind to me, and the tears came into my eyes. I brushed them on one side with the hard sleeve of my jacket, and said to myself, "Providence will take care of me." And then I put my hand upon my Bible, and looked around to see if anybody could observe me, for I always make it a point to read one chapter

before nightfall. So I stole up into the fore-top, for there was as usual a great deal of noise below, and sat myself down. There was nothing but sea and sky around me; the former was spread out like a broad mirror, and a ray of light along its bosom, from the setting sun, seemed like a pathway into heaven; I looked along the line of light, and thought of that bright and glorious place. I watched, and watched, till at last the lower rim of the sun kissed the water, and his full round orb sunk like a dying saint into his rest.

While I was musing and thinking of a thousand things, almost too great for thought, the deep boom of the gun fired at sunset, awoke me from my reverie. I was called back to the world again. But the stars now began to glimmer, and to show their twinkling in the quiet sea.

The ship was in the Bay of Biscay. I had often heard of this place, and had been told many stories of it; I had supposed it to be a terrible, stormy part of the ocean, where shipwrecks commonly occurred; I had heard of waves running mountains high, but here all was as placid and quiet as an inland lake.

As the evening drew on, however, there was a perceptible swell from the north-west; and, as the moon rose, then in her last quarter, a dim haze surrounded her. Before morning the clear sky was obscured by clouds, which, at daybreak, wore an angry purple tint. The sun rose—but no one saw

him ; the wind began to blow a stiff breeze, and, meeting the tide, soon got up a bit of a sea.

The boatswain's whistle was heard loud and frequently ; as to myself, I was obliged to be as active and as nimble as a cat. The ship was trimmed—every line secured, every sail ready to clew up for reefing—and she scudded away bravely, meeting the bold sea and bursting through it like a thing of life.

The wind blew stronger and stronger, and at last with such fury, that sail after sail was first reefed, and then taken in, but still it continued to blow. A sudden squall came on, at one time, and away went the main-top-gallant-mast ; it fell with a crash—the ship quivered, but dashed onwards.

The gale now blew so furiously, that every sail was not only taken in, but slewed away from the yard-arms. We scudded under bare poles ; and the tide having turned, we were running through the sea at the rate of sixteen knots an hour.

During the whole of the time that this gale was blowing, and I never had any notion that wind could blow with such violence, I never saw a single person on board but seemed to enjoy it. Everybody was cheerful and merry, and flew about with such alacrity and good-will as to banish fear even from me, young as I was ; and I began to like a sailor's life more than ever.

The sea now ran indeed mountains high ; and our good ship was either on the top of an immense billow

from which we could see the horizon all around us, or sunk into a deep gulf, in which we could see nothing but the dark waters standing like walls, on either side ; but away we went. The captain stood near the wheel on the quarter-deck, and every time the sea broke over the frigate's bows, and carried all before it as far as the main chains, he would say, " Well done, old girl, dip your nose into it again." And then the rigging would quiver, and the wind, passing through it, made a noise as shrill as the boat-swain's whistle.

" A sail on the larboard bow !" uttered the watch at the foretop ; and so there was, but at a great distance. The lieutenant ran up the rigging, and, pointing his telescope towards her, soon discovered the vessel to be French—a large frigate ; and as soon as he came down, the word was given to clear for action.

" Fight in such a gale of wind as this," thought I, " that is impossible !" So I said to one of the men, " We are not going to fight, are we ?"

" I should hope we are, my lad," said he, " and I hope we shall teach 'em, that's all, and get some prize-money."

We were going at such a rapid rate through the water, that in a very few minutes we were within clear view of the vessel before us. She was a much larger ship than ours, and was endeavouring to lay to, under double-reefed top-sails. As the wind had not increased, we bent a couple of sails, to enable us to

near the ship, being determined, notwithstanding the gale, to attack the enemy.

At last we came within pistol-shot, and, hoisting our colours, we fired a shot ahead of her, as we rose upon the waves. To this she replied, and immediately ran up the French flag.

Before the white rag was at the mast-head, crack went four or five of our guns, as we could get them to bear. To this she poured forth a broadside; and three or four of our men, whom I was serving with powder at one of the guns, fell covered with blood.

I should have been terribly frightened at this, I dare say, had not I been so busily employed; but I had no time to be afraid. Presently crack went another volley from the Frenchmen, and several others fell around me; among the rest, a little boy, about the same age as myself, was cut in two by a cannon-shot, the upper part of his body being taken as clean away from the lower part as if cut through with a knife.

Our men were now quite furious, for the Frenchmen seemed to be getting the best of it, and we fired away so rapidly, as to silence in part the enemy's fire; the sea, too, lulled, although there was still a heavy swell. The battle went on, but with what success I knew not, for I could now neither hear nor see. The noise of the cannon had stunned my ears, and the clouds of smoke kept me from seeing anything but those about me.

At last, I heard a loud hurrah ; the firing ceased for a moment ; it went on again from the forward guns ; another shout ; then all was still for a moment. Several of the crew rushed on deck ; I followed ; and what a sight !—the French ship was in flames.

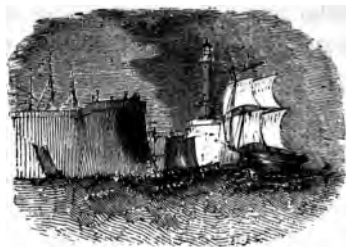
We had ceased firing, and stood looking at the havoc we had made. Our captain had ordered the boats out, but the sea ran too high. As the smoke cleared away, we observed the French frigate had not struck her colours, which still streamed proudly from the mast-head. The flames were bursting from the quarter-deck and running up the mizen rigging. The crew gathered forward, and, bringing eight or nine guns to bear upon our ship, poured a volley of grape-shot into us, that killed a number of our bravest fellows.

We returned this compliment with a broadside, so well directed, that I saw the Frenchman reel as she received it. The crew gave a wild cheer, "*Vive la Republique,*" in the midst of the flames. We fired again ; and another cheer broke from the wretched crew. We were just preparing for another discharge when, all in a moment, the French ship blew up with a tremendous explosion, her masts, timbers, and spars flying over us, flaming and burning as they were ; some fell in our rigging, some on our deck. As soon as we had got rid of them, we looked again for the ship—*she was gone.*

Yes, and who she was, or what she was, I never knew to this day, for, after the fight, the wind rose again, and we were borne away with its violence. The French ship we saw no more—she had sunk in the depths of the sea.

As soon as the fight was over, and the decks washed from the blood, and the dead thrown overboard, I took the first opportunity of opening my Bible, being desirous of thanking God for my safety, when, what was my astonishment to find it perforated by a bullet, which lay embedded in its leaves, and thus was *my life saved*.





CHAPTER VI.

OUR ship was now ordered up to the British Channel. We had a fair wind, and passed the Scheld in fine style. We then hove to, and a party of us were ordered into a lugger, to make observations on the coast : I was appointed to steer, and away we went.

A hurricane now came on, and raged with tremendous fury. Once or twice our lugger was nearly laid on her beam ends ; however she righted again, and we bore up under the storm for several hours. At dawn of day we found ourselves in the Texel ; but our helm was so much injured that we dared not risk it to the end of our voyage.

So towards evening we ran into a little harbour, to the north of Amsterdam, and stopped for repairs. For myself, I left the strained and leaky vessel, and ordered supper and a bed at a little inn near us on the shore.

About an hour and a half after I left the lugger, I found that with the rising tide the gale

had again increased. Shortly it became so violent, that the people themselves became greatly alarmed, and began to assemble. You have heard of the famous dykes of Holland, I dare say : they are great banks thrown up along the sea-shore, to prevent the water, when it suddenly rises, from overflowing the country, for Holland is a very low country. Sometimes, however, a heavy sea breaks through these dykes, or banks, and lays the whole of this portion of the country under water. The Dutch call the breaches which are thus made in the dykes, door-braaks.

Now it was that the frightened inhabitants began to talk seriously of a door-braak, for the fury of the waves was terrible. Every precaution was taken to prevent the danger : the engineers and officers went out to examine the dykes, and, if possible, strengthen them. The whole village was in commotion ; and such was the terror, that without tasting any supper I went with them to the dykes.

As I walked at the foot of this mighty rampart, which the industry of that wonderful people, the Dutch, had raised, I heard the waves, almost over my head, dashing against it. We were, in fact, below the ocean, which had now risen, and was striving to force a passage through the bank into the flat country on the other side of it. I soon mounted on the top of the dyke, to take a view from thence. There I beheld the fierce waves flinging

themselves with merciless power against the bank on which, as on a terrace, I stood. The new moon and the tremendous gale had united to raise the vast body of waters much above its usual height, and now threatened to destroy the labour of ages ; for nothing was plainer than that, if the dyke should prove too weak, and what we dreaded should happen, the whole of West Friesland would be under water.

This frightful state of alarm continued till about midnight. The bells of the church were tolling, and lights were seen flaring in all directions. Fuel was heaped upon the beacon fires, and the flame gathering strength streamed wildly along, amidst the dull red smoke, towards the devoted country.

The blue lightning now became terrible, and the roar of the thunder absolutely deafening ; the breakers became higher and higher, and the gusts of wind louder and fiercer. But all was now over : the yells and shrieks of a group of persons, not fifty yards from me, announced the dismal tidings that the work was done ; and a double flash of lightning at the same time showed me the savage billows overtopping the bank, and the immense fabric yielding to their fury. By the light of the next flash I saw the whole mass of waters pouring upon the village, and dashing among the houses. The consternation was awful, and the scene was dreadful beyond the power of description.

The door-braak became wider and wider every instant ; the sea poured through it like a large cata-

tract, and huge blocks of granite were washed about by it like so many pebbles. The sides of the houses were beaten in, and trees were torn up and carried forward by the flood, increasing the havoc.

But dangerous as my situation was on the trembling dyke, it was more dangerous still to descend into the village; and although I expected every moment to see the bank giving way under me, I maintained my post. At last I had the comfort of finding that the billows struck the dyke less forcibly, and that the



gale was abating. Many more hours of terror and misery, on the part of the wretched villagers, wore away, however, while searching and shrieking for their relatives in the dark desolations of the village.

With the dawn of day the sky became clear and the stars shone out. As the light grew stronger I descended to the village; and what a wide waste of water stretched out before me on either side! Fields just ploughed, and planted with corn, and rich pastures which but yesterday were crowded with well-

fed cattle, were now covered with water. Hay and corn stacks, beams and timbers of houses, furniture and wrecks of vessels, were floating about in every direction. To the south, as the sun rose over the surface of the Zuyder Zee, the distant spires of Amsterdam appeared glittering above the waters of the flood like another Venice.

I found the condition of the village, and of the country generally, wretched almost beyond description. The damage done was immense. Hundreds of human beings were destroyed, besides vast numbers of cattle and sheep. Thousands of families, before wealthy, or at least comfortable, were reduced to poverty. In short, it was such a calamity as I had never seen before, and I could not help letting fall a tear, and silently thanking Heaven that my own dear mother was far away from the dreadful scene.

Such is a brief account of this terrible devastation, which will long be remembered in the annals of Holland.





CHAPTER VII.

I WENT on to Amsterdam, the chief city of the Netherlands, or Holland: it is situated at the mouth of the Amstel, where it falls into an arm of the sea, sixty-five miles from Antwerp.

Amsterdam is a very curious city; it is built upon piles, and its principal streets are canals. Water meets you at every step, and boats and barges instead of coaches and waggons. The city affords a splendid prospect from the harbour, by reason of its numerous steeples and its strong fortifications.

I spent some days in this city, and was greatly pleased with the Dutch people, who are patterns of cleanliness and honesty. I saw some very splendid pictures in their various halls and public places, and the magnificent collection of Dutch paintings in the Trippen-house, said to be the finest in Europe.

But orders now came for our lieutenant who commanded the lugger to travel to St. Petersburg for an important object, and I was selected to accompany him.

In three days more I was on the road to St. Petersburg, which you know is the northern capital of Russia. The weather continued open and mild till I reached Riga, which is situated between the two countries of Russia and Poland.

This city is very populous, and has an extensive trade. It stands on the river Dwina. Over this river there is a floating bridge 2600 feet in length, which is removed as soon as the winter begins, and replaced in the spring. The present Emperor of Russia has contracted for one of cast-iron. I crossed it the very evening they were beginning to take it down, for the cold set in during the night; and on the following morning, so sudden was the change, people were crossing the Dwina on skates.

After waiting a few days at Riga, for the weather to become clear, after the first heavy fall of snow, that I might enjoy my novel journey, I once more started onward. Imagine to yourself, now, a man

wrapped up in furs, and, under a clear frosty sky, skimming along over the smooth surface of the ground on a sledge, accompanied by about twenty others, some of whom were carrying frozen provisions



to the market at Petersburg : imagine all this, and you have a tolerable picture of my condition.

Who, you will say, but just such an odd rambling fellow as myself would have ever thought of facing polar bears, sleeping in snow-blankets, and eating frozen raw fish?

I was much struck with the city of St. Petersburg. You know it is situated at the eastern extremity of the Gulf of Finland. I wandered, filled with admiration, through the broad regular streets, surrounded

with the most magnificent palaces, churches with gilded towers, and other massive and colossal edifices.

On entering the imperial gardens, on the Neva, the majestic stream presents a magnificent prospect, with its ships, boats, and bridges. On both banks are rich palaces and beautiful gardens. Each side of the river is lined with a broad quay, for the distance of nearly three miles, and the custom-house is a remarkably handsome building.

The place with which I was most delighted during my stay at St. Petersburg, was a small place called the Hermitage. It contains a rich collection of works of art, and attached to it is a garden and conservatory, in which reigns a perpetual spring, and a most beautiful artificial lake.

Some hundred paces distant from this place is the splendid street called the Great Million, and in it is the marble palace, of colossal dimensions, which was given by the Empress Catherine to Count Orloff. On the other side of the river, exactly opposite, is a walk planted with beautiful lime trees, and near it are situated some of the finest buildings of the city, particularly St. Isaac's church, built entirely of marble. Not far off is the equestrian statue of Peter the Great, which stands in a spacious square, on an immense block of granite about the size of a small house, and weighing above eight hundred tons.

But I have not told you the exact import of our journey into this country; it was to find a noted

swindler, who had defrauded the lieutenant's father of some valuable jewels. On our arrival at St. Petersburg we found, after a few days' search, that he had gone forward into Siberia, and we determined to follow him.

I therefore procured a stock of clothes to protect me from the severe cold I was going to experience—such as bear-skin boots with the fur turned inwards ;



and we hired another sledge, with a driver, to take us to a small village, the first hundred miles on the road to Zarenski.

Before we reached this miserable place, I must own that I began to feel the effect of a Russian winter. A piercing wind, and a driving sleet, which froze as it fell, cut my eyes and cheek-bones—the only parts of my body that were exposed—so that

I was obliged to put my fur cap quite down to my nose, to keep it from freezing.

Now I am going to tell you a story which you will hardly believe, and yet it is as true as anything I ever told in my life. When we reached the village, off went the driver to a public vapour-bath, whither out of curiosity I followed him.

It was a large wooden building, situated in the midst of the hamlet, having seats ranged round the walls, raised one above the other, till the top seat reached within four feet of the ceiling. In the middle of the room were placed large stoves, which had been made red hot, and on these water was constantly poured, sending up volumes of steam, which filled the building. The people could sit on higher or lower benches, according to the temperature they wished to be exposed to, for the coolest air was at the top.

My driver, stripping off his clothes, crawled as high as he could: there were in the same room with him about two hundred other persons. In a quarter of an hour they came rushing out, looking more like raw beef than like men, all parboiled as they were, and away they ran naked, and tumbled over and over in the snow.

On the following morning I hired a separate sledge and a driver, to carry me towards Siberia. Furnished with provisions, we set forward, stopping every night at some wretched hovel dignified by the name of an

inn, till we came within sight of the Ural mountains, where I got a sight of the first bear I had met with.

At every village I used to inquire if any travellers had passed that way before me. I was generally told that a sledge went the day before.

I liked this guide much better than my former one. His name was Goskoi. I found he was a native of Siberia, and, like most of his countrymen, more honest and hospitable than the Russians. I soon acquired enough knowledge of his native tongue to enable me to converse with him very freely.

I had now arrived at the last resting-place before crossing the Ural mountains. Hitherto I had slept every night under a roof of some sort ; for, although the villages are at a great distance from one another, there are post-houses at a day's journey apart, where the postmen and other travellers pass the long hours of darkness. Goskoi gave me one piece of information about his countrymen, which was quite new as well as acceptable to me ; that they never take anything from travellers by way of payment ; and I found it so.

We now began our ascent among the mountains. The country was barren and dismal ; but beneath the surface are said to be inexhaustible mines of gold, silver, iron, lead, copper, &c., as well as coal. Owing to the thin population, however, the barbarous ignorance of the natives, and the severity of the climate, these mines are none of them worked.

By noon we were quite shut in among the hills; but instead of a boundless tract of level snow, patched with leafless birch woods, and the deep melancholy hue of pine forests, which had been our usual prospect for some weeks past, we were enclosed between dreary walls of iron-stone covered with drifted snow. The silence of this savage wild, too, was unbroken except now and then by the howlings of a hungry wolf. While driving along we were surprised and alarmed to behold, at a turn of the road, a horse riderless, dashing along at full speed, and a pack of wolves following him with horrid yells. We paused awhile to let this horrid cavalcade go far ahead of us, and then in fear resumed our journey.

Our progress now became slow, owing to the thickness of the drifted snow, and the heaviness of the sledge. As night approached we halted at a turn of the mountain, which projected like a shoulder, and served to screen us from the biting north-east wind. We fed our dogs—for, since we came on the confines of Siberia our team consisted of six dogs—with some of the frozen fish we had brought with us, and, lighting our fire, we cooked a white hare that I had shot about an hour before, but which in that short time had become frozen as hard and as stiff as a stick.

Having finished our repast, we wrapped ourselves up well in our furs, and lay down on the snow, with our feet to the cheerful blaze. Although I had

smoked an extra pipe, and taken some brandy (for I had not then learned that brandy only makes people colder after the strength of it is gone), I suffered extremely from the intense cold; and I verily believe that if I had gone to sleep I never should have waked again. Fortunately, however, I never slept for a moment during the night.

Well, as I lay there sleepless, thinking of the contrast of my present situation with what it had been during the many hot nights that I passed in the torrid zone, and wondering how many of the French soldiers escaped, who were exposed, during their return from Moscow, to the fierce rigours of a snowy winter—I thought I heard a low breathing near me. I listened, but it was not Goskoi, for the noise sounded on my right hand, and he was snoring on my left, while the six dogs lay curled close to the fire on the opposite side.

I raised myself cautiously, and looking keenly through the midnight gloom, I saw a large figure moving along the ledge of the rocks within a few yards of me. By the flickering light of the fire I watched this white moving mass; and as I was wondering what it could be, it disappeared, having lost its footing and slipped off the edge of the rock, carrying with it a quantity of frozen snow, which rattled and tinkled as it fell.

The noise roused the dogs, who would have made their escape had they been at liberty; but being

fastened all together to a crag of our rugged walls, for safety, they could not run from the danger which threatened them. So they all set up such a dismal howling that Goskoi awoke, and in astonishment asked me what the matter was. I told him that I had seen something moving. He was on his feet in an instant, exclaiming, "It is a bear; and if you do not wish to be hugged to death you must defend yourself."

I arose, but not quite so nimbly as Goskoi had done, and seizing our muskets, we prepared for our shaggy foe. Soon he came round the shoulder of the rock with a sullen determined look, and made towards us. It was evident he was pressed by hunger, or he would not thus have braved our party or fire.



His object seemed at first to be to get hold of one of our dogs. I was between them and him, however.

"Fire! fire!" exclaimed Goskoi, at the same time presenting his gun at the bear, but it only flashed in the pan. Unused to midnight adventures in these frozen regions, my hands, in spite of my fur gloves, were so benumbed with the cold, that I could not distinguish the trigger of my gun. In the mean time the bear still made towards us; the dogs howled and barked; Goskoi shouted, and flung his arms about, to frighten the animal; while I pointed my gun towards the slow moving savage, but all in vain, for, my hands being so benumbed, I could not manage to fire it off.

Goskoi now became half frantic, and rushing forward he wrenched the gun out of my hand—having flung his own weapon at the animal's head—and in a moment he fired, and hit the animal in the side of the neck. The blow checked him but for an instant, and he came on more furiously than ever. Roused by our increasing danger, I adopted a new method of defence. Seizing the burning brands from the fire, I flung them at him as fast as I could pick them up. This new mode of attack both enraged and terrified him; and turning round as if to make his escape, Goskoi, who had reloaded the gun as quick as thought, fired a second time, and wounded him near the breast.

My exercise among the warm embers had restored the use of my hands. I now ran and picked up the gun of my companion, which he had thrown at the bear,

and re-primed it instantly. By this time the bear had gone round to the fire, and was just seizing one of the terrified dogs. The noise was now absolutely deafening. The poor victim yelled, the other five joined in the cry, Goskoi shouted, and the bear growled.

Approaching close behind the furious animal, I fired, and had the fortune to wound him in the neck, just as he had despatched the dog. I then laid hold of the barrel of the gun, and began to beat upon his hard skull. Now he turned upon me with all his fury; but Goskoi seeing my danger rushed up, and took aim so well that he brought him to the ground, and with our knives we soon despatched him.

A new trouble now arose. Our fire was out, and we were exceedingly cold, and the wintry dawn had not yet appeared. But remembering how the French, during their campaign in Russia, sometimes killed their horses and used their skins and warmth of their bodies, to preserve for a little while their own lives, we had recourse to a similar wretched expedient. With the skin and carcase of the bear we contrived to keep ourselves warm till daybreak; and now for a short time, strange as it may seem to you, I slept.

When I awoke, the five dogs were harnessed and eating their breakfast, and their poor dead companion was hanging without his skin at the back of the sledge, with the provender. While I slept, Goskoi,

who could endure the cold better than I, had been preparing for our journey. All things ready, we again started.

Returning at last from this expedition we were ordered to proceed to Greenland, and to make reports of the fortresses there. So we engaged a Russian brig, and took



our departure for Greenland, to have a talk with the Seals and Greenlanders, and to learn something concerning their fisheries, especially of the Seal fishery.

All the preparations made by the Greenlanders for this fishery prove that it requires considerable reflection, time, and experience, to discover the surest way of taking these animals. If you look at a Greenland fisherman, you cannot help admiring the ingenuity and singular contrivances by which he arms himself beforehand against such dangers as he cannot entirely avoid. His very dress is precisely

what it ought to be for this pursuit, and could not be better adapted to the purpose ; it is made of seal skins, and is fastened together with bone buttons. His canoe, or boat, is likewise suited to the nature of the spot to which the Greenlander is confined. Rocks of ice being very frequent in the sea that washes those coasts, a large vessel would find it difficult to pass between them ; for which reason the Greenlander



makes use of a very narrow and extremely light boat, that he may be able to penetrate everywhere, and steer it as he pleases. This boat is composed of very thin straight laths, joined together with whale-bone, and covered on the outside with seal skins : it will hold but one person.

These boats, which they call "kayaks," are five or six yards long, and terminate at each end in a point; in the middle they are not at most a yard in width, and their depth does not exceed half a yard. The two points are protected with whalebone and strong knobs, to prevent their being broken against the ice or rocks.

Having provided himself with an oar, a quantity of arrows, a harpoon fastened to a long cord, and a bladder filled with air, the fisherman carries his boat to the shore, gets into it, covers himself with skins, and sets out on his expedition. The boat, from its lightness, shoots swiftly over the waves, with which it rises and falls: sometimes a tremendous billow overwhelms it, but this accident excites no fear in the bosom of the navigator, who dexterously balances the boat by means of the oar, which he passes from one hand to the other: nay, even if he is upset by the force of the wave, he can right himself again with the aid of his oar.

As soon as he perceives a seal, he softly approaches, and suddenly throws his harpoon at the animal with one hand, while he holds a cord which is tied to it in the other. The seal, finding itself wounded, instantly dives; the cord follows, and the bladder of air floating on the surface marks the place to which the animal retires. It is soon obliged to rise again to the surface for breath, when the fisherman despatches it with his spear, tipped with very sharp

and hooked points. When the seal is dead, the Greenlander tows his prey to the shore, turns the boat upside down on the beach, drags the seal after him, and returns home. His wife cuts it up: they eat part of the flesh, and bury the rest in the earth for winter. I have mentioned the uses that are made of the skin and of the other parts of this animal.

That the fisherman is not always successful, and must have to encounter very great dangers, may easily be imagined. In a climate so inclement as



that of Greenland, the sea, which is at all times dangerous, presents numberless obstacles to the fisherman, how intrepid soever he may be. We are almost frightened to think that a single individual ventures to penetrate into places rendered almost inaccessible by tremendous tempests and prodigious barriers of ice; where he cannot expect any assis-

tance ; where dreary solitude prevails ; where, finally, he has to contend alone against the elements, which seem to be let loose upon him, and to conspire his destruction. This situation, which to us appears so terrific, has no other effect on the Greenlander than to render him more capable of contending with success against the obstacles which nature throws in his way. He knows that it is of importance to him to keep his body supple, and to exercise all his limbs, that he may be able to extricate himself from the perilous situations in which he is liable to be involved. To this end, the Greenlanders have invented various kinds of exercises, intended to give their youth agility and address. They frequently exercise themselves in preserving, by the motions of the body, the equilibrium of a boat, which is made to incline in every direction. They even learn to keep themselves in the boat, and to seize the oar, if they happen to let it go, at the moment when they are turning topsy-turvy ; for, as I have already told you, it sometimes happens that a wave upsets the boat when out at sea, and woe be then to the poor fellow who loses his presence of mind, and does not endeavour to right the boat again, and keep fast hold of his oar, for this is one of the implements which he cannot do without. Sometimes, too, he is entangled in the cord, which the seal, when struck with the harpoon, draws down, with it. He must then contrive to balance himself in such a manner

that his boat may not be upset, or himself even drawn under water. You may imagine what address and presence of mind is required to get over all these accidents; and accordingly the acquisition of these two qualities is the sole object of education among the Greenlanders.

When the cold is so intense as to prevent the Greenlanders from going to sea, they seek their prey upon the ice; and on this occasion they employ other ingenious though equally laborious methods. As the seals cannot remain long under water, for want of breath, they make holes in the ice, by which



they ascend to take the air and lie down: in this situation they frequently drop asleep, and fall easy victims to their imprudence; for the Greenlander is at hand, and when he hears them snore he softly approaches and kills them with a club, or of late

years with a gun. When, on the other hand, the seal happens to be awake, its enemy is obliged to employ a stratagem to take it. Covered from head to foot with a seal skin, imitating the cry of the animal, and creeping upon his belly on the ice, he bears no small resemblance to his intended victim; at least, the creature commonly takes him for one of its own species, and suffers him to approach without mistrust. Scarcely has the supposed animal reached the real seal, when he pierces it with a lance concealed under his disguise, becomes a Greenlander again, and secures his prize. At other times several persons surround holes made in the ice, and when one or more seals make their appearance, they despatch them with spears.

In the peninsula of Kamtschatka the seal-fishery is likewise an important occupation. There is no danger so great as to deter them when in pursuit of these animals; nothing can frighten, nothing can daunt these intrepid adventurers. The mere description of this fishery is enough to excite terror in us, whereas these people look upon all the circumstances attending it as perfectly simple and natural.

They commonly choose the darkest nights of winter for their expeditions. Figure to yourselves what a winter's night must be in the midst of the Frozen Ocean, when fields of ice, frequently a league in length, borne furiously along by the waves, dash against each other with a tremendous noise, which

alone is sufficient to appal the boldest heart in these dreary solitudes : when the snow, driven about by hurricanes, falls in large flakes ; when, in short, everything seems to announce a general convulsion of the elements, and the end of the world. Well, it is exactly at the moment when all these circumstances are combined, that the inhabitants of Kamtschatka undertake their expedition, and expose their frail lives a thousand and a thousand times again to apparently inevitable destruction. Notwithstanding all this, they are frequently so successful as to return home with plenty of booty.

Often, too, these unfortunate creatures fall victims to their audacity, and are entombed in the billows which they so boldly brave. Sometimes it happens that the wind, which at their departure blew from the sea to the shore, suddenly shifts, and drives the fields of ice which they are upon farther and farther out to sea ; in this case it requires their utmost efforts to save their lives. Notwithstanding the most intense cold, they are obliged to throw themselves into the water that they may reach the shore by swimming : those who are less expert, tie themselves with cords to their dogs, which drag them faithfully to the land, and thus become the saviours of their masters.

There are less dangerous methods of catching seals, but they are of course uncertain, and never so successful as when the fishermen go in quest of

these animals on their native element. From time to time, for instance, a general search is made along the coast, by women as well as men, armed with clubs, with which they knock on the head the seals that appear on the beach, and when once surrounded, they have no means of escaping: or, if they find none on the shore, they set up such a shout, that the seals which are under water, terrified by the noise, raise their heads, and are instantly struck by very sharp spears.

The Danish merchants frequently equip vessels to fish for seals near Spitzbergen, an island situated in the Frozen Ocean, and belonging, as you know, to the King of Denmark. On their arrival in the neighbourhood of this island, the sailors make excursions on the ice, and surprise the seals, which often lie asleep there in herds; they first stun the animals, by striking them on the nose with sticks, and afterwards despatch them.

The Russian merchants do the same at the Kurile Islands, situated near the peninsula of Kamtschatka. The crew of each of their ships generally consists of from fifty to seventy men, who divide themselves into several detachments, to go in quest of the seals; they, moreover, induce the islanders, by force or presents, to assist them in their expedition, and when they have collected a great number of skins they return to Russia, to dispose of them there or to send them off to China.

Greenland, where, as I have told you, seals are found in great numbers, is indebted to these animals in particular, and to the trade in their skins, for having at present much more intercourse than formerly with Europeans.





CHAPTER VIII.

WE were now ordered back to England, to join our ship at Spithead, to which place she had repaired after our leaving her. Our directions were to take soundings in some of the principal ports of the Shetland Isles, and to report upon the general state of the country and inhabitants, and especially to make ourselves acquainted with their creeks, harbours, and landing-places.

So putting our good brig, the *Betsy*, into good repair, we set sail from a Greenland port, and bade adieu to the seals and Greenlanders.

We passed the Orkney Islands, and after a rough passage, reached those called the Shetlands. They are about eighty-six in number, of which forty are inhabited. The others are small holms or rocky islets only used for pasturage. The principal inhabited islands are the Mainland, with the capital Lerwich, Yell, Unst, Wallsey, Fitlar, and Brassa.

The climate is not agreeable, the winds are tempestuous, and the rains heavy. The sea rages and swells in such a manner, that for five or six months the ports are inaccessible. There is a great diversity of soil. The general appearance is a scene of ruggedness and sterility : some patches of miserably cultivated soil relieve the eye of the traveller, but no tree or shrub is to be seen. The western parts are particularly wild, dreary, and desolate, consisting of grey rocks, stagnant marshes and pools, broken and precipitous coasts, excavated by the sea into vast natural arches and deep caverns ; and the inhabitants live among these rugged rocks, and support themselves either by fishing or bird-catching.

One of the most important tribe of birds, which hold common right with man in these districts, are the skuas (*Lestres*), commonly called gulls by the ignorant, but yet very distinct from them, both in their structure and habits. In their breeding places, in the Shetland, the larger ones repel all intruders with great resolution, and are formidable even to man himself. In this they differ from all other sea-birds, many of which are very clamorous when their nesting places are invaded ; as, for instance, gannets, cormorants, and all the species of rock-building gulls. With these, however, it is all clamour, but the larger skuas can make formidable attacks, and their numbers overcome the sea-eagles themselves. Indeed, in Orkney and Shetland, where they are

called by some 'sea eagles' and various other formidable names, they are accused of attacking lambs, rabbits, and other animals.

The skuas breed both on the moors and in the rocks, and some of them are on the alert at all times, ready to give notice of the appearance of an enemy. No sooner is the signal of danger given, than it is answered by the sound of a hundred wings, and the skuas immediately surround the intruder, and drive at him on all sides: they shoot themselves like javelins at the enemy, and, from their weight, the strength of their make, the firmness of their bill, and the rapidity of their flight—a single stroke taking effect would kill a child—even man himself does not visit the habitations of these birds without danger, because they attack him as readily as any other enemy; and it is customary to guard against them by a sharp-pointed stick, or one with an iron spike, rising above the head, upon which the birds are said to descend and transfix themselves.

So much for the wild birds of Shetland; and now a word or two for the inhabitants, who are, for the most part, poor in the extreme, but at the same time both honest and industrious. They procure their living, principally, by the burning of kelp and collecting of sea-weeds, and with fishing, and bird-catching; and a large proportion of their food is the eggs of the various birds which visit their coast. Devoted to this business, was once a family named

Kirwan, the father of which was Michael Kirwan, a good father indeed ; for, notwithstanding the desolate situation in which he lived, in a hut enclosed on all sides by inhospitable rocks, he took care to supply all his children with the wholesome means of instruction, and to bring them up to deeds of daring and bravery, and “in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.” He was a Scotchman by birth, and had emigrated to Shetland, with the view of supplying his country with the breed of Shetland ponies, on which young persons are so fond of riding.

One day in surly March, when the wind blows and the sea roars in those parts with extraordinary force, old Kirwan set off with his rope, long pole and crowbar, and his son Edmund, a boy eight or nine years old, for the purpose of obtaining a supply of eggs from the rocks and cliffs which frowned around them. The usual manner of proceeding in this enterprise, is to fasten a crowbar deep in the earth, at the top of the cliff, and then to suspend from it a rope, with a crowbar of wood at the end, and knots at intermediate distances ; upon the rope, as it hangs, the adventurer descends till he is opposite those places of the rocks in which the birds lay, and then he takes the eggs from the nest, which he puts into a basket slung by his side. When this is full, it is taken up to the top of the cliff, by means of a line, and then the gatherer ascends in the same manner in which he descended.

Of course this is a task of great hazard, and not unfrequently accidents, truly distressing, occur. In the present instance, I have to relate one of a somewhat extraordinary character, which I was told by one of the Shetlanders.

Old Kirwan and his son set out about midday to a promontory about three miles from their dwelling, called "Lion's Head Pike," from the bold face of the rock in some degree resembling the head of a lion. It is a high rugged rock, which juts out about a half-mile into the sea, and is nearly perpendicular above it: at low water there is but a very narrow beach below; at half-tide the sea washes the base of the rocks, and from this to high-water, and for some time afterwards, the whole of the space underneath is covered by the sea, to the depth of twenty or thirty feet, so that it is quite impossible to walk on the beach or to pass round the rock, except at low-water.

The father and son having reached the scene of their labours, the crowbar was speedily driven into the head of the cliff, and the rope lowered. Old Kirwan as speedily descended, and Edmund stood leaning over the top of the cliff, watching his father as he put his hands into the holes, and rejoiced amazingly every time he heard his father say "here they are, boy," and reach the eggs forth to put them into his basket. It was Edmund's place to hoot and halloo as loud as he could, to drive away the birds, who by no means liked this violation of their terri-

tory. The smaller gulls contented themselves with making an uproar ; but the larger ones, the skuas, fell upon him with great fierceness. The old man had been used to these attacks, and succeeded in giving a few of the boldest a rap on the head, which toppled them down the rocks below ; but with one of a more gigantic size, he seemed to have no little annoyance, and becoming irritated at this bird's constant attack upon him, he lost his temper, and after losing his temper, as is often the case, he lost his balance, and, by a strange mishap, tumbled over the cross stick that supported him, down the sides of the cliff, on to the beach, where he lay apparently dead.

Edmund beheld the catastrophe from the top of the rock with a wild scream, which was answered by a thousand birds, on every side, who seemed conscious of the destruction of the invader of their homes, and appeared to rejoice over it. The poor boy, for awhile, stood aghast and paralysed, but calling to mind his father's oft-taught precepts, "to trust in God in the hour of danger," and "bestir himself like a man," he, young as he was, immediately resolved to descend after his parent ; and so lengthening the line till it reached the place where his father's body lay still and motionless, he took his long staff in his hand, and swung off to the rescue. As soon, however, as the courageous child had descended about half way, the birds came upon him thickly and furiously, and he had sturdy work

to beat them off with his staff; some of the more ferocious of them swooped with their whole strength in his face; and others fixed their talons in his hair, till the blood began to stream: but still he buffeted bravely, and after a little time reached the spot where his parent lay, to all appearance, dead; while the sea, then rising with all the fury of a strong gale upon it, threatened, on the turning of the tide, to overwhelm him for ever. Edmund called "Father! father!" many times, but could obtain no answer: "my father," he said, "is dead," and burst into a flood of tears.

What was he to do? His home was three miles off; before he could reach it the tide would arise, and if a spark of life should be remaining, would extinguish it for ever. "Alas, alas!" cried Edmund, and sat down by the side of the body, overwhelmed with grief.

But he was soon aroused from his stupor by the roaring of the sea, which now began to lash the beach more furiously, and appeared rising with rapid strides towards the place where the old man was stretched. Edmund looked up wildly towards the cliff; there was nothing to be seen but their black and beetling brows above them, and a thick mirky sky, with portentous clouds; nothing to be heard, but the wild screams of the thousand birds, which seemed to scream in triumph and defiance, and the howling sea, which, like some ravenous animal,

appeared ready to devour them. Edmund looked up wildly, and then threw himself upon his knees, and prayed to God to deliver him.

His father still lay senseless on the beach ; he, however, breathed ; he was not dead. But how to remove him from the sea, which every moment rose nearer and nearer, he knew not. There was no time to go home for assistance, and it was impossible to draw him up the cliff. What was to be done ?

There seemed no hope left. Edmund strained his eyes over the sea, and at last thought he saw, far in the distance, a sail ; it was so, and it was standing towards the shore, at least seven miles off, but the boy's quickness of sight enabled him to distinguish that it was one of the fishing-boats of the island. He immediately climbed the rope to the top of the cliff, and elevating his long pole, with his jacket upon it as a signal, stood waving it backwards and forwards for some time, the boat keeping her course ; at last it tacked, and stood out to sea again. Edmund fell down in despair.

The wind now blew stronger and stronger, and the sea ran mountains high, dashing the spray up to the heavens in a sort of madness. The boat, so far off, still neared the beach ; and presently tacked again, and stood towards the shore. Edmund again erected his signal, and waved his hands, uttering frantic cries.

At last the boat came so near, that those in it plainly discovered the boy, and notwithstanding the

fury of the sea, stood as close in as possible. At last they understood by his gestures that some disaster had happened, and risking all dangers, turned the boat's head to land, and dashed through the surf to the beach.

Two fishers immediately sprang out. Edmund descended the rope from the top of the cliff. His father was drawn up to a ledge of rocks beyond the reach of the sea, and after some cordial had been given him, revived ; and was enabled, after a rest, to be taken into the boat, and the whole party made sail towards his home.

Thus was a father saved by the perseverance of his son. The lesson I wish to convey by this story, is "Never to despair, but always to trust in Providence;" and to remember, that "Man's extremity is God's opportunity."





CHAPTER IX.

I WAS now up in high latitudes not a very great way from the North Pole, and I can assure you there was much to be seen there both in earth, air, and sky. One phenomenon which struck me greatly was the Aurora Borealis. This is a beautifully luminous meteor, appearing in the forms of streams of light rays, arches and crowns. Its first appearance is generally that of irregular planes of light, which exhibit the exact resemblance to the reflection of a distant fire. It rarely remains low in the horizon, but mounts up to the zenith, and then assumes a great variety of forms and diversity of motion.

The appearance of this meteor increases, in high northern latitudes, with the advance of the season. Sometimes it forms a splendid arch across the heavens, as exhibited in the cut. This is of a pale lambent glare, running with astonishing velocity, and at times resembling the motions of a serpent. This

arched form of the aurora seems the most magnificent of its diversified appearances; the arches are sometimes single, and sometimes several concentric ones appear; but generally they do not exceed five, and are seldom limited to one. They are sometimes composed of a continuous stream of light, bright at the horizon, and increasing in brilliancy towards the zenith; and when the internal motion is rapid, and the light brilliant, the beams of which they are composed appear distinct. This internal motion appears as a sudden glow not proceeding from any one fixed point, but bursting forth in several parts of the arch, as if an ignition of combustible matter had taken place and spread itself rapidly towards each extremity.

In the polar regions the aurora begins to appear in August and continues till May; but the lights are the most intensely luminous from November till March. The number observed in the season of 1820, 1821, at Fort Enterprise, is thus registered by Captain Head. In August 10, September 6, October 7, November 8, December 20, January 17, February 22, March 25, April 18; in May the brightness prevented more than 9 being observed.

The aurora is very various in its duration; it sometimes appears and disappears in the course of a few minutes; at other times it lasts during the whole night, and occasionally continues for two or three days together.

The colours of the aurora borealis are of various tints; the rays or beams are steel-grey, yellowish-

grey, pea-green, gold-yellow, violet-blue, purple; sometimes rose-red, crimson-red, blood-red, greenish-red, orange-red, and lake-red. Some of the beams appear as if tinged with black, and resemble dense columns of smoke. The arches are sometimes nearly black, passing into violet, blue, grey, gold colour, or white, bounded by an edge of yellow. Sometimes the colour has been of a vivid red, and the whole heavens appeared as if dyed with blood.

The height of the aurora from the earth varies at different times. It has been computed at 800 miles in one place, and about 100 miles at another time. Its appearance is said to be sometimes attended with particular noises, but this is doubtful.

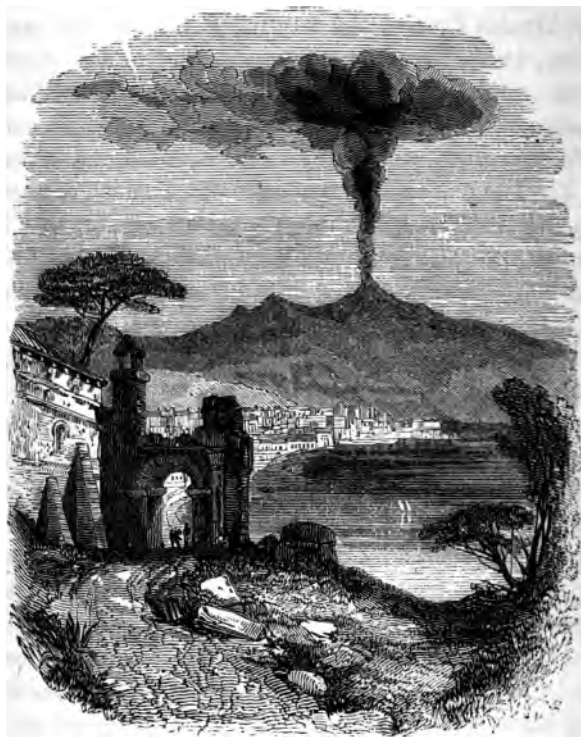
The aurora has, at different times, been seen in most parts of northern and central Europe. In the Shetland Islands the merry dancers, as they are there and elsewhere called, are the constant attendants of clear evenings, and serve materially to diminish the gloom of the long winter nights. It was for a long time doubtful whether this meteor was confined to our hemisphere, or made its appearance also in the other; but the observations of navigators have demonstrated that the aurora occurs at the south as well as at the north pole, though with considerable diversity in the accompanying phenomena. It is, for instance, noticed that the aurora australis is generally of a whitish colour, while the aurora borealis assumes the tints I have already described.

But I went further north than the Shetland Islands. Our vessel proceeded to Iceland for the purpose of making a survey of that island. Iceland belongs to the Danish Crown, and is situated, as you very well know, in the Northern Ocean, on the border of the arctic circle, and at the farthest verge of the civilized world. It is a large island, 220 miles in length and 210 in breadth, containing about 40,000 square miles.

The whole of Iceland is a chain of volcanoes, extinct, or, to a greater or less degree, in action. Its soil is almost everywhere formed of decayed cinders, lava, and flags. Numerous springs of boiling hot water, in columns of great diameter, shoot high into the air, carrying large stones up with them, like the flames from a crater or volcano.

Among the boiling springs in the neighbourhood of Mount Hecla, none is more wonderful than the great Geyzer or Geyser, which rises in the midst of other springs of the same kind near to the hills. The water boils with a loud rumbling noise, in a well of an irregular form, about six feet in its greatest diameter; from thence it bursts forth into the air and subsides again, at intervals. The jets are dashed into spray as they rise, and are from twenty to thirty feet high. Volumes of steam or vapour ascend with them, and produce a most magnificent effect, particularly if the dark hills, which almost hang over the fountain, form a background to the picture. The jets are forced, in rising, to take an oblique direction,

by two or three stones which lie on the edge of the basin. Between these and the hill, the ground (to the



distance of eight or nine feet) is remarkably hot and entirely bare of vegetation. If the earth be stirred a stream instantly rises, and in some places it is

covered with a thin coat of sulphur, or rather I should say, some loose stones only are covered with flakes of it. In one place near it there is a slight efflorescence on the surface of the soil, which, by the taste, appears to be alum. On the whole, this beautiful boiling caldron is a most truly interesting object for all curious travellers.

Some of the many mountains that cross this island in every direction are always covered with snow and ice ; and the valleys between these mountains are, in most instances, strewn with hard, black, naked lava, for the distance of many miles. Avalanches, called by the Icelanders snowfied (snowflood), are of frequent occurrence ; and the mountains themselves not unfrequently crumble away and roll down into the plain, burying the cottages of the farms beneath. Earthquakes are, moreover, very common, and at times so violent that the houses of a whole district are seen overturned and hills rent asunder. Dreadful hurricanes being also frequent, are as ruinous as earthquakes.

In some places there grow stunted birch, juniper bushes, and other underwood, but a tree is not to be seen on the whole surface of Iceland. When the volcanic matter has been sufficiently decomposed or crusted with vegetable mould, both the plains and the mountains offer considerable pasturage, and thus enable the Icelanders to keep large flocks of sheep, on which, and their fisheries, they mainly depend.

Fortunately no wild beasts, except rats and mice, breed in the island; but it is liable to the visits of huge polar bears that are floated to the shores on detached pieces of ice. If these animals effect a landing, they generally prove very destructive to the sheep. To prevent this the Icelanders are very vigilant. When fire-arms are scarce, they put out to sea, in their little fishing-boats, and attack their invaders with spears and fish-hooks. If killed and skinned, these bears are of no mean value to them, for they cure and eat the flesh, and make excellent winter cloaks and winter rugs of their skins.

The waves of the ocean, by throwing on their coast quantities of drift wood from America and other parts, also increase the resources of the poor Icelanders; they use it for fuel, and the small houses they inhabit are frequently built of this drift wood. Their residences are, however, more generally made of blocks of lava, the interstices of which are carefully filled up with moss, to keep out the cold; their roofs are of turf; and their windows, instead of being made of glass, are furnished with the thin membranes of sheep or lambs. In small fenced spots near these rude dwellings they cultivate cabbages, parsley, spinach, turnips, and potatoes, with some other roots and vegetables; and raise flax and hemp as material for their own clothing.

You will, perhaps, suppose that a people, apparently but one degree removed from savages, in a

cold inhospitable climate, would be rude and unlettered, superstitious and ignorant. But no ; the Icelanders are a reading population. The parish priest is also the schoolmaster of the district in which he resides. It is rare indeed to find an Icelander who cannot read and write ; and a very large proportion of the people both read and write Latin ; and it is a common thing for a stranger, while traversing the country, to find his peasant guide addressing him in good Latin ; and his host, at night, drawn from the humble labours of the smithy, conversing with him, in the language of Virgil and Cicero, with great fluency and elegance. And you do not meet an Icelander who is not well acquainted with the history of his own country. Most farmhouses have a little library, and they exchange books with each other ; and while the little hut is buried beneath the snows of winter, and darkness and desolation cover the land, the light of an oil-lamp illumines the page from which the father reads to his family the lessons of virtue, knowledge, and religion. I wish all the poor children of this great and enlightened country had similar advantages to the poor Icelanders.





CHAPTER X.

HAVING completed our survey of Iceland, which was but a very slight one, owing to the bad weather that came on, we made the best of our way to Spithead, where we found a British fleet preparing for a war with Syria and the Turks. A large number of vessels had been put in commission, and Portsmouth presented a scene of activity rarely witnessed. But quick was the word, as it always is among British sailors, and so I quickly went on board a frigate called the *Sea-Horse*.

We were soon through the "gut of Gibraltar," and up the "Straits," and came upon the coast of Syria and close to Beyrout, Jaffa, and other places which form a portion of the Turkish empire. The government calls them pachalic, from each being governed by one of the modern satraps, called a pacha. The principal person in these countries was the Pacha of

Egypt, Mahommed Ali; and a very extraordinary man he was. I shall tell you more of him by-and-by; but, for the present, I shall only speak of the countries.

Palestine is a name supposed to be derived from the ancient Philistine, and has been applied to this coast from the earliest of modern ages; as also to the country anciently assigned to the twelve tribes of Israel. Syria lies to the north of this, and is divided through its whole length, by the mountains of Lebanon, which form it into two distinct portions—one bounded by the coast, and the other by the desert. Both are narrow and fertile, and contain great cities, both ancient and modern. Tyre and Antioch are pre-eminent among the former; while on the desert, the cities of Damascus and Aleppo have acquired, in modern times, a considerable importance.

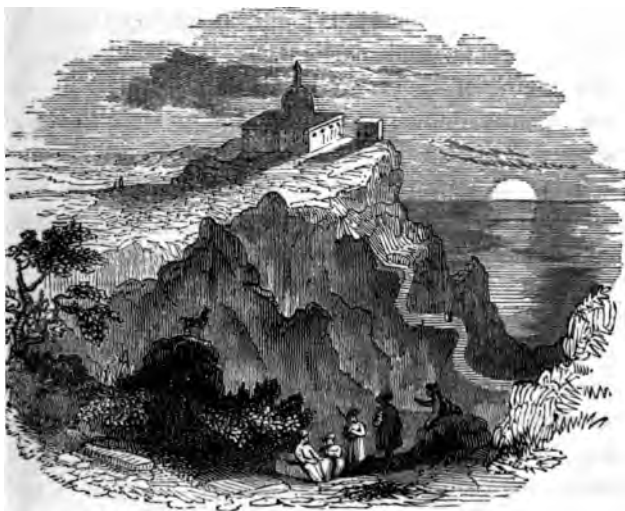
I was selected to travel with the captain's son to see the country; and I shall begin my account of this country with the southern *maritime frontier*—that is, the sea-coast; and, proceeding from Acre (which I shall have something to say about presently), we come at once to a name which, I have no doubt, you have often read in the Bible, *Tyre*—the renowned city of Tyre—almost as celebrated 3000 years ago as London is at the present moment; but, instead of a city full of pomp and magnificence, with its ports crowded, and its commerce extending on all sides, the little fishing town of Sour or Tsour, is all that remains of ancient Tyre. Modern times have

seen the dread sentence fulfilled, that the queen of the nations should become a rock, on which fishermen should dry their nets.

Of late years, however, the governments of the Pachas of Acre and Beyrout have made some efforts to revive Tyre; and a few tolerable houses have been built for government offices, and some of the inhabitants of the neighbouring mountains induced to settle there, and to undertake some trade: but, even under this faint revival, Tyre presents no image which can recal its former greatness and glory. The harbour can now admit only boats. There are traces of the city walls, about a mile in circuit, but none of any edifices more ancient than Christian churches—one of which is of some consideration. A priest still resides here, bearing the pompous title of Archbishop of Tyre.

From Tyre, you proceed northwards by a very flat plain, which becomes gradually narrower till you arrive at Sidon, the sister city of Phœnicia—superior, it is said, in antiquity, yet second in greatness and fame. Here a considerable trade is carried on by the export, both of silk and cotton; the spinning of which occupies a great number of inhabitants. Sidon forms the principal port, by which is carried on the commerce of Damascus from across the mountains. The vast moles of which the ancient harbour was composed are now entirely destroyed, though some of those huge stones which filled their entire breadth, may be still seen lying on the shore.

Northwards from Sidon, the level plains of Phœnicia cease. Lebanon, here towering to its loftiest height, throws down its branches to the sea, between which, only deep gulfs and ravines intervene. This is the scene of the power of the Druses, a very remarkable people. They possess an independence,



and energy, and vigour of character, unknown to the other natives of Asia. They are prompt at flying to arms ; and, as soon as a hostile resolution is formed, the criers from the tops of the mountains sound the signal "To war—to war !" at which signal, 15,000 Druses speedily muster. They have no bayo-

nets, are strangers to European discipline, and are merely a crowd of determined mountaineers, with short coats and naked legs—brave almost to excess. They seldom, however, encounter an enemy face to face on the plain, but lodge themselves in the rocks and bushes, and fire with such accuracy as seldom to miss their aim. The capital of the Druses is Beyrout, the ancient Berytus; but, as we have seen by recent events, and particularly the bombardment and taking of the town by Captain Napier, in the war against Mahommed Ali, it is in no state to stand against British valour.

The mountains of Lebanon cover a vast district; on one of their branches in the interior, and considerably up the ascent of Lebanon itself, is the monastery of Kannobin, the residence of the patriarch of the Maronites. It consists of a number of grottoes cut in the rock, the largest of which takes the form of a handsome chapel; beneath rolls a river between two very high ridges of pine-covered mountains, so that the scene is awful and romantic. The ascending road becomes considerably more bold and rugged, with numerous cascades darting down the rocks, surrounded with groves of orange and mulberry. At length, the inhabited part of Lebanon is terminated by a Carmelite convent, dedicated to St. Sergius, which, in summer, forms a cool and delightful retirement; but the rigours of winter compel the monks to remove to Tripolis.

Although human habitations be passed, the wonders of the mountains are not yet exhausted ; for, enclosed by its highest summits, is found the small but precious remnant of the cedars of Lebanon. About fifteen large old trees survive of that mighty forest which recalls so many sacred and poetical ideas. The trunks are ample, one of them measuring twenty-four feet in circumference ; but they soon part into several limbs, which rise, parallel to each other, for some space, till they begin to extend horizontally. The foliage is wide-spreading, like that of an oak ; the wood is fragrant and white. An ascent of three hours from the cedars brings the traveller to the snow-covered pinnacle of Lebanon, where he discovers all the varied aspect of its mountain regions, the rich plains at his feet, and the distant shores of the Mediterranean.

After traversing all the branches of Lebanon to the eastern borders of Syria, we arrived at the noble plain of Damascus. The environs of this city rank as the Paradise of the East. Ranges of hills, branching off from the high chains of Lebanon, enclose it, and pour down numerous waters, which unite in forming the boasted Abana and Pharpar of the ancients.

Damascus has been celebrated as a great city from the earliest ages. It is named in the history of Abraham. It is celebrated for its wars with the Kings of Israel. It has survived all the varied desolation of this part of Asia. It has lost the

manufacture of, but it has still a considerable trade in, cotton and silk; and the fruits of the neighbouring plain, dried and prepared with sweetmeats, are sent to every part of Turkey. It is at present one of the most flourishing cities in Syria. Damascus is built of brick, and its streets are narrow and gloomy, like those of all other Turkish cities; the people reserving their magnificence for inner courts and palaces. The great mosque, of which few can obtain a sight, is very splendid; and the bazaar has no rival in the East for magnificence. Several of the streets have rivulets running through them, which afford the Eastern luxury of water in great abundance. Many of the coffee-houses are built on the banks of these, and the Turk enjoys the luxury of smoking and sipping his coffee, while the cool stream is flowing at his feet.

One of the most celebrated places in this locality is the ruins of Palmyra, which lie in the depths of the Syrian Desert. It is situated in the centre of a narrow valley, traversed by a ruined aqueduct, on whose side appears a number of tombs. At a short distance, the valley opens wider, and the eye is struck with an amazing extent of ruinous caves—a wide expanse of desert, behind which, towards the Euphrates, stretches a level waste as far as the eye can reach, without any object manifesting either life or motion. In this surprising scene, the front view presents a range of Corinthian pillars. The grandest,

and also the most entire structure, is that called the Temple of the Sun. The court of this temple has a wall nearly complete, in which appear twelve noble windows ; behind, rise the ruins of the temple itself, almost wholly composed of magnificent ranges of Corinthian columns. A noble arch, farther to the right, forms the commencement of a truly superb colonnade, which, even in its shattered and broken state, may be traced to the distance of 4000 feet. The spaces left by the fallen columns open a view to



the other ruins, and the remains of magnificent structures are seen through them. Sometimes, a group of three or four columns, standing together entire, seems to speak of some grand edifice ; but the vast plain itself, strewed with a number of

broken fragments of pillars, capitals, entablatures, and defaced sculptures, indicates the former existence of a great city, celebrated for its wealth and magnificence.

Besides Damascus, another city of Syria has long been eminent. It is Aleppo, the modern capital of Syria, which is a kind of outpost to the country, and half belongs to the desert. From a number of low hills which surround the place, at a few miles' distance, streams descend, which water the chalky soil of the environs, and enable them to be formed into those beautiful gardens with which the inhabitants of the East studiously surround their cities. Aleppo is generally considered the third city in the Turkish empire, yielding to Constantinople and Cairo. This greatness it owes from the extent of its inland trade. It is also a rendezvous for pilgrims, from all the countries, journeying towards Mecca.

Some years ago, Aleppo was visited with an awful calamity. On the night of the 14th of August, 1822, not only the city of Aleppo, but every town and village of the pachalic, were shaken almost to pieces by an earthquake. The horrors of that night were dreadful. The awful darkness, the violent shocks, the crash of the falling walls; the shrieks, the groans, the accents of agony and despair with which the city resounded, would have appalled the stoutest heart. Twenty thousand persons are

supposed to have been killed, and the same number bruised and maimed. Those who, amid falling houses and heaps of rubbish, and stumbling over dead bodies, succeeded in reaching the open fields, found themselves destitute of even food and shelter. Exposed to a tropical sun and nightly damps, and scantily fed, a large proportion became victims to disease; and thousands would have sunk, had it not been for a large subscription collected in London for their relief. British generosity, you see, extends to all lands; and well may the British be esteemed and venerated by so many nations.

We now bent our way towards the valley of the Jordan, the most sacred of all the sacred rivers. In my way I passed some of the poorest and most wretched huts that can be imagined, and nothing but desolation on every side: beyond Jericho the plain is still more barren, in many parts the sandy soil was impregnated with salt, and the only vegetation was stumpy shrubs; we passed by many rocks of a threatening character as we drew near the river, one in particular in a little creek at one side had a most curious appearance, being literally cleft in twain by some horrid convulsion of nature and looking awfully sublime.

In the immediate vicinity of the river and on its banks are long lines of willows and rushes. It was the dry season, and the breadth of it was not quite forty feet: the water is muddy, and appeared at

intervals to run very deep; the willows, tamarinds, and numerous shrubs which grow rankly on the borders of the stream, form quite a forest and entangled wilderness; no human habitation is nigh, and it is difficult to explore the plain beyond, lest the traveller should fall a prey to the roving creatures of the desert.

Such has been the general aspect of the valley of the Jordan for ages, whilst its waters have performed their yearly pilgrimage; the time was when towns and numerous villages flourished here; now it is abandoned to the wayward sons of Ishmael. Civilisation has long left its borders; in the place of the corn, the wine, the oil, the produce of the palm, and the precious balsam, has succeeded a wild and inhospitable waste, covered with thorns and prickly shrubs.

I followed the course of the Jordan with feelings highly elated, I could not but remember how God's wonders had been performed there, and that the Saviour of mankind had been baptized there, and after proceeding for some hours, I at last came in view of the Dead Sea. The heat was excessive, all was as still as death, and this together with the striking wildness of the scene around, produced a silent melancholy on our whole party; there was nothing, however, in the sea itself to depress the feelings, the water was as clear as crystal, and seemed so inviting that I determined on a bathe. I had read much of the buoyancy of the Dead Sea, and now felt glad of an opportunity to test it; at first I

doubted, but no sooner did I go beyond my depth, than I felt myself borne up as on some solid body, which sensation increased the farther I swam from the shore.

This buoyancy arises from the specific gravity of the water; the taste is extremely pungent and bitter,



and my eyes felt very sore for a long time after I had bathed, while my face and hands were covered with a thin coat of salt. The shore of the lake was strewn with shrubs and branches of trees, which had been thrown up from time to time, but I could not find a single shell or any other vestige to lead us to conclude that any creature had lived in its waters.

The rocks around the Dead Sea are as peculiar as those on the confines of the Jordan, huge masses standing up like pillars; on the west side they are very precipitous, many abounding in caves and deep holes like those shown in the engraving.

In Holy Scripture this body of water has received many appellations, it is called the Sea of the Plain, the Salt Sea, and the East Sea; the Greek and Roman writers call it the Sea of Asphaltitus, i. e., the Bituminous Lake; and the Arabs of the present day know it under the names of "Bahar il Mout," the Dead Sea; or "Bahar Loot," the Sea of Lot.

The Dead Sea flows over the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, those cities of the plain which God destroyed for their wickedness, and looking on it, I could not but shudder at the just judgments of God upon the wicked, and hope that our favoured land might never require such signal judgments for the correction of our sins.





CHAPTER XI.

SUCH is the account of Jack's land as well as sea travels. And after having a bathe in the Dead Sea, he proceeded to join his ship at Alexandria, leaving the young midshipman to make his way to Damascus, with a travelling party who were going to that city.

When Jack got to Alexandria, he found that a war had broken out between the English and the Chinese, the latter of whom had poisoned our tea, after the following prescription.

A boat-load of poisoned tea, packed in small parcels, was duly prepared, to be sold to the sailors ; but unfortunately the boat was captured by Chinese pirates, who unknowingly sold the tea to their own countrymen ; and so many deaths followed the use of it, that this cowardly mode of warfare was discovered.

This childish atrocity was followed by a proclamation, offering a scale of rewards for capturing or killing English subjects, and including in this pro-

scription all the Chinese who furnished supplies to them. Those who took an English man-of-war of eighty guns were to receive twenty thousand Spanish dollars, and all that the vessel contained beside; and every Englishman's head was valued at thirty dollars.

This last reward offered brought the fruit that might have been expected, although in no very large quantities. A Mr. Staunton, who had gone to China with a view to a missionary life, was suddenly missed by his friends at Macao. He was in the habit of bathing; and one morning when going down to the beach to bathe in a sandy and retired bay, he was surprised by a gang of armed Chinese, who had concealed themselves behind some rocks. They immediately fell upon him, and having severely wounded him, bound him hand and foot, and conveyed him in a boat, waiting in readiness, towards Canton. He was at this place examined by Governor Lin, previously to being put into prison. He was forced to kneel in his weak state during the process of questioning; but nothing daunted by his situation, the young man told the imperial commissioner that thousands of his countrymen were on their road, and that one of their first acts would be to demand redress for the outrage upon his person, and their first care would be for his liberation.

In a few days Captain Smith applied for the liberation of the captive, but was refused; he therefore lost no time in preparing to give the Chinese a taste

of British courage. The *Enterprise* steamer, her Majesty's ship *Druid*, and a transport, were soon off Macao, where the fortifications had been strengthened. Eight war junks were also stationed in a line near the barrier wall, and other demonstrations made of a stubborn resistance. But the British ships soon anchored in front of the place, and the cannonade commenced from them, which was answered by the Chinese. In about an hour after the commencement of the fire, the English troops began to land on the beach. The Chinese kept up a galling fire, but the landing of a field-piece soon dispersed them, and the British marched upon the fort, which they took in gallant style, driving all before them. The Chinese encampment was next burnt, the guns spiked, and everything else destroyed; and all this without the loss of a single man on our side, while that of the Chinese was very severe.

The other reward offered by the Chinese authorities had also a surprising effect. All those who had the smallest spark of bravery in them felt desirous of entering upon such an heroic enterprise; and it so happened that a very favourable opportunity occurred for its being carried into execution. One of the squadron, a sloop of war, had sprung a leak, near Amoy, and was obliged to be hove down to undergo the necessary repairs. She was accordingly heeled over, with her deck from the shore, at a certain state of the tide, that the carpenters might get

at the leak. As soon as the ship was hove down the Chinese in the vicinity seemed to be in high spirits, and communications were made from town to town. A large party now united, and having warmed each other's courage with the honour of the exploit and the greatness of the reward, determined to attack and master the vessel as speedily as possible. Twenty boats were soon manned, and an hour before day-break was the time selected for the enterprise. The time at last arrived, and the Chinese boats, containing nearly two hundred men, variously armed, drew near in silence to the devoted ship. The boats stole round the bows quietly, but on the other side the caulkers were just preparing their kettles of pitch, that they might begin early in the morning. As soon as the boats approached within view, a man over the cat-head gave the alarm; and in a minute, without waiting for orders to fire, or beating to arms, Jack Brace and Tom Rattlin served out the hot pitch over the heads and ears of the Chinese in such profusion, that they began to dance and jump, and grimace and caper, with every variety of antic. The others, hearing the outcry and yellings of their countrymen, leaped out of their boats, and swam to shore as well as they were able. A loud cheer and a burst of laughter from the aroused crew completed the disaster, and concluded the fun at the same time.

Lin next determined to burn the English fleet by means of fire-rafts, a favourite mode of Chinese war-

fare. The attack had been concerted with all imaginable secrecy : twenty rafts or long boats were chained together, two and two, so that they might swing athwart our ships with the tide, which, as well as the wind, was in their favour. As these fire-rafts came on, the scene was very beautiful, but there was no difficulty in the English ships getting out of the way. The rafts drifted, burnt, and exploded, and afforded fine fun to the British sailors, who declared that the fireworks were equal to those of Vauxhall.

The *Wellesley*, a line-of-battle ship, having now arrived, bearing Sir Gordon Bremer's broad pendant, with the greater part of the expedition, the port of Canton was put in a state of blockade. The naval force at this time for carrying on the war consisted of the *Melville*, *Wellesley*, and *Blenheim*, line-of-battle ships ; the *Druid* and *Blonde*, heavy frigates ; the *Volage*, *Conway*, *Alligator*, and *Herald*, smaller frigates, with the *Nimrod*, *Modeste*, *Hyacinth*, *Larne*, *Pylades*, *Cruiser*, and *Columbine*, sloops of war. To these were added four war steamers, the *Queen*, *Atalanta*, *Madagascar*, and *Enterprise*, which of course were of great service in a country where the monsoons blow in the same direction for six months in the year. The land forces were conveyed in about twenty transports, and consisted of nearly five thousand men.

The first object of the expedition was to take possession of the Chusan group of islands, which you

will easily find on a map. When the large ships of war entered the harbour of the principal city, Ting-hae, they took up their position in front of a hill just to the right of it, on which was a joss house, or temple, and a summons was immediately



sent to the governor of the town to surrender the place at once, to save the effusion of blood. This the Chinese authorities would not consent to.

In the morning the hill, the adjacent shores, and the walls of the town were observed to be covered with a large number of Chinese troops. On the temple hill and near the landing-place were mounted twenty-four guns. Besides these a line of junks were anchored along the shore. But the signal was soon given for the troops to land ; and just as the first detachment set their feet upon the beach, the waving of flags and beating of gongs showed the determination of the Chinese to resist ; and in a few

minutes the whole of the guns, both of the batteries and war junks, opened their fire upon our troops. This was returned by a destructive fire from all our ships of war; and, as the smoke dispersed, the Chinese were observed running away in all directions, and immediate possession was taken of the hill and batteries.

The next day the forces approached the city; but, although the flags were still displayed from the walls, not a single individual was to be seen. On passing the ditch, by means of planks, one or two Chinese begged for mercy, which was of course granted; and the British flag was hoisted over the principal gate. The loss on the Chinese side was only twenty-five killed, and on ours not a single man was killed, and only one slightly wounded. The amount of guns captured was nearly a hundred, and the magazine contained a great quantity of iron shot, matchlocks, swords, bows and arrows, with iron helmets and clothing for a large body of men.

Such was the last spree Jack was engaged in, for after this little war his ship was ordered home. He arrived at Portsmouth the day before Christmas, and immediately got his discharge, owing to the services he had performed in the early part of his career, which had been reported at the Admiralty. He took coach immediately, with a purse full of shiners in his pocket, and reached home the next day, "just in pudding time." I need not say how rapturous

was the meeting between Jack and his mother, nor how jolly they were during the whole of that Christmas. I do not know whether Jack will go to sea again, but if he should I will take care to record his doings—but when we reflect upon this, his early career, we can't help being struck with his courage and self-reliance, and the hand of Providence so often outstretched on his behalf. Let us hope that Peace among all the nations of the earth will be so secured that we may have no further cause for fighting—for war is a fiendish and detestable thing, and nations calling themselves Christians ought not to disgrace themselves by appealing to it to settle their differences. For my part, I hope Jack will leave off fighting altogether, and make himself a useful member of society in his native village, by doing all the good that he can.



PART II.

VOYAGES OF DISCOVERY
TO THE NORTH POLE.

VOYAGES OF DISCOVERY

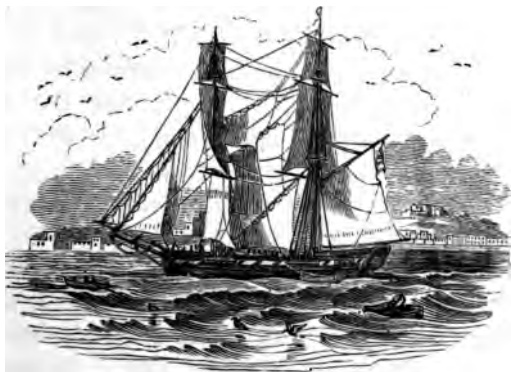
TO THE

NORTH POLE.

It is now a good many years since the North Pole and a North-west passage to the Pacific Ocean first attracted attention, and it is very recently that Captain M'Clintock went out on a voyage to discover the fate of Sir John Franklin. As these voyages are in the highest degree interesting, I think *Tales of the Sea* would be quite incomplete without them.

The discovery of the, or rather of a North-west passage, has always been a favourite object with the British, and the many voyages to which it has given birth have immortalized the names of Frobisher, Baffin, and Hudson, men of great nautical skill. When the great Continental war was at an end in 1815, Trade and Commerce began to revive, and science unfolded her wings, and one of the first places to which she directed her course was the regions of the north. The British Government fitted out two ships,

the *Isabella* and *Alexander* : these were placed under the command of Captain Ross and Lieutenant Parry, both officers of great courage and experience.



The ships put to sea on the 18th of April, 1818. On their arrival on the western coast of Greenland, they discovered a tribe of Esquimaux. A little further on, they saw cliffs covered with snow of a deep red colour, which, when thawed, had the appearance of port wine. On descending the western shores of Baffin's Bay, towards the south, a great change was observed,—the sea was clear of ice and extremely deep, it was much warmer, and the land was high, some of the mountains rising in cones above the land, and, except in the upper parts, free from snow. A noble inlet, fifty miles wide, now opened

to view. It had high land on both sides, and on the ice round its margin an Esquimaux sledge was seen travelling at a rapid rate. Into this inlet the ships entered on the 29th August; but they had not advanced more than thirty miles within it, when Captain Ross made a signal to tack about and return. In explanation of this alteration of course, he affirmed that he saw land stretching across the inlet at the distance of eight leagues; to the imaginary range of hills which thus seemed to prevent further progress to the west, he gave the name of Crocker's mountains, and then returned.

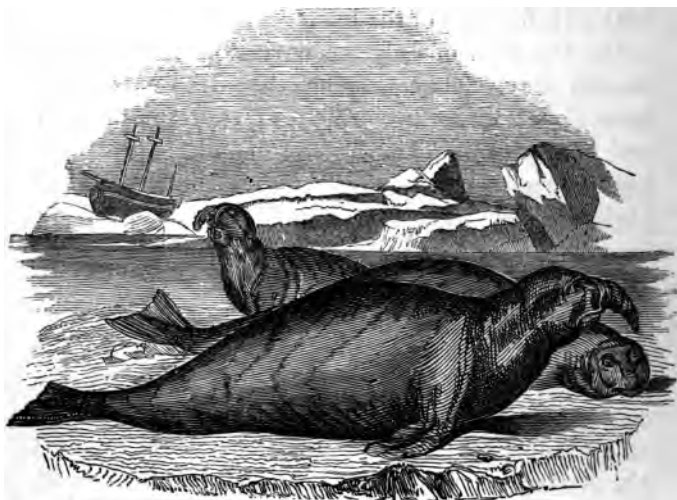
The failure of Captain Ross did not deter the Government from further efforts; and accordingly two ships were fitted out, called the *Hecla* and the *Griper*, to traverse the arctic seas. Lieutenant Parry, who had dissented from Captain Ross as to the possibility of finding a north-west passage, was appointed to command the expedition. The ships sailed from the Thames on the 5th of May, 1819, and on the 15th of June, Cape Farewell, the most southern part of Greenland, was discovered at the distance of forty miles. As they advanced northwards up Davis's Straits and Baffin's Bay, the ice on the westward presented a continuous barrier, through which it was impossible to force a way. After many difficulties, the ships at last reached the latitude of 73°, when Captain Parry resolved to penetrate the ice which occupied the middle of the

inland sea. This was accomplished in about seven days, the ships being worked with great danger through huge mountains of ice. At this period whales were seen in all directions; and one of them upset a boat belonging to the ships, but without further evil effects than the loss of the boat. Here the sea was deep, and no bottom could be found with 310 fathoms of the line.

On the 31st of July the navigators entered Possession Bay. They were now about to enter that great inlet respecting which especial instructions had been given. Their hope of finding a north-west passage rested chiefly on their success in this part of their mission. They crowded all sail, while a fresh easterly breeze carried them rapidly to the westward. Before night they had passed the limits explored in the last voyage, and yet could discern no land in the direction of their progress. They had reached the longitude of $83^{\circ} 12'$, and the two shores of the passage, as far as could be discerned, were observed to continue full fifty miles asunder; as they neared the western shore, the only denizens of the mighty waste were seals, lying with their young on the icy banks.

The expedition proceeded to the westward; and to the south a broad inlet, ten leagues wide, seemed deserving of being explored. The intrepid band entered it, and here a phenomenon of great interest presented itself. They had hitherto observed, from

the time they entered Lancaster's Sound, the sluggish motion of the compass and the irregularity occasioned by the attraction of the iron dispersed about the ship, in bolts, bars, &c., which had uniformly increased, as they proceeded westward; but, as they entered this inlet, the compasses actually lost their



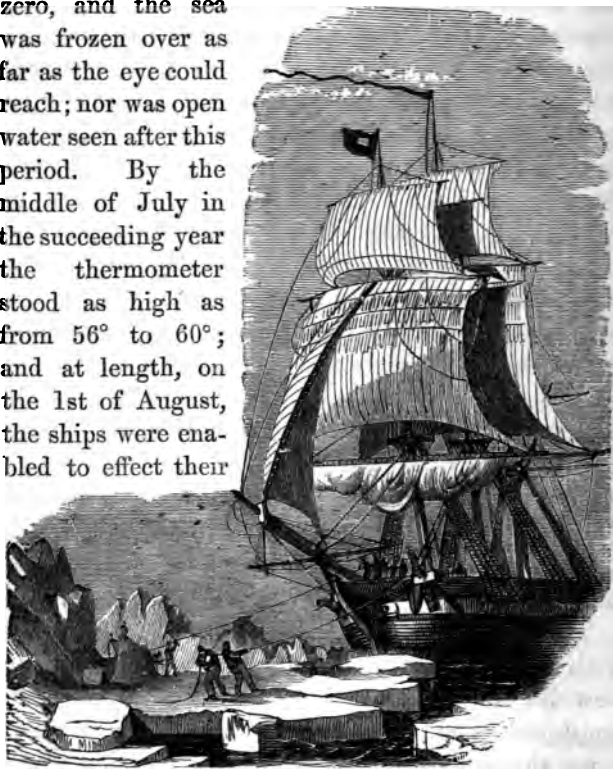
power, and they saw, for the first time, the compass completely deprived of its tendency to point north and south. The spot where this takes place is called the north magnetic pole.

As they advanced, their difficulties increased, their passage was studded with small islands, the water

was shoal, the ice more troublesome, and fogs frequent. From time to time they observed whales spouting, but few other animated beings appeared in this desolate course. They still continued to proceed to the westward, along the shores of a large island, which they named Bathurst Island, and further on to a lower one, which they named Melville Island; but the difficulties they encountered were very great from ice and fog; nevertheless, they succeeded in passing the meridian of 110° west longitude, by which they became entitled to the first sum in the scale of rewards granted by Parliament of £5000. A projecting point of land at this part was appropriately called Bounty Cape; a good roadstead discovered at no great distance was called the Bay of the Hecla and Griper. Here the ensigns and pennants were hoisted, and it "created in us (says their narrative) no ordinary feelings of pleasure to see the British flag waving for the first time in those regions which had been hitherto considered beyond the limits of the habitable world."

The winter was now setting in fast, and it was with difficulty that the ships were forced through the new ice to Winter Harbour. Three days were employed in cutting a canal through the ice with saws, the average thickness of the ice being seven inches, and the whole length of the cut nearly two miles and one-third. As soon as the ships were moored into their winter quarters, the men hailed

the event with three cheers. The mercury in the thermometer had now fallen to one degree below zero, and the sea was frozen over as far as the eye could reach; nor was open water seen after this period. By the middle of July in the succeeding year the thermometer stood as high as from 56° to 60° ; and at length, on the 1st of August, the ships were enabled to effect their



escape from Winter Harbour; but the immense quantity of ice with which the sea was beset rendered their progress extremely difficult. They still

struggled to proceed towards the west; but all their efforts were of no avail to get beyond the south-west extremity of Melville Island; and on the 16th of August, the attempt was given up, and about the middle of November the ships arrived in the Thames. The furthest point reached by this expedition was latitude $74^{\circ} 26' 25''$, and longitude $118^{\circ} 46' 43''$.

Government were determined upon a new expedition, and, as the *Hecla* had answered so well on her former voyage, it was arranged that the *Navy*, a similar ship, should be prepared to attend her on the second one. Captain Parry was directed by his instructions to commence his examination of the coast after he had reached some point which he was sure was on the coast of America, and thence, proceeding to the north, to keep along the coast, minutely exploring every inlet or opening that occurred, in order to ascertain the north-east point of that continent, round which it was hoped he might reach the open sea, and thus effect the passage round Icy Cape, and through Behring's Straits into the Pacific.

The ships left the Nore on the 8th of May, 1821, encountered the first iceberg at the entrance of Davis's Straits on the 14th of June, and reached the mouth of the channel formed between Southampton Island and the coast towards the north. Captain Parry believed this to be the same channel or strait

which had been called the Frozen Strait: and he determined to force a passage through it. After struggling for some days, the ships arrived at an



inland basin of water, ten miles in width, and about five in breadth, having regular soundings and good anchorage in every part, and being perfectly free from ice. Captain Parry called this the Duke of York's Bay. There they frequently saw the great polar bear.

The examination of the north-east coast of the American continent now commenced; and nearly the whole of September was spent in surveying and sounding a number of creeks, bays, and inlets, which are laid down in the charts under the names of Lyon's Inlet, Hopper's Inlet, Gore Bay, Ross's Bay, &c. The whole extent explored amounted to more than 200 leagues. This wearisome task was hardly concluded when the appearance of new ice announced the approach of winter; the thermometer at that time stood at zero. A small island, where the continent begins to trend to the southward, received the name of Winter Island, and the ships were here stationed to be frozen up.

Spring made its appearance in Winter Island, more tardily, if possible, than it had done at Melville Island, in the former voyage: yet this place was situated eight degrees and a half further to the south. Nine months had already been spent here in the ice, when at length, on the 2nd of July, after great exertions, the ships effected their escape; but the current setting southward down Fox's Channel, which our voyagers now proceeded to examine, carried with it such a quantity of drift ice as made their situation very dangerous. But at last they reached a small opening in the latitude $67^{\circ} 18'$, out of which a current was observed to issue. As this offered a security against ice, Captain Parry anchored as close to it as possible, and a party went

then to explore the country. Soon after the ships arrived at the island of Ooglet, where they met with vast numbers of the walrus or sea-horse, and they approached with some trepidation and anxiety the strait which the Esquimaux considered as a passage to the western sea. This passage was very soon recognised, and final success was now confidently expected; but what was the grief and mortification of the voyagers when they found that an unbroken barrier of ice extended completely across the western mouth of the strait, from the northern to the southern land. It was now the middle of July, and the ice began to accumulate; and, after struggling for sixty-five days to force a passage to the westward, the ships returned to the island of Ooglet, where they were frozen in for the winter. Here they were visited by numerous parties of Esquimaux, who came in sledges drawn by dogs.

The 1st of August, 1823, arrived, and the ships were still shut up within a barrier of ice; but Captain Parry, impatient of his confinement, determined to make the utmost exertions to liberate himself, although it appeared necessary for that purpose to saw a canal of ice, four or five miles in length. The laborious task was begun, when the ice breaking up more completely, the ships once more reached the open sea on the 12th of August. It was not doubted that the straits of the Hecla and Fury communicated with the polar seas, and the

obstacle which blocked it up was likely to be opened by a mild season; but the scurvy had made its appearance in the ships, and the dread of this formidable disease, and other circumstances, induced Captain Parry to make the best of his way home, which terminated the expedition of 1823.

Captain Franklin's first expedition took place at the same time with the first voyage of Captain Parry, and it was fitted out by Government in order that it might co-operate with that navigator in exploring the northern coast of America. Captain Franklin, accompanied by Dr. Richardson and Messrs. Back and Hood, two officers of the Navy, left England in 1819, and, after arriving at York Factory, a station on the east side of Hudson's Bay, set out on a land journey through the deserts and frozen lakes of the northern continent, which they crossed in a westerly direction, till they reached the mouth of the Copper-Mine River, on the western coast. They then embarked in two canoes, and made their way eastward along the northern shores of the continent for nearly 600 miles, till they found it impossible to proceed further; and, their canoes being destroyed, they returned by land to the Copper-Mine River, from whence they made their way home, after an absence of three years.

The last expedition of Franklin did not turn out so auspicious. It was undertaken in the year 1845 by two ships, the *Erebus* and *Terror*, which were fitted

out by the British Government with every convenience for such an undertaking. But, alas ! this expedition was never fated to return. Year after year passed on, and no tidings were received of the brave Franklin and his associates ; at last, however, news was brought home, by an expedition fitted out by the Government, that a large party of Englishmen were seen by the Esquimaux struggling with difficulties on the ice near the mouth of the Great Fish River, and Lady Franklin, who had long awaited the return of her husband, determined to expend all her available means in an exploration of those icy regions. She obtained the willing service of Captain M'Clintock to command the yacht *Fox* for that purpose. M'Clintock had signally distinguished himself in the voyage of Sir James Ross and Captain Austin, and especially in his extensive journeys on the ice with Captain Kellet.

It would take a long time to relate the dangers and difficulties, or to record the narrow escapes of this little vessel and her crew, but we may follow her across the "middle ice" of Baffin's Bay to Beechy Island, down a portion of Peel Strait, and then through the hitherto unnavigated waters of Bellot Strait in one summer. By a document which was found and forwarded to this country before the expedition set out, it was clearly proved that Franklin not only reached Beechy Island, but ascended Wellington Channel, then an unknown sea,

to 77° N. lat. Next he proceeded round Cornwallis Land, which he found to be an island, and then proceeding in a south-westerly direction, he seems to have passed down Peel's Strait in 1846, reaching as far as lat. 70° 5' north, and long. 98° 23' west, where the ships were beset. Hence it is clear that he ascertained the existence of a channel along the north coast of America, with which the sea wherein he was interred had a direct communication, and was the first real discoverer of the North-west passage, and secured the honour to his country for which he perished.

Various expeditions had been sent out by the British Government and by private individuals for the purpose of ascertaining the fate of this intrepid explorer, between the years 1847 and 1855, but these were all without effect. The only ray of information gleaned was that afforded by the inscriptions upon three tombstones at Beechy Island, briefly recording the names and dates of the deaths of those individuals of the lost expedition who fell sacrifices to the hardships of the Arctic climate, and which proved where the Franklin expedition passed its first Arctic winter. The traces assuring us of that fact were discovered in August, 1850, by Captain Ommanney of H.M.S. *Assistance*, and by Captain Penny of the *Lady Franklin*.

Lady Franklin having therefore purchased the *Fox*, it was immediately fitted up for this

important service ; she was 177 tons burden, and had been the property of Sir Richard Sutton, Bart., who had made one trip to Norway in her ; she was purchased by Lady Franklin for £2000, and put to sea from Aberdeen on the last day of June, 1857. They passed through Pentland Firth against a strong wind and tempestuous sea, near the bleak shores of Orkney. They pushed through the Spitzbergen ice, then came upon the Greenland coast, and had their first parley with the Esquimaux. After a few days farther progress they entered the Waigat, and steaming through a sea of glass, found a seam of coal on the Disee shore, with which they replenished their yacht. They now got an Esquimaux interpreter, some fourteen dogs and dogs' food, and set off for the Arctic Seas with hearty speed.

They reached Melville Bay without much difficulty, and made fast to an iceberg on the 12th of August, and had in their view a mighty glacier unbroken for forty or fifty miles. The far off outline had a tint of yellow, and during the daytime its strong glare was very distressing. The weather now got very lively, and they steamed on, threading their way between the floes of ice, and at last they were closely hemmed in, and had a dismal prospect of wintering in the ice ; with this they drifted some eight or nine miles. On the 18th the temperature fell to 2° below zero. They were still drifted slowly southward, and when stationary indulged

themselves in shooting, fishing, seal hunting, and other sports; and on the 3rd of October their beautiful organ was taken out of its case and put up on the lower deck, the men enjoying its tunes, whilst Christian, the Esquimaux, turned the handle with the greatest delight; this organ was presented by the late Prince Consort, who had his heart everywhere.

On the 26th their school opened for the winter with nine pupils, under Dr. Walker, and a variety of pleasing instruction was given. Peter Parley books were in request, and much fun was occasioned by some of the stories. On the 2nd of November there was a very sudden call "to arms." Whether sleeping, prosing, or schooling, every one flew about the ice in an instant, as if the magazine or boiler was on the point of explosion. The alarm of a bear who was fighting with the dogs was the cause. The beast had approached within twenty yards of the ship before he was scented, but the dogs then fell upon him; in attempting to escape he fell through some thin ice, and the dogs and he had a battle in the water. He was, however, made the recipient of a bullet or two in his head, and died in the full possession of all his faculties.

And now came Christmas-day upon the voyagers. It was a very cheerful and merry one. The men were supplied with several additional articles, such as ham, plum-pudding, preserved gooseberries, apples,

nuts, and sweetmeats, and Burton ale. After divine service they decorated the lower deck with flags, and made an immense display of food. Their mess-tables were laid out like the counters in a confectionery shop, with apple and gooseberry tarts, plum and sponge cakes, puffs and the like. In the evening they sang songs, and drank grog, and danced, and told stories, and thought of home. New Year's day was a second edition of Christmas.

On the 28th of January, 1858, the upper edge of the sun appeared above the horizon after an absence of eighty-nine days. The colours were hoisted and an extra gill of grog was served out.

On the 12th of April, they were drifted rather ingloriously out of the Arctic regions, but determined to try again, with, it was hoped, better success. But now bears began to abound, with which they had several conflicts, they, however, being always the assailants. No instance is known of Greenland bears attacking men except when wounded or provoked.

A native of Upernivik one dark winter's day was out visiting his seal nets. He found a seal entangled, and whilst kneeling down over it upon the ice to get it clear, he received a slap on the back from his companion as he supposed, but a second and heavier blow made him look sharply round. He was horror-stricken to see a grim old bear instead of his comrade. Without taking further notice of the man, Bruin tore the seal out of the net and commenced his supper.

He was not interrupted, nor did the man wait to see the meal finished.

At last the ice broke up all round ; they got clear of the floe ; the ocean swell came in, the ship had the healthy motion. Shortly after midnight on the 24th of April, the ship was under sail, slowly boring her way to the eastward ; and at two o'clock the next morning got her steam up ; at eight o'clock they emerged from the pack and were running fast through straggling pieces of ice into a clear sea.

During these 242 days on the packed ice of Baffin's Bay and Davis's Straits, they were drifted 1194 geographical, 1385 statute miles. This was the longest drift known, and having got thoroughly clear of it, they steered for Holsteinborg to refit and refresh the crew, where they safely anchored, April 28th, 1858, which formed the first era of this noted expedition.

The course of the voyagers from this time became more and more interesting in its various details.

On the morning of the 10th of May, 1858, they left Holsteinborg with a pleasant land wind and bright weather, but they had to thread their way through several packs of ice, some of them large, the snow at times falling thickly. Upon the 14th, summer burst suddenly upon them ; the thermometer rose to 40°. The Queen's birthday was kept on the 24th, at Godhaven, with flags, plum pudding and grog. From this place they proceeded, but soon after they passed

outside Buchan Island, the *Fox* was in danger of being wrecked. She was steaming through a narrow bend in the ice and suddenly went upon a reef of rocks, fell over to the starboard side, and must have become a wreck had not the tide been coming in, which eventually righted her and she floated off unhurt. They then drifted southward among numerous icebergs, and got many a nip from the ice. They shot seals by the hundred, two young bears, and June 27th moved to the Crimson Cliffs of Sir John Ross, from which they reached Cape York, and then had long palavers with the Esquimaux.

After many hair-breadth escapes of perils by ice, and perils by sea, perils by rocks, above and below water, going among floes, being nipped by icebergs, taking now and then long excursions on sledges drawn by dogs, killing bears, and seals, and wild birds, encountering furious gales, and making various discoveries of new islands, shores and watercourses, the winter of 1858 came on, and Christmas-day was spent with old English hospitality amid many comforts, although a fierce north-wester howled loudly through the rigging of the little craft, and the snow-drift rushed swiftly past, and the thermometer was 80° below the freezing point. On the 26th of January, 1859, the sun's disc showed itself above the horizon for a few minutes.

After farther wanderings, to May 10, they at last came upon an inhabited snow village. It was on

King William's Island, where, for the first time, they began to hear tidings of Franklin. The natives possessed some English plate bearing Franklin's initials, which they purchased, as well as other English relics; and obtained tidings of the wreck of one of the ships of the former expedition. On the morning of the 24th of May, after having crossed from King William's Island, they examined the whole line of coast to Cape Herschel, and here they found, while walking upon a gravelly ridge near the beach, a human skeleton perfectly bleached, lying upon its face. The victim seemed to have been a young man, a steward or officer's servant, and, as the natives told the voyagers, was one of the retreating crew of the Franklin expedition.

A few miles below Cape Herschel the land becomes very low, and the searchers for Franklin were now approaching the spot where a revelation of intense interest was awaiting them. About twelve miles from Cape Herschel they found a small cavern built by Hobson's party, who had preceded them, containing a note for M'Clintock, directing him to the record so ardently sought for of the Franklin expedition—at Point Victory, on the North-west point of King William's Sound. This record was written on one of the printed forms usually supplied to discovery ships for being enclosed in bottles and thrown into the sea, and was as follows:—

28th May, 1847—H.M. Ships *Erebus* and *Terror*

wintered on the ice lat. $70^{\circ} 5' N.$, long. $98^{\circ} 23' W.$ Having wintered in 1846-7 at Beechy Island, in lat. $72^{\circ} 43' 28'' N.$, long. $91^{\circ} 39' 15'' W.$, after having ascended Wellington Channel to lat. 77° and returned by the west side of Cornwallis Island. Sir John Franklin commanding the expedition. All well.

Party, consisting of 2 officers and 6 men, left the ships on Monday, May 24, 1847.

G. M. GORE, Lieutenant.

CHAS. F. DES VŒUX, Mate.

It would appear also from further evidence that Franklin's expedition passed on to Lancaster road, and entered Wellington Channel, and sailed up that strait for 150 miles, and was only stopped by ice in the latitude of 77° North; he then returned southward, and re-entered Barrow's Strait by a new channel between Bathurst and Cornwallis Islands. This was cheering; but even further did the good fortune of the adventurers attend them. In 1846 they reached within 12 miles of King William's Land, and the winter of 1846-7 appears to have passed without any serious loss of life. Now comes the sad intelligence which settled the fate of these noble explorers—round the margin of the paper above quoted another hand had written the following words:—

April 25, 1848.—H.M. Ships *Terror* and *Erebus* were deserted on the 22nd of April, 5 leagues

N.N.W. of this, having been beset since 12th of September, 1846. The officers and crews, consisting of 105 souls, under the command of Captain F. R. M. Crozier, landed here in lat. $69^{\circ} 37' 42''$, long. $98^{\circ} 41' W$. *Sir John Franklin died on the 17th of June, 1847*, and the total loss by death in the expedition has been, to this date, 9 officers and 15 men.

(Signed) F. R. M. CROZIER,
Captain and Senior officer.
JAMES FITZJAMES,
Captain H.M.S. *Erebus*.

And start on to-morrow, 26, for Back's Fish River.

Such, then, may be considered the end of the Franklin Expedition. The survivors all, no doubt, perished in their endeavours to retreat to the Hudson's Bay territories up the Back or Great Fish River.

Evidences were found of the track of the perishing men at various places by Lieutenant Hobson, who accompanied McClintock, and by McClintock himself following on his track, including a large boat, containing various articles, and two skeletons of the unhappy explorers. Close beside them lay five watches, a few books, boots, and clothing of various kinds, guns, knives, and some provisions. There were also discovered in the after part of the boat various articles of plate, some of which evidently, from the marks upon it, belonged to Captain Franklin. The position

of this abandoned boat was about fifty miles from Port Victory.

The fate of Franklin and his brave companions being thus ascertained, the further voyage of Captain McClintock, although very interesting, gives us little further information. It is satisfactory to record that he and his party returned safely to their country, September 17, 1859, after a two years' sojourn in the Arctic regions, in which they exhibited the greatest perseverance and braved innumerable dangers, and brought home the incontestable evidence that Sir John Franklin and his crew really achieved the grand object of their voyage, the discovery of the North-west passage, a discovery that will not be without its results as science progresses, and the art of navigation and the power of steam become further developed.



PART III.

TALES OF THE BRITISH NAVY :

THEIR DEEDS AND THEIR DARINGS.

“ A sailor's arm
Has done more wonders in this world of ours,
Than all the hosts of steel-clad knights and squires
That ever marshalled in the olden time.”

HEMANS.

TALES OF THE BRITISH NAVY.



I AM, my young friends, going to tell you some tales about the wooden walls of Old England. I love the sea and everything connected with it; and I love my own country too; so that I am very glad to under-

take the task. I hope you will be as well pleased to listen to me, and then we shall be agreeable company for each other.

There has always appeared to me something remarkable in the Druids worshipping under the oak, and holding it sacred. It seems as if they had a presentiment that one day or other, when trees of oak were our ships, and hearts of oak were our men, that then England would be what she is at the present time—the first nation on the face of the earth.

English sailors are a distinct order of the human race: they seem to sport and rejoice in a storm like



the petrel; and as to peril and danger, they are their elements. Then they are as free as the ocean breeze,

and as irresistible in battle as the stormy waves on which they ride.

You know that England is surrounded by water; and thus while we have good sailors and good ships, we shall never fear the invasion of any foreign enemy.

During the late war, England had upwards of one thousand armed ships afloat on the waters, and nearly twenty thousand pieces of cannon. With these, and the brave hearts of a hundred thousand men, we beat the French, the Spaniards, the Russians, and the Dutch; and extended the supremacy of the British flag to every part of the globe.

The rise of the English navy was, however, gradual. At one time the inhabitants of our country had no ships sufficiently large to venture out to sea, and they often constructed them of single trees. There is a curious specimen of one of these (which was evidently formed, as Robinson Crusoe is said to have formed his, by burning out the inside), in the court of the British Museum: it is probably the oldest vessel now existing, and was discovered some years ago in a peat bed in Sussex.

Before the Romans came into England, the Britons had a few ships, but they were small and unimportant. They were very different to the Roman ships and galleys, having flatter bottoms, and being built entirely of oak; and, what is remarkable, they used at that period iron chains for cables, instead

of ropes; and the sails were made of skins or thin leather.

The Britons had not only war-ships, but they had, as I hope they always will have, hardy seamen. They used a small kind of boat called a *Coracle*, formed of wicker-work overlaid with skins. They are now used in Wales on the rivers; and here is a representation



of one with a Welshman angling. Even in such small boats the adventurous Britons would pass across both the English and the Irish Channels.





STORY OF THE SEA-KINGS.

IN the times of the Saxons many of the Saxon chieftains saw how necessary a navy was to England, and offered particular encouragement to their subjects to build ships ; but the Danes and the Sea-kings had the start of them ; and before the Britons were furnished with anything deserving to be called a navy, they invaded our coasts successfully.

I must tell you something about these "Sea-kings." You must know, then, that among the "Northmen," who inhabited the shores of the Baltic, there was a custom of an extraordinary kind. Upon the death of a king, one of his sons was chosen to succeed him, and the rest, instead of being slain, as they often are in Turkey at the present day on similar occasions, or, instead of being provided for in a handsome manner by the State, as they are in England, had the sea for their inheritance. Ships and equipments were provided for them, and they passed their lives in piracy, this being thought an honourable life in those days.

Ay, those were sad times ; we ought to be thank-

ful daily, that we are born in the days of peace and safety. We cannot wonder, however, at all at what we read concerning these savage nations ; they were without the light of Christianity ; and I can assure you that before this great blessing had been shed abroad, all free people were considered among very many nations, to be as certainly and properly born for war, as sheep and oxen are reared for slaughter.

The persons who were thus devoted to a sea-faring life were called *Sea-kings*, and, like the Arabs, their hand was against every man, and every man's hand was against them. Some of these Sea-kings boasted that they never caroused over a hearth, nor slept under a roof.

One of the most famous of these Sea-kings was named Olaf ; he was so nimble and active as a sailor, that he boasted of being able to walk on the oars of his boat while the men were rowing. Among the fierce and bloody, Olaf was the most fierce and cruel ; and, in order to show more fully the ferocity of his nature, he devoured raw flesh, and incited his followers to do the same.

His renown was great in the Northern Seas, and the fear of him was so universal that before the inhabitants of the coast of England could close their eyes for the night, they used to mount upon some tall cliff that overhung the waters, and survey the wide expanse of ocean, to assure themselves that Olaf was not bordering in their vicinity.

It was currently believed, on the Eastern coasts of England, that this dreaded Sea-king was foretold by dreadful signs and warnings—portentous lightning which terrified the people, and tempestuous winds, and fiery dragons flying through the air; blood also is said to have fallen from heaven like drops of rain, and crosses of a bloody colour to have appeared on men's garments as they walked along. All these things undoubtedly appeared to the imagination of the timid and superstitious, and gained credit among the people as having really occurred.

About this period, the eastern coast of England, particularly the coast of Suffolk, was the most thickly-populated of the whole land. Cities which were then in a flourishing condition, and contained many thousand inhabitants, are now washed away by the sea, which has in some parts of the coast encroached considerably on the land. Some have been partly destroyed, but all are reduced from their former proud state to that of miserable fishing villages.

Among these towns the city of Dunwich stood conspicuous. It was called "the bright and walled city of the east." It was a place of considerable wealth, and contained a numerous population.

As I said, the terror of Olaf's name was great in all the northern and eastern coasts of England, and in no place greater than at the city of Dunwich. Strong as were her fortifications, and hardy as were her sons, yet so irresistible was the Sea-king in all



OLAF THE DANE.—*Sea King.* P. 163.

his doings, that it was feared some day he would make the same wreck and ruin of Dunwich as he had of other ill-fated places on the coast.

The winter had passed over with uncommon severity, and the spring burst forth in all its heat and glory. Olaf had been frozen up in the Baltic for six months, and was eager for rapine and blood; his followers half starved, like hungry wolves, were ready to prowl anywhere, so that they could be satisfied.

Dunwich, although a place of great strength, was the spot to which Olaf directed his eyes. "There," said he, "are food and shelter, both for summer and winter;" and in a few hours he had made up his mind that this was to be the next place upon which his fury should be wreaked.

Early the next morning his whole fleet, consisting of above a hundred small ships, were under sail ploughing their way among the floating masses of ice, while Olaf was stationed on the poop of one of the largest, his own ship, the *Dragon*, exciting and encouraging his men, and directing the movements of the whole.

In a day or two they came within sight of the Suffolk coast. The Dunwichians had, however, received some notion of his approach from rumours which, during the winter, had reached them by fishermen and others. They had also been informed of his preparing to set off by some of their own sailors, who had been driven by an easterly gale into their port the preceding night.

You may easily imagine the consternation which prevailed among people of every description. Hundreds at mention of the name of Olaf fled to the woods, while the whole town was in the greatest consternation; all government was at an end, and those whose business it was to have defended the town, were eager to run away from it; their only anxiety being about their property and moveables.

At this juncture—and a critical time it was—there was an old fisherman who rose up to save the city. He was of a very bold and inflexible temper, and had always been remarkable for his achievements as a seaman; he had several bold sets of men in his fishing boats, who were the most daring of any all along the coast.

This man was called Hawksbill, owing, I suppose, to his hooked nose, which was a prominent feature in his countenance, and which, with his eagle eye, made him look almost like a bird of prey.

The old man had a numerous family. One of his boats was manned by seven of his sons, another by some of his grandchildren, while three others had each of them one of his other sons as its captain or commander.

Hawksbill was lying with his craft snugly enough in port, when the news of the approach of Olaf was propagated; he heard the cries of the people, and saw them running hither and thither in the most dreadful state of consternation. While he pitied the

poor women and children, he felt heartily ashamed of the cowardice of the men.

He leaped suddenly on shore, and called upon his sons to follow him. As he entered the principal gate of the town, he met a considerable number of persons coming out with a view to make their escape as quickly as possible.

"Fools and cowards," said Hawksbill, "why your fear has driven ye mad! Look here," said he, taking hold of the nearest man by the ears, and twisting his head round in the direction of the vane of the towers just above him, "Do you see the *wind*? Think ye the Danes will weather the foreland with a stiff south-wester in their teeth? Hold a little, and hear me, my masters. What, will ye leave your town to be burnt, and live in the woods for ever afterwards? Behave like men, you that are men, and follow me into the town."

Old Hawksbill, attended by his sailors, amounting to fifty or more, well armed, led the way, and in a few minutes all stood on the castle hill, where the chief inhabitants of the place had met together, not, indeed, to defend the place, but to decide how they might best run away.

Hawksbill mounted a waggon, which had been piled up with various luggage, and began a fierce and loud speech to the people beneath. He ridiculed them for their cowardice, told them that their fears had greatly magnified the prowess of the enemy, and

.

that they had nothing to do but to be brave and firm, and that it was an easy matter for them so to manage affairs, as completely to defeat, if not to destroy, the enemy. Some persons hooted at the old man, others cried "Go on!" While just as he was speaking, one of the Town Council, an exceedingly great coward, came up to him, and by virtue of his office as bailiff of the castle hill, commanded Hawksbill to desist. The old man, however, took no notice of him, but continued his discourse; at last the bailiff came close to him, and shook the warden's mace in his face.

Hawksbill in a moment seized the mace and felled the bailiff to the ground. "Who talks of flight or surrender?" said the old man; "by the bloody hand of Woden,"* said he, "that man shall be the first to die."

There was a good deal of courage in the people, as there always is in English hearts, and it only wanted a bold spirit to set fire to it by his own example; and the sudden daring and decision of Hawksbill, together with the change of wind, which gave an opportunity for reflection and time to put any measures into operation, had together such an effect on the townsmen, that when the bailiff fell, they set up a shout that rent the air like thunder.

"That hurrah came from the right place," said

* Woden was the Saxon god of war. This was a common oath among the Saxons.

the old man ; " it means death to cowards and long life to the brave. With your hands as well as your hearts, I will defend the town against a thousand Olafs."

Hawksbill now demanded a conference with the Council, and he repaired to the castle ; here he gave such good reasons, that one and all resolved to follow his advice and to defend the town.

There was, as was common in those days, a subterraneous road leading from the castle to another more than five miles inland ; besides, there was another subterraneous passage leading from the



castle hill to the sea-shore some half a mile distant. Hawksbill purposed, that all the men capable of bearing arms should be armed and placed in these

passages ; one division to be ready to attack the invaders in the town, and the other to sally forth on the ships to cut off their retreat.

A muster of men was, therefore, immediately taken, and above fifteen hundred were found capable of bearing arms. To these arms were distributed from the castle armoury, and the whole marshalled for action ; at the same time the women and children were sent off to the woods some miles inland, to take up their temporary habitation.

Hawksbill had proposed, that instead of defending the place from the assault of the Sea-king and his followers, by force of arms in the first instance, they should attack him in another manner, namely, by wine and mead, and other intoxicating drinks ; and that when the freebooters were overcome with flattery and drunkenness, the concealed bodies should rush from their hiding-places, and slaughter them or take them prisoners.

One of the council proposed as an improvement upon this stratagem, that certain portions of the food left in the town should be poisoned. To this Hawksbill would by no means consent. "No," said he, "if we must kill them, let them be slain like men. They are too brave to die the death of rats."

The women and children were now driven away. All the wine and other liquors, with the old British ale,—of which the Danes knew well enough the

virtue, were left in convenient situations. Provisions were scattered about in all directions ; indeed a very sumptuous repast was prepared for the invaders, who, one would think, must have smelt the good cheer out at sea ; for at an early hour the next morning, one of Hawksbill's sons, who was stationed on the look-out, gave notice that the dreaded fleet was in sight.

The wind had, in fact, gone round to the north-east, and Olaf, who was impatient at his late detention, bore down in all the fury of a lion in search for his prey. Himself and crew had been exceedingly short of provisions for some time ; and as the barges sailed along, the men, although the wind was exceedingly favourable, could not refrain from launching their oars to accelerate their speed.

I have told you all these particulars respecting Hawksbill's conduct, because they illustrate the character of a British sailor, which was the same in that day as it is now. You may see the difference of his bravery and that of Olaf. He had an honourable occupation, which he carried on in time of peace, and he did not seek war ; but when it became necessary for him to defend his country, he was prepared to shed his blood if it had been needful. Olaf, on the contrary, was a selfish man, who sought war and loved slaughter, because they enriched him. He fought for himself, while Hawksbill fought for his dear country.

Hawksbill and his fellow-townsmen were, during this time, secreted in the vault and passage before alluded to, underneath the castle, where they remained in the greatest anxiety and silence—not knowing how affairs had gone on. They supposed that the landing of their enemies had taken place, but had no certain information of the fact. Hawksbill, therefore, proposed that he should make his way from the place of their concealment, and ascertain if the time were favourable for the bold enterprise.

They had taken the precaution to secure the entrance to the subterraneous passage by covering it with earth; and it required some management to force through this in a quiet manner. This, however, was accomplished, and Hawksbill issued forth into one of the deepest dungeons of the castle. He hastily covered again the spot from which he had arisen, and groped his way in the dark towards the higher apartments of the castle.

He had to pass through several intricate windings, and the pitchy darkness around was not calculated to give him any assistance. It was some time before he could convince himself as to his precise situation; at last, however, he heard a door bang immediately above him, and he pushed onwards, and soon found himself in the first or lowest story of the keep.

He looked through the loophole of the wall, and found it was quite dark, excepting the light that came from a few straggling stars. As he listened, he

heard the uproar both in the town and in the castle, and was thus convinced that the Danes had fallen into the snare.

He, however, thought it necessary to obtain information of the exact state in which the enemy should be, before the attack was made upon them, and proceeded cautiously towards the place of carousal.

In a few moments he had reached, by a private staircase, one of the niches in the great hall, and a scene of an extraordinary character presented itself. There sat Olaf, the chieftain, his sword drawn in one hand and the goblet lifted high in the other, drinking vengeance to the Saxons on sea or shore. His companions seemed overcome with the intoxicating draughts, and loudly hammered with their sword-hilts on the long square oaken table, till they made it resound through all the castle.

“Fire!” bawled out Olaf; “as we cannot feed our swords with Saxon blood, let us have fire. Fire has more the spirit of vengeance than even cold and hungry steel. Fire—fire!”

Hawksbill now advanced boldly into the drunken throng, favoured by the hazy darkness which shaded the by no means well-lighted apartment. He passed round the chair of the chieftain, and seemed inclined almost to smite him as he spoke, but was withheld by prudence.

The chieftain and his companions now discussed

in their drunken mood various plans and stratagems for falling upon those of the townspeople who had fled to the woods ; while just as he was in the midst of a grand project for setting fire to the forests into which it was supposed they had fled, a loud thundering was heard at the door, and a band of armed Danes entered the apartment, bearing several females and children.

"Women ! women !" shouted Olaf, and sprang towards the door, while several of the other chieftains did the same.

One of the females was a mother, and bore an infant in her arms. This the savage chieftain snatched from its mother, and threw it over his shoulder to his comrades ; at this moment Hawksbill darted forward and caught the child. "Treachery !" shouted some of them. "A Saxon—down with him—down with him."

Hawksbill in a moment rushed to the hearth upon which the blazing brands were burning—he scattered them with a quick and ready hand among the Danes, which, at the same time it threw them into consternation, extinguished what light there was, and favoured his escape.

He immediately made for the door, and cut at all who stood in his way ; and with the poor babe in his arms, withdrew to the niche, and down the staircase by which he had entered ; while the Danes, for some time, cut and slashed at each other like furies.

Hawksbill hurried away to his concealed band. He told them hastily to follow; that now was the time or never; quickly they rushed, by the same avenues and passages, and, headed by Hawksbill, speedily gained the hall of the castle.

In the interim of Hawksbill's absence, the Danes had recovered from their consternation, torches had been procured, and all stood in as much a posture of defence as their exhaustion and intoxication would allow; several had been severely maimed, either by the sword of Hawksbill, or the daggers of their companions.

It was not a time for parley. The Saxons rushed in numbers from the niche, and closed in combat with their cruel foes. The skirmish did not, however, continue long. The Danes were strengthened by great numbers coming in.

The battle now became more dreadful in the court-yard and neighbourhood of the castle. Olaf had suddenly disappeared. He had leaped from a window of the room into the moat below. Over this he had swum in the darkness, and, reaching one of the outer courts, had stripped the body of a slain Saxon, and endeavoured to pass down, unobserved, to the sea-shore.

He had just reached the beach when a division of the armed Saxons rushed down upon the shore to secure the shipping; his well-known voice gave the alarm to some on board, who began to weigh

anchor with a view to make their escape. Olaf plunged into the sea, his sword in his mouth—while some of the bolder Saxons attempted to follow him.

Hundreds of the Danes were now flying from the castle, pursued by the Saxons, the greatest portion of whom came on towards their ships; and here the battle began afresh, with the most savage fury.

Presently Hawksbill was seen driving the Danes before him. He soon saw that Olaf had reached his fleet. He immediately, followed by some of his sons and others, rushed to his own craft, and, cutting their hempen cables was adrift in an instant. They rowed towards the ship of Olaf.

The chieftain waited their approach, determined to sell his life dearly. The bark of Hawksbill came, with a violent shock, against that of Olaf. The old man leaped on board, and, in a moment, cleaved him down with a furious blow.

The whole of the night had been spent in the conflict; and it was bright dawn when the final blow was given, and could be clearly distinguished by the Saxons on shore, who set up a shout of triumph as they saw their dreaded enemy fall.

Such is one of the stories of the ancient Sea-kings. I have not related it to you because I like to dwell upon such savage and bloody scenes, but because I think it desirable that you should be acquainted with the customs and events of past ages, especially when they have been connected with your own country.

In many such events there were upon the shores of Britain; but sometimes the Danes (or, as they were more properly called, Northmen) were victorious. How firmly they had obtained a footing here before the time of good King Alfred, you may learn from the history of England.



THE FIRST VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.



COLUMBUS EMBARKING.

If you go to the Painted hall in Greenwich Hospital, you will see, on the left-hand side of its magnificent porch, the portrait of Christopher Columbus. Mark his eye ! it seems to look across the Atlantic ; and observe what an expression of power and benevolence there is in the whole face. The discovery of America was an event which has completely changed the aspect of mundane affairs. New scenes have been opened to speculation, new fields to commerce, and a vast continent was revealed to us—the existence

of which seemed to our ancestors only an idle dream, at a time when a few of them said that it was probable.

Christopher Columbus was the bold adventurer to whom the world is indebted for this grand discovery. Many of his contemporaries believed the earth to be a circular plain, like a trencher ; others said it was cylindrical, like a rolling-pin ; and others said it was pear-shaped. Here and there one guessed at its real shape, and this idea so strongly entered the mind of Columbus, that he declared with bold confidence that it was possible to sail round the world ; and by so doing he expected to reach the extreme parts of India or Cathay (which is a part of China) ; but he had no conception of the two great oceans and the great separate continent which lay between him and Asia. However, he asserted that there was a great unknown land to be reached by sailing westward.

But few persons would hear him, fewer would believe him, many laughed at him ; some thought him mad, while the greater number held him in contempt.

Columbus was full of his subject, he had it always uppermost in his mind ; all his reading, all his thoughts, all his actions, had a tendency towards this one central point of hope. To sail westward was his never-failing aspiration ; he used to look on the sun from the high cliffs of Portugal when it descended to the west, and felt impatient that he could not follow it.

He travelled from country to country asking

assistance, but no one would grant it him ; they said he was a visionary—he was a lunatic. Still nothing could draw the thought of lands behind the waters in the far west from his mind.

At last Ferdinand and Isabella, King and Queen of Spain, listened to this great man, and by the queen's private assistance he was afforded the means of prosecuting his designs. He was furnished with three small ships and ninety men, with which, disdaining the usual mode of creeping from bay to bay and cape to cape, he boldly launched into the vast and unexplored Atlantic—with no object but the heavens, and no guide but the compass ; and without knowing whether he should ever meet with a shore, except by that confident expectation which I told you had taken possession of his mind.

He would not have been able to proceed with his great enterprise, if it had not been for the invention of the compass, which seems to have been made a few years before by Gioja, a Florentine. And so he went on day after day and week after week, without seeing anything that would lead others to believe the existence of land in that direction ; and his crew and officers began to break out into murmurs and discontent ; still his own confidence continued unabated.

On the morning of the seventh of October at sunrise, the admiral and several of the crew thought they beheld land in the west ; all hearts were elated,

but in the evening the promised land melted into air. It was only clouds in the horizon. The crew were again dejected, and expressed their discontent loudly and angrily.

However, the next day, small flights of birds were seen, and it was a very fair inference that, where birds were found, land could not be at a very great distance. He determined, therefore, to follow the birds; and observing that they spread their wings to the south-west, in that direction he turned the prow of his ship.

The crew, however, began to believe that it was great presumption in Columbus to dare to cross the ocean, and looked upon these little harbingers of land to be delusions sent to allure them to destruction; and although a duck, a heron, and pelican, were seen, yet, when the sun went down on a shoreless horizon, they broke forth again into clamorous turbulence.

The next day Columbus expostulated with his crew, who threatened to throw him overboard, and then to return home. He endeavoured to pacify them by promises of large rewards; and as the signs of land continued to multiply (they passed many large masses of sea-weed), he in part succeeded in pacifying the more clamorous. They afterwards met a quantity of such weeds as grow in rivers. They saw a fish of a kind that creeps about rocks, then a branch of thorn with berries on it, a small board,

and, above all, a staff, artificially carved. Gloom and mutiny now gave way to sanguine expectation, and, throughout the day, each one was eagerly on the watch in hopes of being the first to discover the long-sought-for land.

Still standing towards the west, the sun again set, and no land appeared. The wind freshened, and the ships sailed onward at a rapid rate, the admiral's keeping the lead. As the shades of night drew around them, Columbus ascended, and took his station on the top of the castle or cabin on the high poop of the vessel, straining his eye along the dusky horizon. At last, about ten o'clock, he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a distance. Fearing he might be deceived, he called to Pedro Gutierrez, a gentleman of the king's bedchamber, and inquired whether he saw a light in that direction. The latter replied in the affirmative. They then called another gentleman on deck, but the light had disappeared.

They saw it, however, once or twice afterwards in sudden and passing gleams; as if it were a torch in the bark of a fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves, or in the hand of some person on shore, borne up and down as he walked from place to place.

About two o'clock the next morning, a gun gave the preconcerted signal of land. Columbus had solved the great mystery of the ocean; his theory, which had been the scoff of sages, was triumphantly established.



COLUMBUS'S FIRST SIGHT OF THE NEW WORLD. P. 181.

It was the morning of Friday, the 12th of October, 1493, when Columbus first beheld the New World. When the day dawned, he saw before him a level and beautiful island, several leagues in extent, of great fertility and verdure, and covered with trees, almost like one vast orchard; and the inhabitants, nearly naked, were seen running up and down, and gazing with intense astonishment at the ships.

Columbus now entered his own boat, richly attired in scarlet, and bearing the royal standard; while Martin Alonzo Pinzon, and Vincente Yanez, his brother, put off in company, with their boats—each bearing the banner of the enterprise, emblazoned with a green cross, having on each side the letters “F.” and “I.,” the initials of the Castilian monarchs, surrounded by crowns.

As they approached the shores, they were refreshed by the sights of beauty and plenty. They beheld fruits of tempting hue, but unknown kinds, growing among the trees which spread along the shore.

No sooner did Columbus land, than he knelt down and returned thanks to God; his example was followed by all the rest, whose hearts were overflowing with the same feelings of gratitude.

Columbus then drew his sword, and, calling for the royal standard, took possession of the country in the name of the Castilian sovereigns, giving it the name of San Salvador. Having complied with the requisite forms and ceremonies, he now called upon all present

to take the oath of obedience to him as admiral and viceroy, representing the persons of his sovereigns.

The feelings of the crew now burst forth in the most extravagant transports. They had recently considered themselves as lost men, devoted to destruction; they now looked upon themselves as favourites of Heaven, and gave themselves up to the most unbounded joy.



Some thronged round the admiral in their overflowing zeal; some embraced him, and others kissed his hands. Those who had been most turbulent during the voyage, were now most devoted and enthusiastic. Others begged pardon, and some asked favours.

The natives of the island, when, at the dawn of day, they had beheld the ships, with their sails set,

hovering on their coast, had supposed them monsters which had issued from the deep during the night : when they beheld the boats approach the shore, and a number of strange beings clad in glittering steel or raiment of various colours, landing upon the beach, they fled in affright to the woods. Finding, however, that there was no attempt to pursue or molest them, they gradually recovered from their terror, and approached the Spaniards with great awe, prostrating themselves upon the earth, and making signs of adoration.

During the ceremonies of taking possession, they remained gazing with intense admiration at the complexion, the beards, the shining armour, and splendid dresses of the Spaniards. The admiral particularly attracted their attention, from his commanding height, his air of authority, his dress of scarlet, and the deference which was paid him by his companions—all which pointed him out to be the commander.

When they had still farther recovered from their fears, they approached the Spaniards, touched their beards, and examined their hands and faces, admiring their whiteness.

Columbus, pleased with their simplicity, their gentleness, and the confidence they reposed on beings who must have appeared to them strange and formidable, suffered them to gratify their curiosity.

The wondering savages were won by this kindness: they now supposed that the ships had sailed out of

the crystal firmament which bounded their horizon ; or that they had descended from above on their ample wings, and that those marvellous beings were inhabitants of the skies.

When Columbus reached Spain, on his return, all due honours were paid to him, and the king and queen summoned him to give an account of his adventures in the presence of the court.



After this, a splendid entertainment was proposed, to which he was invited, again to recount the particulars of his voyage in a more familiar and detailed manner. .

There were many of the courtiers who secretly envied the good fortune of Columbus, and tried to disparage his success by hinting, that anybody might

have done the same thing—that there was nothing very marvellous in discovering a western world—that, if he had not done it, somebody else would—that the thing was, after all, by no means difficult.

Upon this, Columbus took up an egg, and civilly asked those present if they could make it stand on either of its ends. The courtiers tried, and tried,



and tried again, without success ; and, after awhile, were forced to give up the point. “ You see,” said Columbus, “ it is impossible.”

Columbus then gave the egg a slight blow on one end, so as just to break in the shell. The egg stood immediately.

“ There,” said he, “ it is possible, after all : but I found out the way to do it, which none of you could.”

The queen laughed heartily, and declared that Columbus was the victor.

Poor Columbus, after all his exertions and discoveries, was, in the end, overpowered by court intrigues ; and a conspiracy being raised against him he was laden with chains and thrown into prison. Though afterwards released, he at last died in obscurity and indigence, yet leaving behind him a reputation of which the greatest monarchs might have been proud. He was wise and brave, and had succeeded in one of the greatest enterprises that the mind of man ever conceived : but above all he was a good man.





STORY OF DRAKE.

HE was born at Tavistock, in Devonshire, in year 1545, above three hundred years ago. He served as a sailor in a coasting vessel, which he voyaged to France and Ireland. He gained favour of his master to such a degree, that on death he left his vessel to him. Remember my young friends, and always do your duty in state of life unto which it shall please God to you. For had not Drake done his duty in this ble situation, he would never have been the t man he afterwards became.

wing to Drake's good conduct, Sir John Hawking, one of his relations, took him under his care, at the age of eighteen he served as purser of p that traded to Biscay. At twenty years of e made a voyage to the coast of Guinea, and ly after received the command of a ship, and nguished himself by his valour in the unfortunate

expedition of Sir John Hawkins against the Spaniards in the harbour of Vera Cruz. In this affair, however, he lost all that he possessed; for which he conceived an inveterate hatred against the Spaniards, and declared he would never attack them till he had restored his losses a hundred fold.

When he came to England, he projected a new scheme of adventure against the Spaniards, and many volunteers joined him. He made two cruises into the West Indies, fell upon the Spanish towns, plundered them, and got clear off with much valuable booty. His force at this time only consisted of one hundred men, but with these he so harassed and discomfited the Spaniards, that they fled before him like sheep at the bark of a dog.

The result of these voyages was so successful, that he received the command of two ships from the Admiralty; and he immediately determined to visit the commercial ports of Spanish America. He captured the cities of Nombre de Dios and Veragua, lying on the eastern coast of the Isthmus of Panama, and took a rich booty, with which he returned to England.

After his return he equipped three frigates at his own expense, with which he served as volunteer in an expedition to Ireland, under the command of the Earl of Essex, father of Queen Elizabeth's favourite. On the death of his protector he returned to England.

England. Sir Christopher Hatton, vice chamberlain and privy councillor to Queen Elizabeth, introduced him to this princess, and Drake immediately disclosed to her his plans, which were, to pass through the Straits of Magellan to the South Seas, and there to attack the Spaniards. The queen furnished him with five ships for this purpose.

Drake now sailed from Plymouth full of ardour. Thousands of people witnessed his departure, and with loud cheers wished him success. He arrived at the Straits of Magellan in August, 1578; but the day after he had succeeded in passing them he was overtaken by a storm, which compelled him to steer to the south. Returning to the extremity of the Straits, he called the bay into which he entered "the Parting of Friends," on account of the separation of one of his ships. New storms again drove him to the south, and he now found himself between the islands which geographers, in later times, have laid down as two hundred leagues west of America, which compose the south-western portion of the archipelago of the Terra del Fuego. Drake, I have no doubt, then saw Cape Horn. He then came in sight of the island of Mocha, south of Chili.

Hearing there was a vast amount of rich booty secreted in this island, Drake landed with fifty of his men, well armed. The Spaniards, however, had mustered there in considerable force; and as soon as Drake and his bold crew landed they were seen

coming down from the mountains. There was a considerable force on foot, and a party of about eighty horse, while Drake's men were not sixty in all.

Drake, when he saw the Spaniards so suddenly upon him, ordered his boats to row quite away from the shore, and told his men that they had now no chance of escape by running away, and must fight for their lives; telling them at the same time that every man would be as rich as the richest Jew in Old Lombard, and that the island contained treasure enough to make every man a king.

The Spaniards came down boldly, for they thought it an easy matter to destroy the small party of Drake; but they forgot that every man was an Englishman, and therefore not so easily to be conquered.

Drake drew up his force in front of some trees, which gave them something like a protection from the horses, and sent such a volley of musketry into their ranks as made them fall back in confusion. He then gave the order to charge, and his half-soldier, half-sailor crew rushed upon their enemies, whom they drove before them like a flock of sheep. They then marched directly to the town, all the inhabitants of which had fled, and seized immense booty, in bars of gold and silver, and many precious vessels studded with gems and jewels.

Drake now continued his course to the north, along the coast of Chili and Peru, in search of Spanish ships, and suitable places for making excursions.

sions into the country. When his crew was sufficiently enriched with booty, he followed the coast of North America, hoping to find a passage into the Atlantic. Deceived in his expectations, and compelled by the cold to return, he retraced his way along the whole of the western coast of North and South America; and after a long and prosperous voyage, and the engagement and destruction of many Spanish ships, he returned to England with all his ships stowed full of wealth; and so rich were they that he sailed into Plymouth harbour with silken sails.

On the 4th of April, 1581, Queen Elizabeth went from London to meet him at Deptford, dined with him, and knighted him in public, approving highly of what he had done.

In 1585, Drake disturbed the Spaniards anew in the Cape Verd Islands, and in the West Indies; and in 1587 he commanded a fleet of thirty sail, which burned a part of the celebrated Armada in the harbour of Cadiz; and, in 1588, commanded, as vice-admiral, under Lord Howard, High Admiral of England, in the conflict with the Spanish Armada. So much was he feared, that a rich galleon surrendered to him at the mere sound of his name.

The war with Spain continuing, Drake and Hawkins proposed a new expedition to Elizabeth, against the Spaniards in the West Indies, but this was un-

successful. In the first attempt at landing at Porto Rico, Drake was wounded, and obliged to be carried on board his vessel at the commencement of the attack, which so dispirited his men, that they retired without obtaining their object. The next day, however, the Spaniards were attacked with great violence, but without success. Drake's vessel, in sailing from the port, was struck by a cannon-ball, which carried away the chair in which he was sitting, without doing him any injury.

Drake now sailed to the continent, and set fire to Rio and Nombre de Dios; but having undertaken an expedition to Panama some days after, in which he was unsuccessful, the disappointment threw him into a slow fever, which terminated his life on the 9th of January, 1597.

Such was the eventful life of one of the old English heroes, to whom England is greatly indebted, not more for the battles he won, than for the example of activity and bravery which he still continues to teach the young people of England.



THE DESTRUCTION OF THE SPANISH ARMADA.

THE first time Old England pre-eminently showed the superiority of her wooden walls, was in the time of Queen Elizabeth ; but perhaps you do not know what wooden walls are ; they are ships built of timber of oak, and manned with hearts of oak—that is, with brave sailors.

Philip, King of Spain, had a great desire to conquer England, and thought that he had little to do but to fit out a formidable fleet and army, and come over. It was unfortunate for him that he little knew what stuff English hearts were made of till he had tried them.

When the news of Philip's threatened invasion was known in England, it occasioned not only a great deal of alarm, but also a great deal of preparation to repel him. The whole kingdom, almost to a man, determined to beat him and his forces back again ; and although Philip came to set up the Romish religion, and to destroy Protestantism, even the Roman Catholics of this country exerted themselves nobly in the common cause : there was not one of any rank or influence who did not, with

enthusiasm, join the cause of the queen. They felt that a foreign king had no right to attempt to lord it over them, though he might profess to hold the same religious views.

The Spanish fleet sailed from the Tagus on the 1st of June, 1588, with the greatest pomp that could be displayed ; and indeed a noble and gallant fleet it was, 130 ships, having on board 19,295 soldiers, 8450 mariners, 2088 galley-slaves, and 2630 great pieces of brass ordnance ; and there was not a noble house in Spain but had a brother, a son, or a nephew in the voyage ; each, in all probability, thinking to gain some of the fine manors and noble estates of our English nobility. Besides these, there was a very large number of monks, consisting of Franciscans, Dominicans, and Augustinians. Also the fleet brought various instruments of torture, to be applied to such of our unfortunate countrymen as might become their prisoners. There were racks, thumb-screws, spiked collars, and various other instruments of torture ; some of which may now be seen in the Tower of London.

Some of the ships, in number above sixty, were built like large floating castles, and stood high above the water. Their upper decks were musket proof, and beneath they were four or five feet thick ; so that no bullet could pass through them. Their masts were bound with oakum or pieces of tarred rope, and armed against all shot. Besides this, a litany was

composed for the occasion, in which all archangels, angels, and saints, were invoked to assist with their prayers against the English heretics, and enemies of the faith. No men ever set upon a bad cause with a more earnest spirit, or under a stronger delusion of perverted faith.

As to Queen Elizabeth, she was not behindhand in making preparations. Letters were addressed to the lord lieutenants of the different counties, and also to the nobility in all parts, to furnish themselves, their dependents, and the whole of the tenantry of the county, with arms, ammunition, and all necessary instruments of war. Of the noblemen, many showed three bands of foot soldiers and horsemen before the queen.

Among the first to show his readiness to defend his queen and country, was a Roman Catholic peer, the Viscount Montagu, who at this time professed his resolution, though he was very sickly and of great age, to live and die in defence of the queen—whether it were against pope, king, or potentate of what kind soever, and in that quarrel to hazard his life, his children, his lands and goods.

The patriotic old man came personally before the queen, with his band of 600 horsemen, the same being officered by his own sons, and with them a beautiful young child, who was also seated on a horse. This little boy was the heir of his house, being his grandson; and it was a noble sight to see

the old man, his sons and grandson, at one time on horseback, come to tender their services to their sovereign.

The English bishops and clergy were not backward in raising soldiers ; and a great number armed themselves and came boldly to the army. Archbishop Whitgift exhorted all his clergy to this service, that it might not be said that others should be forced to fight for them, declaring it was their duty also to take up arms and fight for their queen and country.

The nobility and clergy did not, however, outshine the citizens in their valour and readiness. The city of London set an example worthy of London. When its aids were asked, the lord mayor requested the queen's council would state what would be deemed requisite. Accordingly, 5000 men and fifteen ships were required. The lord mayor asked two days for deliberation, and then, in the name of the City, prayed that the queen would accept of *twice* those numbers ; besides which, 10,000 more were reported as able men.

Some people advised the queen to confine her defence of the kingdom to the land forces, and to wait till the enemy should land, and then give them battle. But the queen knew the worth of her seamen, and of such admirals as Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher.

The whole number of ships collected for the defence of the country on this great occasion, was 191 ; the

number of seamen, 17,472; the amount of tonnage, 31,985 tons. There was one ship in the fleet, the *Triumph*, of 1100 tons: one of 1000, one of 900, two of 800 each, three of 600, and five of 500; five of 400, six of 300, six of 250, twenty of 200; all the rest were smaller. But in the armada, although there were only three ships that exceeded in size the *Triumph*, there were no fewer than forty-five between 600 and 1000 tons burden: and although the English fleet outnumbered the Spanish by sixty sail, its tonnage amounted not to above one-half of that of the enemy.

For the land defence, above 100,000 men were called out; of these, the cavalry amounted to 14,000: 20,000 men were disposed along the southern coast; 45,000 were collected under the Earl of Huntingdon, to guard the queen's person; and at Tilbury, 1000 horse and 20,000 foot were drawn up, to be ready at a moment's notice. Both sides of the river were strongly fortified; and a great number of forces were brought to Gravesend, with the intention of constructing a bridge, to afford a passage for horse and foot between Kent and Essex.

Prayers were then prepared, and offered up with sincere devotion in all the churches, for the preservation of the Protestant religion, the queen, and country; and in this spirit and this faith the queen and the English people awaited the coming of the enemy.

It was however reported, from some unfavourable winds that had prevailed, and a storm which had disabled some of the English as well as of the enemy's ships, that the expedition had been put by for the season; and the queen's secretary, being thrown off his guard, wrote to the admiral, Lord Howard of Effingham, to send back four of the tallest ships royal. Happily for England, and most honourably for himself, Lord Howard offered to pay for these ships at his private cost, rather than they should return.

The armada had indeed been speedily refitted, and the conductors of it had made up their minds to surprise the English ships in their harbour at Plymouth, and to set them on fire; for which they were provided with a large quantity of Greek fire and other combustibles.

The first land the Spanish fleet fell in with was the Lizard, and immediately tacking off to sea, they resolved to attempt the fleet at Plymouth in the morning. But however, one Thomas Fleming, a pirate, had got sight of the fleet at the Lizard, and sailed with all speed to Plymouth with the news. It was of such importance that he obtained his pardon for it, and a pension during his life.

All hands were now on board with speed, and the ships were worked out of the harbour with great difficulty, as the wind was blowing full in their teeth. The lord admiral, to encourage his men, went

to the bows of his ship, and, seizing the cable with his own hands, gave the ye-ho—ye-ho, and never left it till his ship was safe out of the harbour. There is nothing like a good example.

The next day, July 20th, the armada was seen with lofty hulls like castles in front, in the form of a half-moon, spreading out about the length of seven miles, sailing very slowly though with full sails, as the wind was moderate. As from Lord Howard's activity the intent of surprising the fleet in the harbour had been frustrated, the English willingly suffered them to pass, that they might chase them in the rear with a fair wind; for you know there is a great advantage in being to windward of an enemy, as you can then choose your own distance.

• The next day, however, the lord admiral sent the *Defiance* forward, who thundered war upon the enemy. The *Ark Royal*, the admiral's own ship, followed immediately afterwards, and discharged huge bullets from mouths of fire into the ship of the Spanish vice-admiral. Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher soon came up, and opened a galling fire on the rear of the enemy. The English ships were more nimble than those of the Spaniards, and by tacking about annoyed them exceedingly. The enemy then gathered his ships more together; but this did not in any way prevent the English admiral from following them closely, and doing them considerable mischief.

In the night, the *St. Catalina* had suffered so much, that she was taken into the midst of the fleet to be repaired ; while at the same time the *Oguendo*, a ship of 800 tons burden, was set on fire. In the night, too, a Valdez galleon ran foul of another ship, broke her foremast, and was left behind. Drake seized the *Oguendo*, and made a prize of 55,000 ducats of gold ; which he shared merrily among his men, while the hull was sent to Weymouth, to the great joy of the people of that city. At the same time, however, Lord Howard, in his eagerness, mistaking the lights of the Spaniards for those of his own fleet, found himself in the morning in the midst of the enemy, but dexterously made his escape.

On Tuesday, the 23rd, the Spaniards were off Portland, and were briskly attacked by the English. Some London ships were rescued which the Spaniards had taken ; and a great Venetian, and some other ships also captured. The Spaniards did all they could to avoid fighting, else more damage would have been done them.

On the 24th, the English were able to do little for want of ammunition, but a supply arriving in the evening, the admiral again prepared for the attack ; and having called a council of war, it was agreed that the fleet should be divided into four squadrons, and that each should at different points, but at the same moment, attack the Spaniards during the night. But a dead calm prevented the

execution of this design ; however, one of the Spanish ships was soon after taken, as they proceeded farther up the Channel.

At last, on the 27th of July, the Spanish fleet anchored before Calais ; and by this time the English admiral had above 140 ships, which enabled him to gall the enemy extremely. Six of the worst English vessels were now converted into fire-ships, and were sent at midnight into the thickest part of the Spanish fleet, and obliged them to raise anchor and fly off in various directions.

The Spaniards now moved towards Gravelines, where they waited some time in hopes the Prince of Parma would come out to join his forces with their own ; but in this they were disappointed, and then finding themselves discomfited at all hands by the English ships, they made a bold attempt to retreat by the Straits of Dover. But Howard bestirred himself actively, and at the same time the wind changed to the north-west with a heavy gale, which drove them on the coast of Zealand ; and thus the Invincible Armada was foiled in its attempt upon Protestant England.

Beaten by the English, tossed by the sea, and scattered by the winds, the Spanish navy made all the sail they could for their own shores ; but they had to go northward, and to sail, in despair, quite round the country which they would have subdued. On the Scotch coast they could meet no supply, and

they threw their horses and mules overboard to lighten their ships. When some of them had reached the western coast of Ireland, they made for the Bay of Biscay ; others made for Cape Clear ; but a tempest arose and drove many of them ashore, and upwards of thirty ships and many thousand men perished on the Irish coast.

Some were likewise forced a second time into the English Channel, where they were taken ; and thus in the space of a month, this mighty fleet which had been no less than three years in preparing, was destroyed.

Relics of this great destruction are still sometimes brought to light. It is not long since that the remains of an anchor which appeared to have belonged to the armada, was picked up by a fisherman off Dover, and in 1832 one of their cannon on the coast of Mayo. Of the whole armada, only fifty-three vessels returned to Spain, eighty-one were lost ; and of 30,000 soldiers who were embarked, nearly 14,000 were missing—the prisoners being about 2000.

England being thus delivered, Elizabeth ordered a solemn thanksgiving to be celebrated at St. Paul's, where eleven of the Spanish colours were hung upon the lower battlements as tokens of praise and thanksgiving. On the following day, which was Southwark Fair, the same flags were displayed upon London Bridge, and then placed in St. Paul's ; other trophies were deposited in the Tower, where they now remain.

On the anniversary of the Queen's accession, another great thanksgiving-day was celebrated. The queen repaired to 'St. Paul's, attended by all the great officers of state; the streets were hung with blue cloth; the several companies in their liveries were drawn up on both sides of the way. The queen's chariot was made in the form of a throne, with four pillars, and drawn by four white horses. Alighting before the great western door, she there knelt, and with great devotedness audibly praised God, acknowledging him her only defender.

She then passed into the cathedral, and a sermon was preached by Pierce, Bishop of Salisbury; and when he had concluded, the queen herself exhorted the people to faith and trust in the protection of Almighty God.

A medal was also struck giving all the glory to God, having for its device a ship tossed by the winds, and the motto, "He blew with his winds and they were scattered."

Such was the end of the mighty armament of King Philip of Spain; and such, let us hope, will be the fate of every invader of our shores. England never did and never will lie at the proud foot of a conqueror.

A STORY OF THE BUCCANEERS.

BY DAMPIER.

You know, my young friends, that the great continent of America was discovered by the Spaniards. These people, like most others, whether in the Old World or the New, were very selfish ; and, not content with holding possession of the spots in which they had founded colonies, they claimed the whole of the country as their own.

And how do you think they defended their right ? I will tell you. They persuaded the Pope of Rome—who had no more to do with the matter than you or I ; and who had no more right to give away an acre of the American land than you have to take a part of a waste common—the Spaniards, I say, persuaded Pope Alexander VI., by a bull or mandate, to give America to the Court of Spain and their successors for ever ; and Spain, therefore, by virtue of this gift, determined that none but Spaniards should trade with, or land upon the coast of America, without their permission.

The English, however, who had just thrown off the authority of the Pope by the Reformation, of which you have heard, were not to be bound by such an inter-

diction ; and Queen Elizabeth told the King of Spain and the Pope also, that she should send ships where she thought proper, and that her subjects should land where they could, and found settlements if they chose ; and that the only thing she would be bound to, would be to respect the Spanish settlements already founded.

This unjust prohibition of the Spaniards led to what was termed buccaneering, of which I am now about to tell you, which was carried on, more or less, from the time of Elizabeth to the commencement of the last century.

It was, however, about the year 1679 that the most formidable buccaneers were risking their lives in the New World ; and the principal persons engaged in this species of warfare were Captains Sawkins, Coxon, Sharp, and Dampier, who set off for the Spanish Main.

On the third of April, 1680, the Buccaneers assembled, to the amount of seven sail, at the Golden Island, an island to the east of the Samballas group ; and two days afterwards, having taken proper precautions for guarding the ships in the interim, they landed 331 men, each of them armed with a fusil, a pistol, and a hanger, and provided with four cakes of bread, called dough-boys. Such was the joy of Dampier, when he reached the country, that he bowed himself to the earth as he went ashore, where he was soon saluted by a party of the natives.

They then prepared to pass over the isthmus into

the South Sea, and after a march of nine days, they arrived at the town of Santa Maria, which they easily took ; and on the 23rd of April came in sight of the city of Panama.

No sooner were they descried from the shore, than three armed Spanish ships made towards them ; two of which, after a fierce and sanguinary conflict, were carried by boarding, and the third saved herself by flight.

After meeting with little success in the South Sea, Dampier and his hardy companions quitted the ship, with a launch and a couple of canoes, and made again for the Isthmus of Darien, which they were determined to recross. The party consisted of twenty-four white men, two Mosketto Indians, and a Spanish Indian, all well armed. They had also five black slaves taken in the South Seas.

The journey across the isthmus, which you know connects North and South America, is at all times a hazardous one, owing to the height of the mountains, and the difficulty of finding a road. At the time these bold adventurers performed the journey, it was a grand feat in the history of enterprise, and beset with dangers of various kinds which do not now exist.

The Buccaneers supplied themselves with twenty-six pounds' weight of chocolate, rubbed up with sugar, and as much flour as they could conveniently stow away. Thus prepared, in order to deter the weak or sluggish from engaging in so perilous an

enterprise, they entered into a mutual compact, that if any man faltered on his journey, he should be shot by his comrades ; as but one man falling into the hands of the Spaniards must betray the others to certain destruction.

As they approached the isthmus, the Buccaneers discovered that the Spaniards were upon the look-out for them, having three men of war cruising on the coast, and several hundred soldiers posted at different stations along the shore.

They now began their march over a country difficult from pathless woods, forests, torrents, rivers, and rude mountains, and directed themselves to the north-east by pocket-compasses. On the evening of the second day, they fell in with an Indian, who, for the reward of a hatchet, conducted them to a cluster of native huts, belonging to about forty Indians, the chief of whom, he said, would put them into a proper course.

The place at which the Indian village was situated was in the centre of an amphitheatre of the highest mountains, accessible only by one small pass to the west, and could be left only in an eastern direction by a very narrow gorge in the rocks, made by a rivulet during the rainy season.

Here the mountains were curiously rugged and irregular. The river, which was wasted by the dry weather, gushed upon the masses of granite with a hollow sound, and left room for human footsteps among the immense masses which arose above its surface.

When Dampier and his companions reached the village, the Indian chief, hearing who they were, and knowing by their dress that they were enemies of the Spaniards, determined to put them into their hands, that they might all be massacred. This he would willingly have done himself, had not the well-armed state of the Buccaneers warned him of the danger of the attempt.



The old Indian was a great dissimulator, and treated the Buccaneers with the greatest kindness; he invited them into his hut, gave them food, and told them that on the morrow he would himself set off, and, with his tribe of armed warriors, conduct them through the pass beyond the mountains. He,

however, over-acted his part ; and Dampier, who was as acute as the Indian was sly, began to have his suspicions that foul play was intended.

Among the black slaves there was one who understood the Indian language; and Dampier, taking this man aside, and making him a handsome present of dollars, and promising him more, eventually prevailed upon him to use his best endeavours to discover the Indian's intentions.

The man immediately began tampering with some of the Indian tribe, and at last suggested to the chief the opportunity he had of serving his friends the Spaniards by bringing down a party upon them, and offered to assist in the enterprise ; but the old Indian saw through this manœuvre, or thought there was a possibility of such being an attempt to draw from him his real designs, and, instead of entering into the slave's proposals, stunned him with a blow of his tomahawk.

Dampier scarcely knew how to act. Had he been convinced of the Indian's perfidy, he had made up his mind that his life, and that of his warriors, should here have paid the forfeit. Some of the men were even now for exterminating the tribe, carrying the old Indian with them, and, by threats and torments, compelling him to show them the road they were in search of.

This was, however, too bloody a course for Dampier, who would consent to nothing of the kind. His suspicions of the Indian's design were, how-

ever, farther confirmed by the absence of four of the principal men of the tribe, whom he noticed on first coming to the spot.

He therefore set himself to work to discover the fact; and, instead of directing his art and skill against the Indian, he began to work upon his wife, a young squaw, not above twenty years of age.

He distributed among the Indians axes, beads, knives, buttons, and dollars, to put them out of suspicion. To the squaw he particularly directed his attention, and made her several presents of dyed feathers, beads, bracelets, and other finery.

But the most irresistible present was a blue silk petticoat, with which the captain presented her. After this gift, she seemed much more communicative; and, finding an opportunity, told the black slave to tell his captain that the Spaniards were to pounce upon them in the pass through the mountains, and that her brother had gone off to get them in readiness.

Dampier immediately conceived his plans. On the following morning, expressing his delight at the attention and kindness of the Indians, he bestowed upon them a profusion of the most valuable presents, and proposed, as a mark of amity and friendship, that they should exchange garments, which he signified was the custom of his country.

Nothing delights an Indian more than to dress in the European fashion; and, as our sailors had many of their officers' clothes on, and were bedizened out in rich attire, the Indians jumped at the proposal.



THE BUCCANEERS PARLEYING WITH THE INDIANS. P. 210.



The scene was truly ludicrous. In an incredibly short space of time, about twenty Indians were transformed into British Buccaneers; and, to reward them still farther, Dampier told them they must march like the English, and put into their hands the fusils, and taught them how to carry them on their shoulders, and keep step.

As for the British sailors, they relished the joke exceedingly; and having dressed themselves in the Indian mats, girdles, and feathers, jumped and skipped about after the Indian fashion, to their infinite amusement.

Dampier now gave a dram of brandy to each, and the Indians becoming the merrier, kept up the fun bravely; as to the old Indian chief, who was rigged out in the captain's uniform, he scarcely knew how to make enough of himself.

Thus attired, Buccaneers and Indians set out for the rocky pass among the mountains. The black had obtained from the squaw the point at which the attack would be made, and they proceeded together for some miles, apparently much delighted with each other.

At last they came to a hollow, a little wider than the narrow channel through which they had hitherto passed. It was full of gigantic masses of rock which had fallen down from the heights above, and these were scattered about so rudely that it was quite necessary to climb over the tops of many of them.

Dampier, who took care to take the lead through this part, dashed on quickly, and bade his com-

panions follow him. His eye, which was quick, had seen the glance of a Spanish musket from among the rocks above. The Indians were in a body behind, as if they wished to run back; Dampier whispered to his men to pass under the shelter of the stones. While in the act of doing this, a tremendous volley of musketry echoed from the heights, and above a dozen of the Indians fell.

“Up to the rocks and flank them,” said Dampier, and his companions bounded up the hills like young roes. Another discharge was heard upon the Indians, and in a few minutes after the Buccaneers were hand to hand in close combat with the Spaniards, about fifty in number; and in a very short time had slain the greater part of them, and taken fourteen prisoners.

Dampier now went down among the Indians, who, with the exception of four who had fled, were all slain or desperately wounded; the old chief being the first who fell. He then demanded of the prisoners from whence they had come, and what other soldiers were left at the fort from which they had issued on this murderous expedition.

Having secured his prisoners, they hurried on towards the fort which they had left, about six miles off. It was a Spanish garrison, and well supplied with all the necessaries of war; with plenty of stores and some treasure.

The sun was setting when the victorious Bucca-

neers approached the spot. The commandant and his soldiers on the ramparts beheld them approaching and took them for their Indian allies ; but just as they were on the point of entering, one of the prisoners bawled out in Spanish, "English ! English !" The gates were in a moment closed, and two cannons pointed over the walls.

Dampier cried out "Now or never," and with his Indian tomahawk hewed away at the gate with all his might. He was assisted by some of his brave companions, and in a very short time a hole was cut through the wood ; and one of the sailors leaped through it, dealing destruction to the few Spaniards who ventured to oppose his progress.

He was quickly followed by others, and in less than half-an-hour the fort of St. Mary was in the hands of the Buccaneers.

The next day a rummage was made, and a considerable quantity of treasure was found. The guns were spiked, and the fort was set on fire ; while Dampier and his followers set off for the northern coast.

This they reached safely ; and thus was completed one of the boldest undertakings ever ventured upon by so small a number of men. Dampier after this had many adventures, which he kept an account of, and published when he arrived in England. He became rich, retired upon his property, and, after many years spent in peace, died in Coleman Street, London, in the year 1714.

THE BATTLE OF CAMPERDOWN.

I AM going to tell you some more stories about the British navy, and I hope you will like them as well as you did the others.

The French, about the year 1797, wished to make a landing in Ireland, and having the command of the Dutch fleet, lying in the Texel, sent it immediately to sea, with this object in view.

Our fleet was at that time in a very bad condition, and very inferior to that of the enemy; but not a moment was lost by the brave Admiral Duncan in preparing to meet the foes of Old England, and what was wanting in our ships was made up in the hearts of oak of our men.

As soon as the enemy's fleet was in sight Duncan dashed at them like a sea lion on his prey. He spent no time in unnecessary manœuvres in forming lines or making dispositions, and at half-past twelve at noon cut through their line and got between them and their own coast.

No means of retreat being allowed, an action immediately ensued, and, by the greater part of the Dutch fleet, was bravely maintained. Soon after

the tremendous fire had been opened upon them, however, a wish was shown to withdraw from their antagonists, and they kept constantly edging away for their own shore until their progress was arrested in nine fathoms water off the heights or sandhills of Camperdown.

Vice-Admiral Onslow, in the *Monarch*, now bore down in the most gallant style on the enemy's rear, broke through his line, and engaged his opponent to leeward, the wind being dead on the land at west-north-west. Duncan selected the Dutch admiral De Winter, who had his flag flying in the *Vryheid*, of 74 guns, as his opponent. In running down to her he was, however, opposed by the *States General*, a Dutch seventy-four, whose fire the *Venerable* soon silenced: and, having obliged him to quit the line, he then proceeded to the *Vryheid*, which he engaged for two hours and a half, until she was completely dismasted.

The action now became general between the fleets, with the exception of two or three ships on either side, whose captains preserved a cautious distance. De Winter displayed in his own person the most undaunted valour, and was well supported by some of his countrymen, but was at length compelled to yield to superior skill—it would be unjust to say superior bravery.

About the same time that Vice-Admiral Onslow had silenced his opponent, the Dutch vice-admiral

and the whole of his fleet were thrown into confusion, and twelve sail struck their colours and surrendered. But, owing to the bad weather which ensued, and the disabled state of our ships, only nine were secured, and these were in such a wretched condition that they could scarcely be got into an English port.

This was one of the severest and most decisive battles ever fought between the two nations, and the loss sustained by the British fleet was 700 killed and wounded; that of the Dutch was never correctly known. De Winter behaved nobly, and was the only person on board his ship that was not either killed or wounded. When conducted, a prisoner, on board the *Venerable*, he presented his sword to Admiral Duncan, who gallantly returned it to him, with as gallant a compliment. When the two admirals were seen together, it was universally acknowledged that they were the finest-looking men in both fleets.

After the duties of the day were all done these brave admirals dined together in the most amicable manner, and concluded the evening by playing a *friendly rubber* at whist.

The gallant admiral's address to the officers of the fleet, when they came on board his ship for final instructions, previous to this memorable engagement, was couched in the following laconic and humorous terms:—"Gentlemen of my fleet, you see a very

severe *Winter* fast approaching, and I have only to advise you to keep up a good *fire*."

There were many instances of noble conduct in this victory which I cannot forbear relating to you. The *Delft*, one of the ships taken, was in so shattered a state that, after the greatest exertion for five days to keep her from sinking, all hope of saving her was given up. The English prize officer called aside Mr. Hieberg (who had been first-lieutenant of the *Delft*, and who remained on board among the sick and wounded, who were not in a condition to be removed), and represented that it was impossible to save all; that he intended, on a certain signal, to throw himself, with his men, into the longboat, and he invited Hieberg to do the same.

"What!" exclaimed Hieberg, "and leave these unfortunate men" (pointing to his wounded countrymen, whom it had been necessary to bring on deck, as the hold was already full of water). "No, no! go and leave us to perish together." The English officer, affected by the generosity of Hieberg's answer, replied, "God bless you, my brave fellow! here is my hand; I give you my word I will stay with you." He then caused his own men to leave the ship, and remained himself behind to assist the Dutch. The *Russell* soon sent her boats to their assistance, and brought off as many as could leap on board of them. These boats lost no time in making a second voyage with equal success. The *Delft* was now cleared of

all but Hieberg and the English officer, with three Dutch subalterns and about thirty seamen, most of them so ill from their wounds as to be unable to move. While still cherishing the hope that the boats would come a third time, the fatal moment arrived, and on a sudden the *Delft* went down. The English officer sprang into the sea and swam to his own ship, but the unfortunate Hieberg perished, a victim of his courage and humanity.

During the time the *Venerable* was so closely engaged with the *Vrijheid*, the flag-halliards of the former were shot away; a young man, named John Crawford, instantly ascended the mast for the purpose of again hoisting the colours; and, to prevent a recurrence of a similar accident, he actually nailed the flag to the maintop-gallant masthead, declaring it should not come down again but with the mast. This intrepid youth was a native of Sunderland, which town presented him with a medal, prepared at its own expense, for his heroic conduct, and in celebration of the event.

A marine of the name of Carey was carried down to the cockpit deprived of both his legs, and it was necessary, some hours after, to amputate still higher. "I suppose," said Carey, "these scissors will finish the business of the bullet, Master Mate." "Indeed, my brave fellow," said the surgeon, "there is some fear of it." "Well, never mind," said Carey, "I've lost my legs, to be sure, and perhaps

may lose my life, but we have beat the Dutch, my boy—we have beat the Dutch this blessed day in which my legs have been shot off—so I'll have another cheer for it—huzza! huzza!" Carey recovered, and was cook in one of the ships in ordinary at Portsmouth, where he died in the year 1805.

After this victory the Dutch ceased to be a maritime nation, for their navy was now destroyed, with the exception of four or five ships which escaped after having struck.

For their meritorious conduct Admiral Duncan, and his officers and seamen, received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament. The admiral was raised to the dignity of a viscount, under the title of Lord Camperdown, with a pension of 3000*l.* a-year; and King George the Third went in state to St. Paul's Cathedral to deposit the flags taken in that and other eminent victories, Lord Duncan carrying the one he had taken in person.





THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

I AM now about to tell you of some of the most celebrated exploits of my own time, and "The Battle of the Nile shall be foremost on the file," as the sailors' song used to say.

I need not tell you now how the French people killed their king, and became a nation of republicans; but it is said that one of the papers which fell into the hands of the Directory had for its object the seizing and colonization of Egypt.

You know where Egypt is situated, I dare say, and what a wonderful place it is for its pyramids

and wonderful temples, which are the most stupendous monuments of architecture in the world.

If you look on the map you will see that it lies very conveniently for France, inasmuch as the south of that country lies on the Mediterranean Sea, and the distance across is not very great; and could the French have taken it, it would have been very serviceable to them for various reasons.

You know England derived a great deal of her wealth from the East Indies; and, as the French were an inferior nation at sea, it was thought the way through Egypt would be an easy route for the armies of France to reach, overland, their distant possessions. Besides, whoever possessed Egypt, had a key to the Turkish dominions.

Besides this, the French had at this time lost nearly all their islands in the West Indies; and it was not at all likely that, while England was mistress of the seas, they should regain them; and so Bonaparte thought it advisable to secure Egypt, if possible, to render Turkey tributary, and in the end send an army to India, to attack the English, with a view to wrest their possessions away from them there.

The whole of the French nation eagerly embraced the project, and a mighty armament was to be prepared. Troops and ships were assembled from all quarters—from Normandy, Brittany, Venice, Genoa, and Corsica—and the ports in the south of France were appointed for their embarkation.

From documents found on board some of the captured ships, the armament, at its sailing from Toulon, was composed of 42,000 land forces, and 14,810 seamen. The flotilla, which was to go up the Nile, consisted of 1500 sail, each of which contained one hundred men; and the transports, which carried out the troops, were manned with 3017, making a grand total of nearly 60,000 men.

The fleet which was to protect this army consisted of thirteen ships of the line—one of which carried 120 guns, three eighty, and nine seventy-four—besides smaller vessels, making in the whole forty-four sail.

On the 20th of May the fleet sailed from Toulon, and on the 9th of June it arrived off the island of Malta, which Bonaparte took possession of, and then sailed for the coast of Egypt, which he reached on the 1st of July; and, having effected a landing, took possession of Alexandria, and then ordered the fleet to be anchored off Aboukir.

Bonaparte had managed all this with great secrecy. The English, although they knew that an armament was fitting out, were quite ignorant of the destination of the expedition. Nelson was at this time cruising in the Mediterranean with three sail of the line and a few frigates; but this was too small a force to attack the French armament, as you may suppose.

At the same time Lord St. Vincent was blockading Cadiz; that is to say, he had a fleet opposite the here he took in provisions and water, and, after

port, which prevented everything from coming in and from going out. He would have been glad to have sent a force to Nelson, but this was impossible. However, the Government at home determined immediately on sending ten large ships to Lord St. Vincent to enable him to reinforce Admiral Nelson.

When Lord St. Vincent was informed of this, he immediately victualled ten sail of the line from his own squadron, and had them completely ready in other respects to sail the moment the ships from England came in sight. Frigates were stationed on the look-out, and as soon as they made the signal that the ships from England were in sight, the squadron destined to join Nelson got under weigh, and the whole were out of sight before the squadron from England had anchored off Cadiz. This was something like forethought and despatch.

When Nelson received this reinforcement, he immediately arranged the order of battle, and went in quest of the French fleet. First he went to Naples—they were not there, but he learned that they had been steering to Malta. To Malta, then, Nelson repaired, but the birds were flown. At Malta he learned they had winged away to the south-east, and conjectured that Egypt was their destination. He therefore sailed as fast as the winds would carry him, and arrived off Alexandria, but could gain no intelligence of the French fleet; and in his future course he was forced to steer at random.

Changing his route, he then returned to Sicily;

some consideration, determined upon again searching the Egyptian coast, and pressed forward under a crowd of sail. At length, on the first of August, the Pharos of Alexandria was descried, and very soon after the French fleet, at anchor in Aboukir Bay, drawn up in line of battle. Nelson immediately prepared to attack them.



The French fleet were moored, and Nelson's plan was to station his ships, one on the outer bow and another on the outer quarter, of those of the enemy, by which means each French ship would be beaten before any one of the others could get near her.

As the squadron advanced they were assailed by a shower of shot and shells from the batteries on the island, and the enemy opened a steady fire from the

starboard side of their whole line, within half-gun-shot distance, full into the bows of our van ships. It was received in silence, the men on board every ship being employed aloft in furling sails, and below in tending the braces and making ready for anchoring.

The battle now began in earnest. The *Goliath* led the way, and, anchoring by the stern of the French ship the *Conquereur*, in ten minutes shot away her mast. Captain Hood, in the *Zealous*, fell upon the *Guerrier*, which he totally disabled in twelve minutes. The third ship which doubled the enemy's van was the *Orion*, Sir J. Saumarez; she passed to windward of the *Zealous*, and opened her larboard guns as long as they bore on the *Guerrier*; then, passing along the *Goliath*, sunk a frigate which annoyed her, and took her station on the larboard bow of the *Franklin* and the quarter of the *Peuple Souverain*, receiving and returning the fire of both. The *Audacious* and the *Theseus* followed, and this part of the French fleet was in a fair way of annihilation.

While these advanced ships doubled the French line, the *Vanguard* was the first that anchored on the outside of the enemy, within half-pistol-shot of their third ship, the *Spartiate*. Nelson had six colours flying in different parts of his rigging, lest they should be shot away—that they should be struck no British admiral considers a possibility.

The admiral instantly opened a tremendous fire,

and one equally dreadful was returned by the enemy. In a few minutes every man stationed at the first six guns in the fore part of the *Vanguard* was either killed or wounded.

The four other ships of Nelson's division now came up, the *Minotaur*, *Bellerophon*, *Defence*, and *Majestic*. They passed a-head of the admiral and engaged their opponents. The *Bellerophon* dropped her stern anchor on the starboard bow of the *Orient*, seventh in the line, which was the ship of the French admiral Brueys, of 120 guns.

The battle had commenced at half-past six, and at seven night closed, so this scene of bloodshed and horror was a deed of darkness. The *Bellerophon* was now nearly overpowered by the huge *Orient*, her lights had gone overboard, nearly 200 of her crew were killed or wounded, all her masts and cables had been shot away, and she was drifting out towards the lee side of the bay. At this moment the *Swiftsure* and the *Alexander* came up, dark as it was, sounding their way at every step. They immediately opened a brisk fire upon the *Orient*. The *Alexander* afterwards swung round and got into a raking position, and sent the shot from stem to stern, with frightful carnage.

The first two ships of the French line had been dismasted soon after the action began. The third, fourth, and fifth were taken possession of at half-past eight. About this time Nelson received a wound on

the head, which was at first thought to be mortal, from the great effusion of blood. He was taken down to the cockpit. A poor fellow who was writhing in the agony of his wounds said to the surgeon, "Go and attend the admiral; never mind me." But Nelson, with true magnanimity, replied, "No, I will take my turn with my poor fellows."

A cry was now heard that the *Orient* was on fire. In the confusion Nelson found his way upon deck again, and was immediately giving orders that the boats should be sent out for the relief of the enemy.

It was about nine o'clock that the fire broke out in the *Orient*. The ill-fated but brave admiral was dead. He had received three wounds, yet would not leave his post; a fourth cut him almost in two.

About ten o'clock the *Orient* blew up, with a shock which was felt to the very bottom of every vessel. Many of her officers and men jumped overboard, some clinging to the spars and pieces of wreck with which the sea was strewed; others swimming to escape the destruction. Some were picked up by our boats; and some even in the heat and fury of the action, were dragged into the lower ports of the nearest British ships by the British sailors. The greatest part of the crew, however, stood the danger to the last, and continued to fire from the lower deck.

The tremendous explosion was followed by a silence not less awful; the firing immediately ceased on both

sides, and the first sound which broke the silence was the dash of her shattered masts and yards falling into the water from the vast height to which they had been exploded.

About seventy of the *Orient's* crew were saved by the English boats. Among the many hundreds who perished were the Commodore Casa Bianca and his son, a brave boy, only ten years old. They were seen floating on a shattered mast when the ship blew up.

After this dreadful explosion, the firing recommenced with the ships to the leeward of the centre. At daybreak only two French ships, the *Guillaume Tell* and the *Généreux*, had their colours flying. They had not been engaged, and soon cut their cables, and with two frigates, escaped. The *Zealous* pursued them, but, as there was no other ship in a condition to second her, she was recalled.

As soon as the conquest was over Nelson sent orders through the fleet to return thanksgiving, in every ship, for the victory with which Almighty God had blessed his Majesty's arms. The French officers were struck with this solemn act, and some of them observed that it was no wonder such order was preserved in the British navy when the minds of our men could be impressed with such sentiments after so great a victory.

The horrors of this dreadful battle were not, however, at an end. Long afterwards innumerable

bodies were seen floating about the bay, in spite of all the exertions which were made to sink them, as well from fear of pestilence as from the loathing and horror which the sight occasioned. Great numbers were cast upon the island of Bekier (Nelson's Island as it has since been called), and our sailors raised mounds of sand over them. Even after an interval of three years, Dr. Clarke saw them, and assisted in interring heaps of human bodies, which, having been thrown up by the sea, where there were no jackals to devour them, presented a sight loathsome to humanity.

Such was the great battle and victory of the Nile; and the hero, Nelson, was at the summit of his glory. Rewards and honours were showered upon him by all the states, princes, and powers to whom his victory gave a respite. In his own country the king created him Baron Nelson of the Nile, and granted him a pension of 2000*l.* for his own life and those of his two immediate successors. A grant of 10,000*l.* was also voted to him by the East India Company. The Turkish Company presented him with a piece of plate, and the City of London its freedom and a sword.

Among other things, a part of the *Orient's* mainmast being picked up, Captain Hallowell ordered his carpenter to make a coffin of it, which he sent to the admiral, who felt it good for him, now in the summit of his wishes, to have death before his eyes, and

ordered it to be placed upright in his cabin ; and when taken away, at the solicitations of some of his shipmates, he gave strict orders that it should be reserved for the purpose for which it was designed.





DEFEAT OF THE COUNT DE GRASSE BY
ADMIRAL RODNEY.

CHAPTER I.

In the spring of the year 1782, the French and the Spaniards were in great force in the West Indian Seas ; but their forces were separated, otherwise they would have exhibited the formidable number of sixty ships of the line.

To prevent the French and Spanish forces from forming such a junction was the object of the British admiral stationed in that quarter ; and fortunately, the fleet of Admiral Rodney effected a junction with Sir Samuel Hood's squadron ; at the same time they received a reinforcement from England.

Now if the French and Spaniards could have united their forces, they would have been so vastly superior, as to forbid every attempt on the side of England, by sea, to obstruct their designs during the campaign. On the other side, the salvation of the West Indies, with the whole fortune and hope of the war, depended upon the British commander's preventing the junction ; or at least bringing on a close and decisive engagement with the Count de Grasse before it took place.

The British fleet amounted to thirty-six sail of the line ; that of the French to about the same number, but they were full of soldiers. The largest ship of the enemy was called the *Ville de Paris*, of 110 guns, with 1300 men ; and the French seventy-fours carried 900 men each.

The van of the English was commanded by Sir Samuel Hood, the centre by Sir George Rodney, and the rear by Admiral Drake. The ships were in good condition, and perhaps a braver set of men never manned a fleet than on this occasion.

The French fleet began to turn out of the harbour at Fort Royal by break of day on the 8th of April, with a great convoy under their protection, all bound to leeward. De Grasse kept himself close to the islands with a view to elude the pursuit ; and, as the various channels and bays were better known to the French than to the English, this course promised many advantages.

The moment the French fleet started, the English received notice of it from the frigates upon the look-out, and were soon in close pursuit; and, on the same night, they came in sight of the enemy under Dominica.

De Grasse now prepared himself for the emergency in which he was placed; and, although fighting was by no means his object, he formed his line of battle early in the morning; thereby enabling his convoy to proceed on their course, while he stood to abide the consequences.

On the other side, Sir George Rodney had thrown out signals soon after five in the morning, to prepare for battle, to form the line at two cables' length, and for the ships to fill and stand in.

The English ships, however, lay becalmed under the high lands of Dominica; while the enemy, who were farther advanced towards Guadaloupe, had wind enough to make the movements I have stated.

The breeze at length reached the van of the English fleet, and they began to close with the French centre; while their own centre and rear were still becalmed. It is said that the Count de Grasse might have avoided an engagement, but the temptation held out of falling with his whole weight upon, and entirely crushing, one-third of the enemy's force, while thus separated, was too strong to be resisted.

The action commenced about nine o'clock on the following day. The attack was led by the *Royal*

Oak, Captain Burnet, and seconded by the *Alfred* and *Montague* with the most impetuous bravery. The whole division were, in a few minutes, closely engaged; and, for more than an hour were exceedingly pressed by the great superiority of the enemy. The *Barfleur*, Sir Samuel Hood's own ship, had, at one time, seven, and generally three ships, firing upon her; and none of the division escaped the encounter of a very disproportionate force. Nothing could be more glorious than the firm and effective resistance with which, and without once shrinking, they sustained all the efforts of so great a superiority.

At length, but by degrees, the leading ships of the centre were enabled to come up to the assistance of the van. These were followed by Sir George Rodney in the *Formidable*, and his two seconds the *Namur* and *Duke*, all of ninety guns, who made and supported a most tremendous fire. The gallantry of a French captain of a seventy-four, who, having backed her main-topsail, steadily received and bravely returned the fire of these three great ships in succession, without in the least flinching from his station, excited the highest applause and admiration of his enemies.

The coming up of the admiral with a part of the centre division rendered the fight less unequal; and M. de Grasse, notwithstanding his still great superiority, finding that his purpose had failed when the van was engaged singly, wanted to be off: but the

English commanders would not allow this, although all fighting was suspended during the night ; and in the morning the fleet was obliged to lay to to repair their damages, and prepare for another bout.

Both fleets kept turning to windward ; and it was the good fortune of the French admiral always to keep to windward of the English, by which he had the opportunity of fighting close or at a distance, as he might think fitting.

At last the French fleet got so far to windward that the English could not come up with them, and were almost upon the point of giving up the contest ; but about noon, on the eleventh, two of the enemy's ships were observed to lay to to leeward. This welcome sight immediately produced signals for a general chase from the British admiral, and again renewed throughout the fleet the hope of coming up with the enemy.

When De Grasse saw this, he was obliged to bear down with his whole fleet to prevent these ships from being taken, and thus it was impossible for him to avoid fighting any longer ; but the evening being too far advanced, the battle was deferred till the morning.

CHAPTER II.

IN the morning the hostile fleets met upon opposite tacks. The battle commenced about seven o'clock, and was continued, without intermission, till about the same hour in the evening. Admiral Drake, whose division led to action, gained the greatest applause and the highest honour, by the gallantry with which he received, and the effect with which he returned, the fire of the whole French line. His leading ship, the *Marlborough*, was particularly distinguished. She received and returned, at the nearest distances, the first fire of twenty-three ships of war; and had the good fortune to have only three men killed and sixteen wounded.

The signal for close fighting had, from the first, been thrown out. The line was formed only at a cable's length distance. Our ships, as they came up, ranged slowly and closely along the enemy's line, and close under their lee, where they gave and received a most tremendous fire. They were so near that every shot took effect, and the French ships being so full of men, the carnage in them was dreadful. You may form some idea of what it must have been, for the *Formidable*, Sir George Rodney's ship, fired nearly fourscore broadsides. The French, however, received this tremendous discharge bravely.

About noon, Sir George Rodney in the *Formidable*,

with his seconds, the *Namur* and *Duke*, and immediately supported by the *Canada*, bore directly with full sail across the enemy's line, and successfully broke through it about three ships short of the centre, where M. de Grasse commanded in the *Ville de Paris*. He then doubled on the enemy, and thus completed the separation of their line, and threw them into inextricable confusion. This bold push decided the fortune of the day. The French, however, continued to fight with the utmost bravery.

The instant the admiral succeeded in breaking through the enemy's line, he threw out a signal for the van to tack, and this being immediately complied with by Admiral Drake, our fleet thereby got to windward of the enemy, and thus completed the confusion.

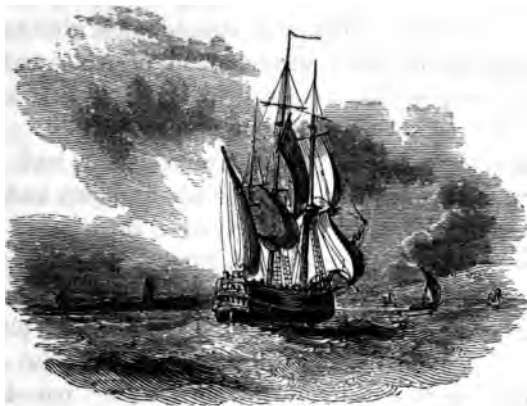
Among other daring exploits during this battle, the *Canada*, of seventy-four guns, under Captain Cornwallis, took the French *Hector* of the same force, single-handed. Captain Inglefield, in the *Centaur*, of seventy-four guns, came up from the rear to the attack of the *Cesar*, a seventy-four likewise. Both ships were yet fresh and unhurt, and a most gallant action took place; for, though the French captain had evidently the worst of the combat, he still disdained to yield. Three other ships came up successively, and he stood to be torn almost in pieces by their fire. His courage was inflexible: he is said to have nailed his colours to the mast, and his death

only could put an end to the contest. When she struck, her mast went overboard, and she had not a foot of canvas without a shot-hole. The *Diadem*, a French seventy-four gun ship, went down from a single broadside of the *Formidable*.

M. de Grasse was nobly supported even after the line was broken, and until the disorder and confusion became irremediable. The *Ville de Paris* was reduced almost to a wreck by the fire of several ships: De Grasse, however, still held out. At length Sir Samuel Hood came up in the *Barfleur* just at sunset, and poured in a tremendous fire, which is said to have killed sixty men outright. De Grasse then struck his flag; and it is said at the time of his doing so, there were only three men left alive in the ship, and unhurt, and that the Count was one of the three.

The sea has seldom exhibited a harder contest. The loss of the men on the side of the enemy was immense. Three thousand are said to have perished, and the fleet in general was little less than ruined; while on the other side, a squadron of British ships was fresh and fit for action at the close of the day.

The loss of men in the British fleet was wonderfully small. The whole number killed and wounded in the two actions of the 9th and 12th, amounted only to 1050; of which 253 were killed upon the spot.



COCHRANE AT BASQUE ROADS.

ONE of the most brilliant exploits of the British took place under the command of Lord Cochrane, in the Basque Roads, on the coast of Spain, in the year 1805. I must, however, tell my young readers that I do not like *war*, and hope the time is not far distant when it will be completely done away with by the good sense of all nations; but still, while evil-disposed nations will attack us, we must defend ourselves, and I hope we shall do so as bravely as ever. But to the subject.

First of all, the fire-ships were sent in, each conducted by a lieutenant and five men; the ships

were sixteen in number, and some very heavy. When the fire-ships were floating down, the French ships cut their cables and slipped, and nine sail of the line got on shore at the island of Aix ; and the next morning they were discovered, little injury having been sustained by our measures.

The place in which the French ships had thus taken refuge was like Portsmouth harbour, and the spot at which they lay was under the fire of two batteries, both of which had three tiers of guns of twenty-nine each, all heavy metal. The navigation, to get at them, was very difficult in some places, there being only four fathoms of water. But, just as they were sitting down to dinner on board the *Revenge*, a signal was made to go in and assist the gun and mortar vessels. The ship was cleared for action in fifteen minutes, and, in half-an-hour, they were alongside of three sail of the line, on which they opened a dreadful cannonade, which continued for an hour and a quarter, when the *Warsaw*, a fine eighty-gun ship, and the *Ajalon*, struck to them. They were now in a very critical situation themselves, being only in five fathoms water, which was ebbing very fast ; the batteries on shore having got their length, struck them every shot for the last quarter of an hour ; luckily, a breeze springing up, they got off into deeper water, and out of the reach of the guns, when they anchored again, and sent out the boats to take out the prisoners, and set them on fire, about

seven P.M. At nine they were all in flames ; and at two in the morning they blew up with a tremendous explosion. The French set fire to the *Tonnère*, to the *Impérieuse*, to the *Calcutta* ; and three other ships of the line were on shore, very much mauled by the frigate and the bomb-ships.

In the explosion ship which Lord Cochrane carried against the enemy, he had caused about 1500 barrels of gunpowder to be stowed into puncheons, which were placed end upwards ; upon the top of these were placed between three and four hundred shells, charged with fuzees ; and again, among and upon these, were between two and three thousand hand-grenades. The puncheons were fastened to each other by cables wound round them, and jammed together by wedges ; and moistened sand was rammed down between these casks, so as to render the whole, from stem to stern, as solid as possible, that the resistance might make the explosion more violent.

In this immense instrument of destruction, Lord Cochrane committed himself, with only one lieutenant and four seamen ; and after the boom (laid across the harbour to prevent ships from passing) was broken, his lordship proceeded with his explosion ship towards the enemy's line. At this moment the batteries on shore were provided with furnaces to fire red-hot shot ; and the danger of his lordship's enterprise was of course proportionably great.

The wind blew a gale, and the tide ran three knots an hour. When the blue lights of the fire-ships were descried, one of the enemy's line made the signal for the fire-ships, which being also a blue light, the enemy fell into great confusion, and, having cut their cables, they swung towards the lighthouse, near which one capsized.



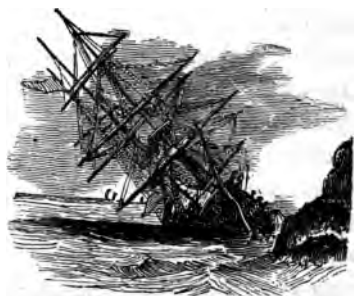
When Lord Cochrane had conducted his explosion ship as near as was possible, the enemy having taken the alarm, he ordered his brave little crew into the boat, and followed them, after setting fire to the fuze,—which was calculated to give them fifteen minutes to get out of the reach of the explo-

sion. However, in consequence of the wind getting very high, the fuzees burnt too quickly, so that, with the most violent exertions against wind and tide, this intrepid little party was six minutes nearer than they calculated to be at the time, when the most tremendous explosion took place which human nature ever conceived, followed by the bursting at once of nearly four hundred shells and three thousand hand-grenades, pouring down a shower of cast metal in every direction. But, fortunately, our second Nelson was spared, the boat having reached, by unparalleled exertion, only just beyond the extent of the destruction. Unhappily, this effort to escape cost the life of the brave lieutenant, whom his noble captain saw die in the boat, partly under fatigue, and partly drowned with the waves that continually broke over them. Two of the four sailors were also so nearly exhausted, that their recovery was for some time despaired of.

The repetition of this explosion was so dreaded by the enemy, that they apprehended an equal destruction from every fire-ship; and, immediately crowding all sail, ran before the wind and tide so fast that the fire-ships, although at first very near, could not overtake them before they were high and dry on the shore; except three seventy-fours, beside the *Calcutta*, which were afterwards engaged, taken, and burnt.

Our hero next turned his attention to rescue the

vanquished from the devouring elements; and, in bringing away the *Ville de Varsovie*, he would not allow even a dog to be abandoned, but took the crying little favourite up into his arms and brought it away. But a still greater instance of goodness was displayed in his humanity to a captain of a seventy-four, who came to deliver his sword to Lord Cochrane, lamenting that all he had in the world was about to be destroyed by the conflagration of his ship. His lordship instantly got into the boat with him and pushed off, to assist his prisoner in retrieving some valuable property, but, in passing by a seventy-four which was on fire, her loaded guns began to go off, a shot from which killed the French captain by Lord Cochrane's side, and so damaged the boat that she filled, and the rest of the party were nearly drowned.



THE MUTINY AT THE NORE.

It is likely that you have often heard of this event ; I think it will be useful for you to know something of the circumstances which attended it.

Who would suppose that British tars, so valiant in battle, so joyful in peace, so frolicsome on shore, could ever find it in their hearts to rebel against their king and country ?

But tread upon a worm and it will turn. Had the rulers of that day treated the poor fellows with justice and consideration, we should never have heard of the Mutiny at the Nore.

Irritated, however, by ungrateful neglect on one hand, and by seditious advisers on the other, they were almost ready to turn the guns which they had so often manned in defence of the English flag against their own countrymen and their own home, in vindication of what they considered their right.

Thus it was that, in the year 1791, 40,000 men, to whom the nation looked for defence from its surrounding enemies, broke into open rebellion ; and, led by one Richard Parker, a man of strong abilities

and resolute character, put the whole country into the most serious alarm.

The claims of the mutineers were for greater liberty of absence from ships in harbour, a more just distribution of prize money, a more punctual discharge of arrears of pay, with several other privileges and exemptions, which, however, were then considered inconsistent with the subordination of the navy; although the things contended for then have been long since conceded.

The whole of the ships comprised in the North Sea fleet struck their flags, and hoisted the red or bloody flag, the signal of rebellion, and moored their ships at the Nore.

The officers were suspended from their command, which was held in each ship by a committee of twelve men, who gave the law to everything. They also elected, from their own body, a delegate in each ship, to treat with the Admiralty.

The Commissioners of the Admiralty refused the greater part of their demands, and promised forgiveness to them if they would return to their duty; but, instead of this, a party from the fleet took to their boats, went into the harbour of Sheerness, and brought out all the gun-boats there to the Great Nore. They also compelled all the ships which lay near Sheerness to drop down to the same spot.

Some of the ships were now ordered to moor across the Thames in order to prevent a free passage

up and down the river. The *Standard*, *Brilliant*, *Inspector*, and *Swan* moored directly across the river, in order to prevent trading vessels from going up and down. The ships of neutral nations, colliers, and a few small craft, were suffered to pass, having first received a passport signed by Richard Parker, as president of the delegates.

The ships were moored about half-a-mile apart, with their broadsides abreast. In the spaces between the line-of-battle ships, the merchantmen and other vessels which had been detained were moored. As all communication was stopped from the shore, the mutineers supplied themselves with water and provisions from these vessels. A party also landed on the Island of Grain, and carried off a number of sheep and other provisions besides, to supply their present wants. They took from a trading vessel 300 sacks of flour, which they distributed to the different crews ; giving in return bills drawn by the delegates on the Admiralty.

Notwithstanding the greatness of their offence against their rulers, the seamen, with very trifling exceptions, behaved with respect towards their officers, excepting some who had been too tyrannical and too ready to apply the lash to the poor fellows. The surgeon of the *Montague* was tarred and feathered, and rowed through the fleet with some other officers ; the midshipmen of the *Ardent* were ducked ; and, at the same time, four of the best seamen on board the

Brilliant were severely flogged for speaking disrespectfully of the delegate.

Admiral Duncan endeavoured to put to sea with his squadron ; but all but two ships refused to sail, the *Venerable* and the *Adamant*. Mutiny, however, found its way into the *Venerable*, which was the admiral's ship ; upon which he ordered all hands to be turned up, and said to them—" My lads, I am not in the smallest degree afraid of your being all disposed to mutiny ; but I know some of your number are disposed to do so ; this I am determined to prevent by all the means in my power ; and will, with my own hands, put the first man to death—the first man who shows the spirit of rebellion." And, turning round to one of the mutineers, he said, " Do you, sir, want to take the command of the ship out of my hands ?"

" Yes, sir, I do," replied the sailor, with the greatest assurance.

The admiral immediately raised his sword and aimed a blow at the mutineer, which would have been fatal but for the interposition of the captain and secretary, who seized the admiral's arm. He did not attempt to make a second blow ; but, with some agitation, called to the ship's company, " Let those who will stand by me and my officers, pass immediately to the starboard side of the ship, that we may know friends from foes."

In an instant the whole crew, excepting six who

had been the promoters of this disturbance, ran over. The six mutineers were immediately put in irons ; but, some time afterwards, expressing themselves truly penitent for what they had done, the admiral was induced to liberate them.

The mutiny, however, continued in all the other ships. Part of Duncan's squadron deserted him in the Yarmouth Roads, and came to the Nore. The Ministers were in the greatest consternation ; they offered free pardon to all who would return to their duty, while the shores on both sides of the river were lined with batteries ; Sheerness and Gravesend were furnished with furnaces for red-hot shot, and several gun-boats were ordered to drop down the Thames and attack the rebels.

Lord Northesk was now called for to attend the convention, from his own ship, the *Monmouth*, held on board the flag ship. His lordship complied, and found the convention sitting in the state-cabin with Parker at their head, who told Lord Northesk " that they had determined, with one voice, not to give up the ships unless their terms were complied with."

Lord Northesk proceeded to London, and had an interview with the king, who rejected their proposals as exorbitant and unreasonable.

Orders were now given to Sir Charles Grey to attack the fleet from the works at Sheerness ; but the mutineers about this time fell out among themselves, and one after another the ships were given

up, and strong bodies of marines were sent on board. At last the crews of all the ships intimated an intention to submit. The crew of the *Sandwich* was particularly desirous, and Parker did not oppose this spirit. The ship was carried soon after under the guns of the fort at Sheerness; from which place a guard of soldiers was sent to arrest Parker, who soon after suffered death.

Thirty-four others of the mutineers were also condemned to death, five to confinement in solitary cells, and three to be flogged; and thus this dangerous mutiny was at length quelled.



FIGHT OF THE SHANNON AND CHESAPEAKE.

THE British and Americans were at war about fifty years ago ; war being declared on the 18th of June, 1812.

For nearly a year after the war had commenced, the Americans had the advantage over the British. The reason of this was, that the Americans had, before the war, given high bounties to seamen, and better pay ; so that their ships were partly manned by British tars. Well, if anybody should be paid well, sailors ought to be ; and I dare say, should a war break out, they will be better paid than they have been.

The war, as I said, went against the British. To tell the truth, the English flag had been disgraced, and might have remained so but for the matchless bravery of Captain Brooke.

The gallant captain, now a baronet, yet lives. He is a fine old man, but his constitution is terribly shattered from the wounds he received in the battle I am going to relate to you. There are very few days, indeed, in which he does not experience pain.

Ay, we little think of what sailors suffer to procure us peace and plenty.

Well, Captain Brooke had the command of a British frigate called the *Shannon*, and was appointed to watch the American frigate called the *Chesapeake*, which lay in Boston harbour, fitting and preparing for sea; and, about the middle of May, 1813, she appeared to be nearly ready.

The *Chesapeake* seemed to present the last chance during the season of avenging the insulted honour of the British flag. The Americans were, of course, highly elated at their previous success, and were not backward in making a brag of it; indeed, they thought that, having acquired the habit of conquering, it would become quite natural.

However, the Boston people would have been very glad to have got their frigate out of the harbour, I dare say; but this was no easy matter, as it was blockaded by Captain Brooke, who had three frigates on the station: nor would it have been a wise thing for them to have hazarded a fight upon such unequal terms; and the only chance the frigate had of getting out was, by taking advantage of the weather, as other ships had done before.

This Captain Brooke wished to prevent; and, being anxious for the honour of England, he wrote a letter to Captain Rodgers, who commanded the *Chesapeake*, to come out of the port and try the fortune of a battle ship to ship; promising to send

his other ships quite out of the way, so that they could not assist him in the fight; and this was immediately done, so that fair play was insured to the enemy.

On the 1st of June, the anniversary of the glorious victory obtained by Earl Howe over the French fleet, the *Chesapeake* was observed with her sails loose. She, however, seemed to linger in the port, as if desirous of wasting the morning; Captain Brooke, therefore, sent in his challenge to quicken her movements.

The Americans, however, were more ready to come out than was imagined: and, before the boats conveying the challenge reached the shore, the *Chesapeake*, with a fair wind, sailed out of the harbour; while the people of the city came out in immense numbers to observe the action; making sure that the *Chesapeake* would bring in the *Shannon*. A number of pleasure-boats came out with the *Chesapeake* to see the *Shannon* compelled to strike; and a grand dinner was actually preparing on shore for the *Chesapeake's* officers against their return with the prize.

When Captain Brooke saw the *Chesapeake* bearing down upon him, he ordered his frigate to lay to, and awaited her approach, leaving it in her power to attack him on which side she pleased. She came down in very gallant style on the *Shannon's* weather and starboard quarter, till within half pistol-shot.

The *Shannon's* men had orders to fire as soon as

they could get their guns to bear ; and, in a few minutes, the after-guns on the main-deck began to pepper away with grape-shot ; and then the after-most carronade on the quarter-deck began to play away in fine style.

The *Chesapeake* did not hesitate in coming forward, and returned the fire furiously enough. On both sides the firing was kept up as fiercely as was possible ; but the superiority of the *Shannon's* was so great, that at her second broadside nearly all the men were swept from the upper deck of the *Chesapeake*.

The ships now dashed into contact ; and the *Chesapeake* having shot rather a-head, was caught by one of the *Shannon's* anchors, and lay obliquely athwart her starboard bow, and exposed to a tremendous fire from the *Shannon's* after guns, which battering her quarter, and entering her port-holes, from thence towards the main-mast, strewed her main-deck with killed and wounded.

Just at this time a small open cask of musket-cartridges, in an open chest abaft the mizen-mast of the *Chesapeake*, caught fire and blew up ; and, when the smoke it had occasioned had blown away, Captain Brooke, at the head of some of the bravest sailors, about twenty in number, boarded her about the mizen-rigging from the starboard bow.

Not a man was left standing on the *Chesapeake's* quarter-deck when the boarding took place, but about twenty made a slight resistance in her gang-

way, who were instantly driven before the foremast ; and then, being obliged to stand, fought desperately, but were soon overpowered. A few endeavoured to get down the fore-hatchway, but, in their eagerness, prevented each other.

Captain Brooke and his first boarding party were almost immediately followed by about thirty marines, who secured possession of the *Chesapeake's* quarter-deck, dislodged the men from the main and foretops that were firing down on the boarders, and kept down all who attempted to come up the main deck.

Being thus completely captured, Mr. Watt, the first lieutenant, ran aft, and, seizing the British colours, was about to hoist them over the American flag, when he was struck on the forehead by a grape-shot, and killed in the very moment of victory, being shot by one of the *Shannon's* main-deck guns.

Captain Brooke was wounded in the boarding. He was in the act of charging a party of the enemy who had rallied in the fore-castle. He first parried a blow from the butt-end of a firelock which had been raised to strike him ; another of the Americans made a charge at him with a bayonet, which he also successfully turned aside. After the *Chesapeake's* colours were down, Captain Brooke received a severe wound from a cutlass, from one of three men whom he was desirous for his followers to spare.

The loss on board of the *Shannon*, out of 330

men, was three officers and twenty-three men killed; Captain Brooke, two officers, and fifty-eight men wounded. On mustering the crew of the *Chesapeake* the following day, they found, out of 440 men, the second lieutenant, master, marine officers, some midshipmen, and ninety seamen and marines killed: Captain Rodgers mortally wounded, and 110 men also wounded; making a total of killed and wounded, between the two ships, of nearly 300; being twenty men for every minute the ships were in action. Can you tell me how long that was?

The *Chesapeake* was a fine frigate, and mounted forty-nine guns. Both ships came out of action in the most beautiful order; their rigging appeared as perfect as if they had been exchanging a salute. The *Shannon* had a four-pounder mounted on one of her tops, from which she fired fifty canister shot at each discharge, which did great execution.

There was found on the *Chesapeake's* deck more shot than could have been fired away if the battle had lasted several hours; among which were, besides grape-shot, bars of wrought iron connected by links, so as to form an extended length of five feet; and others of four bars, of more than a foot each, all connected at the end by a ring, which expanded in four points as they flew. The *Shannon* had only grape and canister.

Some of the *Chesapeake's* canisters were opened after the fight, and all were found to contain in the centre

angular and jagged pieces of iron, of various shapes and sizes ; and all their musket-cartridges had three and sometimes four buck-shot loose in the powder ; the design of which appeared to have been to increase the torment, and retard the cure of the wounds they inflicted. They had also a large cask of unslaked lime, with the head open, standing on the forecastle, and a bag of the same on the foretop ; the intention being to throw it by handfuls into the eyes of the British sailors when they attempted to board ; but the English were too quick to allow this scheme to take effect.

The poor people of Boston were wofully crest-fallen ; they walked home from the shores, heights, and batteries from which they had beheld the fight, to the tune of Yankee Doodle. The victory of the English stopped their boasting for some time.

Captain Brooke, on his return to England, was rewarded by the Admiralty with a medal, and was soon created a baronet. The Underwriters of Halifax presented him with a service of plate, and the Court of Common Council of London, presented him a sword of the value of a hundred guineas.

So much for British valour, heroism, and bravery, and its just reward.



THE SIEGE OF ACRE.

I HAVE often told my readers of the Holy Land : I am now about to relate one of the most brilliant exploits ever recorded in the annals of history, which is to be found in the siege of Acre, in which the British sustained, for a period of sixty days, the repeated attacks of the French army, commanded by Napoleon Bonaparte in person, who was at last compelled to raise the siege.

Acre is a principal sea-port of Palestine or Syria, and stands close to the sea, at the end of a bay, extending in the form of a bow about twelve miles to

the point of Mount Carmel, on the opposite port, and has a population of from ten to twelve thousand. It was originally called Acreha, of which Acre is a corruption. It is called St. Jean d'Acre, in consequence of the place having been given by Richard Cœur-de-Lion to the knights of St. John of Jerusalem. It has always been very strongly fortified, and is considered the strongest place in Syria. It is the key of all Syria, which accounts for the extraordinary efforts of the French general to obtain, and of the English to retain it.

Bonaparte had fitted out a formidable expedition for the conquest of Egypt, and, for some time after he landed in that country, met with uniform success; but, being greatly harassed by the Turks, as soon as he had gained possession of some of the Egyptian cities, he resolved to advance into Syria, with a view to chastise and remove out of the way the army of Achmet Pasha el Djezzar, who commanded at the frontier town of Acre, and had brought a considerable force to act against the French general.

In this expedition against Syria, Bonaparte employed only one thousand chosen men; with these he began his march. Every opposition made by the opposing force was unavailing; no fortress could resist him; and, on the 18th of March, 1799, he arrived before Acre, which he determined to raze to the ground.

At this time Sir Sidney Smith had a distinct command, as commodore, on the coast of Egypt,

and, on the receipt of intelligence from Djezzar Pasha, governor of Syria, of the invasion made by Bonaparte's army into that province, and of its approach to Acre, its capital, hastened, with a part of the naval force under his command, to its relief, and had the satisfaction of arriving there two days before the French. Bonaparte, in the meantime, eager to reduce the fort with the least possible delay, had ordered round by sea some heavy cannon, ammunition, platforms, and other articles necessary for the siege, on board the French flotilla. This flotilla Sir Sidney Smith took measures to intercept, and, on the 16th of March, about eight o'clock in the evening, he captured the whole of them off Cape Carmel. The artillery were immediately landed, and mounted on the ramparts of Acre.

The French calculated upon an easy conquest of the place, but they reckoned without their host. They began their trenches with the celerity for which that nation is so remarkable, and carried them within half musket-shot of the ditch surrounding the fortress. On the 19th of March they opened their fire, and battered away at the walls with all the thunders of war. On the 30th, they had effected a breach in the wall, and prepared to take the town by assault. A division of the troops rushed fearlessly to the wall, but before they could obtain a secure footing, the Turks above opened upon them such a galling fire that they fell back in dismay. The

garrison made a sortie at the same time, but were, in their turn, obliged to retire. On the 1st of April, the enemy advanced, in a larger body, to storm the fortress, but they soon discovered that a ditch of fifteen feet must be passed, while the counterscarp was almost untouched ; and the breach, which was not large, had been effected at least six feet above the level of the works. However, a body of grenadiers descended into the ditch, and attempted to scale the wall ; but the Turkish soldiers met them bravely, and showered down stones, rubbish, grenades and combustibles, upon the assailants, who were obliged to retire, after losing two adjutants and a great number of men. Immediately after, the besieged made a sally, in which they killed *Détroye*, *chef de brigade*, and several others of the besiegers.

At this period of the siege, the British ships, which had been driven from the unsheltered anchorage of St. Jean d'Acre by the equinoctial gales, came up ; and they had no sooner resumed their station before the fortress, than a sortie of the besieged was determined upon, for the purpose of destroying a mine made by the enemy below the tower ; which, if it had been suffered to explode, would have blown the tower and part of the fortress into the air.

This exploit was reserved for British sailors and marines. The Turkish troops attacked the enemy's trenches on the right and left with considerable ardour ; while Lieutenant Wright, who commanded

the seamen pioneers who had been previously landed in the fort, although wounded by two shots in the arm, rushed down into the trenches with his brave followers. The French received them with a murderous fire, then closed, hand to hand, bayonet to bayonet. The sailors, with their heavy cutlasses, made havoc with the French swords, which flew like glass before them. The pikemen drove the French to the right and left, skewering them to the banks of the trench, or obliging them to perform miracles of agility in climbing up its sides. At last the bottom of the mine was reached, and the whole apparatus of destruction and death was destroyed; while the sailors returned, jovially singing "Rule Britannia."

Bonaparte, who heard of this exploit, hastened to the camp before Acre, determined, by an overpowering effort, to crush the Turks and English to a man. Thirty pieces of artillery were brought by the enemy, and, being mounted within their entrenchment, opened a murderous fire upon the fort. But the two ships of the line, the *Tiger* and *Theseus*, together with a dozen gun-boats stationed on each side of the harbour, opened upon the French in such style as soon induced them to call off a part of the fire from the fort. The French general then ordered an assault, but, as his soldiers advanced, the British ships gave them such a reception, that they were obliged to retreat, with immense loss, to

the infinite discomfiture of Bonaparte. Nine several times did Bonaparte attempt to storm Acre, each time with increased vigour and obstinacy ; and each time he was repulsed with fearful slaughter. In the meanwhile, the garrison, instructed and commanded by Sir Sidney Smith, made frequent sorties, which kept the French on the defensive, and impeded the destruction of their covering works. Part of the garrison consisted of some excellent riflemen, chiefly Albanians, who placed stones one over the other on the walls, put their fire-arms through the interstices, and thus, completely sheltered, dealt destruction among the enemy with the most fatal precision.

On one occasion a French general was passing through the trench, his hand resting, as he stooped, to preserve the equilibrium which his wooden leg impaired, his elbow only being raised above the parapet ; he was warned that the shot-fire from the garrison did not miss the smallest object ; he paid no attention to any observation of this kind, and in a few seconds a bullet so shattered his elbow, that amputation was immediately necessary.

As the siege advanced, both the besieged and besiegers exhibited renewed determination—one to seize, and the other to retain the fortress. Bonaparte seemed as resolutely bent on carrying the place as Sir Sidney Smith was on possessing and defending it ; and there can be little doubt that, independently of the immense importance of Acre,

the rival chiefs were impelled by personal motives of glory and emulation.

But another crisis advanced. The garrison had long been in expectation of a reinforcement under Nanan Bey, who had originally received orders to advance against Alexandria, but was afterwards directed to proceed to the relief of Acre. It was not, however, till the fifty-first day of the siege that this fleet made its appearance; and nearly at the same time Bonaparte was encouraged and strengthened by the arrival of a fleet of corvettes and transports. The approach of so much additional strength was the signal to Bonaparte for a vigorous and persevering assault, in hopes to get possession of the town before the enemy's reinforcement could disembark.

The French general, therefore, with his accustomed vigour, and bringing all his mental and personal qualities to the attack, commanded a furious cannonade, which kept up an incessant fire of shot, shells, and combustible missiles for several days, without the slightest intermission. Their power seemed to be increased tenfold; and, on the 7th of May, during the darkness of the night, they succeeded in making a lodgment in the second story of the north-east tower; and daylight, on the 8th, showed the French standard unfurled on the outer angle.

It was mortifying to the British to behold this. But Nanan Bey's reinforcement had arrived; and,

as if fortune was determined to keep the advantage equal, so that bravery alone should carry off the palm, Bonaparte's reinforcement had also at that moment landed. At this most critical point of the contest, Nanan Bey's troops, though they had advanced half-way towards the shore, were still in their boats, while those of Bonaparte stood on shore ready to receive them. Sir Sidney Smith at this moment landed his boats in the mole, and, placing himself at the head of his crew, marched them to the beach, each man being armed with a pike. A heap of ruins between the besieged and the besiegers served as a breastwork for both. The muzzles of the muskets touched the spear-heads of the standards; the sailor's cutlass and the Frenchman's rapier again rang; a murderous scuffle ensued—Turks, Frenchmen, and English marines and sailors, mixed indiscriminately in the work of death, till, in the end, the Pasha's reinforcement was safely landed, and one thousand men were lodged in the garden of the seraglio, in spite of the enemy.

The regiment called the Chiffick brigade thus introduced into the fortress, soon made a sally from the garden of the seraglio. They were, however, repulsed; but, in doing this, the French were obliged to show themselves above the works, when the British fire, aided by hand-grenades and shells, soon dislodged them from the tower. Bonaparte, enraged to madness, was seen at this moment on the mount

called "Richard Cœur-de-Lion;" and the vehemence of his gesticulations showed that he by no means abandoned the idea of obtaining possession of the place; and another assault, more dreadful and determined than the former, was anticipated and prepared for.

The enemy now directed a new fire, with increased effect, upon the southern bastions of the fortress, every shot carrying away whole sheets of the wall, throwing large stones into the air, or sending them with immense force upon the besieged. A breach was speedily effected, and, exulting in their partial success, several columns of the French troops mounted it unmolested. They passed over the ruins towards the seraglio, and had just supposed the victory to be theirs, when the Turks attacked them furiously in the Pasha's garden, with a sword in one hand and a dagger in the other—more than a match for French bayonets and soldiers exhausted by climbing the breach. The French fell in hundreds; the Turks showed no quarter; and at last they were obliged to fly for safety to their trenches, which they reached with immense loss; not more than half returning to their covered works, and many of these desperately wounded.

Bonaparte was terribly chagrined at this repulse. For the first time in his life he felt himself foiled, and that, too, by a town scarcely defensible, according to the art of warfare—and by the British,

whom he hated above all other nations. But still he determined to attain his object; and although the plague had begun to make havoc in his camp, and seven hundred men had fallen martyrs to that terrible malady, made ready for another effort. General Kleber's division was called from the fords of the Jordan, and every troop or regiment in the vicinity was mustered for another assault. The French had already lost the greater part of their bravest men and three-fourths of their officers; dead bodies, by hundreds, lay corrupting in the sun; the air was infected by a pestilence proceeding from them, and everything wore the aspect of desolation and death. The British were, however, still vigorous, and, with a bull-dog tenacity, determined not to give up their post of honour and glory. A furious cannonade was again opened by the enemy; again the walls flew about in fragments. Bonaparte, in person, directed the assault; while Sir Sidney Smith, with sword in hand and with waving hat, appeared on the breach with his brave English sailors, for the Turks were employed in the rear of the enemy. The French advanced to the mouths of the British cannon; they placed their scaling ladders against the walls, but they fell in heaps, when they mounted them. The British pike made sad havoc in the more advanced, while others below fell in heaps beneath stones hurled down upon them by the defenders; while, as the French columns charged up in the

ditch or fosse, stink-pots (combustible machines filled with gunpowder, sulphur, and suffocating gases), were thrown upon them, and they turned back in confusion. The batteries from the fort redoubled their fire; the British sailors cheered; and although Bonaparte led his men several times over piles of dead and wounded, yet repulse followed repulse, till he at last drew off his men in despair, and thus relinquished his design.

Such was the siege of Acre—one of the most terrible conflicts during the war—and never was British valour more gloriously displayed. Sir Sidney Smith and his brave companions in arms had their full share of British gratitude, and the siege of sixty days will be ever remembered in the annals of Britain.



THE BATTLE OF NAVARINO.

I AM now about to tell you of the battle of Navarino, which is a place on the west coast of the Morea. It was the object of the European powers to prevent bloodshed, and to put a stop to the sanguinary war raging between the Turks and the Greeks; and greatly do I wish that every battle had been fought with so good an object.

The Egyptian fleet consisted of two sail of the line of eighty-four guns, twelve frigates, four of which carried sixty-four guns, besides brigs, corvettes, schooners, and forty-one transports; the whole amounting to upwards of ninety sail.

This fleet sailed from Alexandria in the beginning of August, and appeared in the Bay of Navarino at the end of the month. The British squadron, under the command of Admiral Codrington, was off that harbour when it approached.


The admiral hailed the Egyptian commander, and told him that negotiations were going on between the Sultan and the European commanders, and that if he chose to return with his fleet to Alexandria he should have safe convoy, but if he entered the bay

or harbour of Navarino (which he should be allowed to do without any molestation), he should not be permitted to return back ; and if any of his vessels ventured out they should be fired upon. The Egyptian commander upon this entered the harbour, where the fleet from Constantinople was previously at anchor.

Soon after, Ibrahim Pasha, having landed his new troops and equipped his old ones, wished to order round his fleet to the Gulf of Patras, and sent out a division of it under the Capitan Bey. The English commander, seeing this movement, sent a message to him, informing him that the European powers had determined to unite their forces to hinder all conveyance of troops, arms, or ammunition, to any part of the Greek continent or islands, and that he must immediately put back ; and if he fired a single shot upon the British ships, it would be followed by the ruin of the Ottoman flag.

This intimidated the Capitan Bey, who immediately put back ; and a few days after the French squadron, under Admiral de Rigny, joined the British. Soon after a conference was held between the two admirals and Ibrahim, in the tent of the latter, who allowed the flag-ship of each commander, and a frigate, to enter the harbour for that purpose.

The admirals declared that their instructions were to stop the effusion of blood, and that they would reduce, by force, either of the two belligerent parties



that should refuse to accede to it : that the Greeks had already adopted the armistice, and that if he resolved to continue hostilities, he would expose his fleet to certain destruction.

After listening with great composure and attention, the Pasha answered that he had received orders to push the war in the Morea, and to finish it by a decisive attack on Hydra, and he would brave every danger to execute these orders. However, that as the orders of the Porte had not provided for the extraordinary case which now presented itself, he should send couriers to Constantinople and Egypt ; and he gave his word that, till their return, the fleet should not quit Navarino.

Trusting to the engagement which Ibrahim had come to, not to quit Navarino till he should have received new instructions from Constantinople, the British and French squadrons had immediately sailed, the former to Zante, the latter to Milo, to obtain a fresh supply of provisions, leaving an English and French frigate to watch the harbour and the motions of the Turks.

When Ibrahim saw that the English and French fleets were gone, he determined to take advantage of it, and ventured his fleet out to sea with a view of sailing to Patras. An armed brig immediately brought intelligence of this to Admiral Codrington, who immediately put to sea again with his own ship, one frigate, and two brigs, the only force he could

then dispose of. He soon discovered a part of the Turkish fleet sailing along the coast of the Morea, composed of seven frigates, nine corvettes, two brigs, and nineteen transports: all the ships of war being Turkish.

Admiral Codrington sent a message to the Turkish commander, expressing his surprise at such a breach of faith, and telling him that he was ready to oppose by force the passage of the Ottoman squadron; the British ships in the meantime clearing for action. The Turks immediately tacked about, escorted by the English vessels.

In a short time a second division of the Turkish fleet appeared, composed of six frigates and eight brigs. The same summons was followed by the same result, and the whole Turkish fleet returned into the harbour of Navarino.

Disappointed in his naval operations, Ibrahim resolved to attack the Greeks by land, and executed his orders mercilessly with fire and sword. He marched 6000 men to Calamata, 3000 to Arcadia, and prepared to march at the head of a third division of his army into the district of Maina. He issued orders to put all to the sword who should be found armed; and thus thousands were slaughtered, and hundreds of towns and villages were set on fire.

The miserable survivors who escaped slavery and the sword sought concealment in the caves and mountains, where women and children were daily

dying of absolute starvation ; for even in the plains and about the cities the war had already produced famine—a morsel of boiled grain was almost the only food within the reach of these miserable people.

When Admiral Codrington heard of this, he was determined to put a stop to it by all means in his power. He immediately sent a message to Ibrahim



exclaiming against his violent proceedings, but to no purpose. The troops of the Pasha were continuing a species of war more destructive and exterminating than before ; putting women and children to the sword, burning their habitations, and tearing up trees by the roots, in order to complete the devastation of the country.

Upon this the British commander determined to

enter the harbour with the combined British, French, and Russian fleets, with a view to compel, by force, the stoppage of the carnage.

On the 18th of October the ships entered the harbour and passed the batteries, to take up their anchorage, forming in their order of sailing two lines; the British and French squadrons forming the weather or starboard line, and the Russians the lee line.

The Turkish ships were moored in the form of a crescent; the larger ones presented their broadsides towards the centre, the smaller ones in succession within them, filling up the intervals. The *Asia*, which carried Admiral Codrington's flag, led in, followed by the *Genoa* and *Albion*, and anchored close alongside a ship of the line bearing the flag of the Capitan Bey, another ship of the line, and a large double-banked frigate; each of the three British ships having thus her proper opponent in the front line of the Turkish fleet.

The four ships to the windward part of the Egyptian squadron were allotted to the squadron of Rear-Admiral de Rigny; and those to leeward, on the right of the crescent, were to make the stations of the Russian squadron.

As the Admiral's first object was only to have the enemy's fleet within his grasp, and then, before laying hold of it, to make his propositions to Ibrahim, orders were given that not a gun should be fired unless the Turks should begin; and these orders were strictly

observed. The three English ships were therefore allowed to pass the batteries, and to moor, without any act of open hostility, although there were evident preparations making for it in all the Turkish ships. But, upon the *Dartmouth* sending a boat to one of the fire-ships, the Turks probably imagining that the boat was sent for the purpose of boarding, fired, and a lieutenant and several of her crew were killed by a discharge of musketry.

Seeing this, the *Dartmouth* and the flag-ship of the French admiral opened with musketry in return. This was followed by the French admiral receiving a cannon-shot from one of the ships, to which the Frenchman answered with his broadside. And thus the battle, apparently without a plan or design, became general.

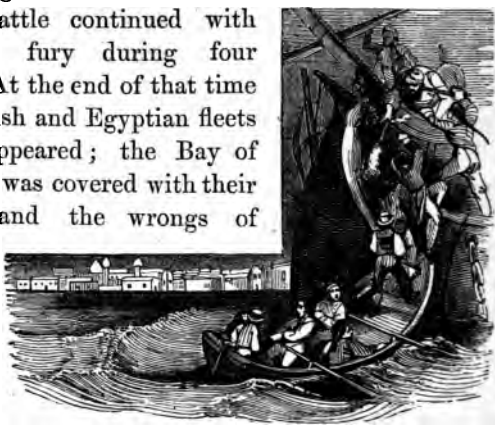
Moharem Bey, the commander of the Egyptian fleet, appeared anxious to put a stop to the confusion. Though his ship was nearer to the *Asia*, Admiral Codrington's ship, than that of the Capitan Bey, upon which the admiral was engaged, Moharem did not fire upon the *Asia*, but sent a message that he would not fire at all.

Admiral Codrington now directed his pilot to go on board of Moharem's ship, to explain to him the wish, on his part, to avoid bloodshed; but the pilot was killed by a shot from Moharem's ship. Whether it was done by his orders or not was uncertain, but his ship soon afterwards fired into the *Asia*. The

Asia immediately poured her broadside into her, and in a few minutes she was reduced to a complete wreck, as had been done already with the *Capitan Bey* on the starboard side.

All the other ships of the line were now fully employed. The frigates also, after silencing the batteries, destroyed the ships opposed to them. As each ship of the enemy became disabled, such of her crew as could escape set her on fire; and the combined fleets had to exercise as much activity in avoiding danger from their frequent explosions as in continuing the contest.

The battle continued with unabated fury during four hours. At the end of that time the Turkish and Egyptian fleets had disappeared; the Bay of Navarino was covered with their wrecks, and the wrongs of the poor Greeks were in some degree avenged.



The carnage on board the crowded ships of the enemy was dreadful. In two of their ships of the line alone two-thirds of their crews were killed or wounded. The severest loss on the side of the allies

was sustained by the British squadron, which had 75 men killed and 197 wounded. Among the killed was Captain Bathurst, who commanded the *Genoa*. The three line-of-battle ships, the *Asia*, *Albion*, *Genoa*, suffered so severely that the admiral found it necessary to send them home to England as soon as they had received at Malta the repairs necessary to enable them to make the voyage.

The loss of men in the Turko-Egyptian fleet was immense, as will be seen by the following statement made by the Secretary to the Capitan Bey.

Three Turkish line-of-battle ships.

One, Turkish admiral, 84 guns, 650 men, 150 killed.

One, ditto, 84 guns, 330 men.

One, ditto, 76 guns, 850 men, 400 killed.

Four Egyptian double-banked frigates, 48 guns, from 450 to 500 men.

Eighteen Turkish corvettes, 8 Egyptian ditto, from 18 to 20 guns, 200 men.

Six Egyptian fire-vessels.

Forty thousand Egyptian troops in the Morea, four thousand of whom came in the above ships.

The French lost—killed, 3 officers; wounded, 3 officers. Total killed, 43; total wounded, 144.

Some people called this an untoward event, but most persons hailed it as a brilliant display of the supremacy of the British flag.



THE PRIVATEER.

CHAPTER I.

I TOLD you some time ago about the Buccaneers. I must now tell you a story concerning a British privateer. But perhaps you do not know what a privateer is, so I must tell you this first.

During a war between two nations it is well understood that each nation has a right to annoy the other as much as possible. To blow up forts, to knock down castles, to sink ships, and to destroy commerce in every shape, by taking all the trading ships upon which hands can be laid. This being a profitable game, it generally happens that the more daring inhabitants of sea-coasts feel an inclination

to take their share of the war, for the purpose of plunder.

Accordingly, a dozen or more desperate fellows join together and fit out a ship with warlike munitions. The ship may be either bought or hired. If hired, she is generally insured by the owners at a very high premium, as the risks are great as to whether she be not sent to the bottom of the sea. When all is arranged, the men who are to man the ship go aboard, heave up their anchor, and stand off the enemy's coast, to take, burn, or destroy all they can lay their hands on.

The government of a country are generally favourable to this kind of warfare, and grant letters of reprisal, that is, a licence to the parties who choose to hazard their lives in this manner; and away they go, to do all the mischief they can, and, if possible, to fill their own pockets.

During the hot war which raged between the English, French, and Spaniards in the days of Lord Nelson, there were many excellent opportunities for privateering, and a great many hardy tars adopted this mode of bettering their condition. They were called the "Sink or Swim Men;" that is to say, they were desperate, and did not care much which they did. They were, however, determined to do one or the other.

There was a weather-beaten old sailor who went by the name of Tim Bobbin, from his drollery; and

he lived on the west coast, not a great way from the town of Falmouth, at a place called Whirligig Ferry ; so named from a strange eddy at this point of the river, or rather little arm of the sea.

Tim had been a boatswain, and had lost an eye ; he was also minus three fingers of his left hand. I believe, too, that his toes were none of the most perfect, as they had been severely frostbitten in the Northern Ocean. There was, however, nothing the matter with his heart, if by *heart* is meant *courage* ; that had not been frostbitten, as you shall hear.

Tim was suspected of smuggling ; that is to say, everybody knew him to be one of the most determined smugglers on the coast, but no one ever found him in the act,—he was too clever for that. If I were to relate to you all Tim's exploits in this line of business I should write a volume. Ferocious and determined as he was, still, however, at bottom, he was a good-hearted fellow ; and although he was ready in a moment to resent an injury, and revenge it to the fullest possible extent, he was just as ready to do a kind turn for any one when it lay in his way, and sometimes when it lay out of his way.

Tim had a good many acquaintances, but he generally found them false, and not to be depended upon in the hour of trial. There was, however, one staunch fellow, who had been his companion in boyhood, and a participator of some of his earliest exploits, who had a great affection for Tim, and

who, on several occasions, had secretly saved him from the fangs of the law in his smuggling transactions ; his name was Surge—Bob Surge they used to call him.

Tim had persuaded Surge, who was captain of a merchant vessel, to take up a few bales of silk, a few tubs of tobacco, and a few chests of spice, at a certain place not very distant from the English coast. The thing was discovered, the ship seized, and, with her cargo and crew, condemned. The latter were sent to prison, and the former was sold for the benefit of the custom-house.

The very night after she was sold, Tim, with several resolute fellows, took an opportunity, when no one was in possession but a couple of officers, to go on board the condemned ship, and after getting the vessel out to sea, they bored a hole in her bottom, scuttled and sunk her in deep water, while they themselves escaped in a boat. Tim was suspected of this feat by every one, but all the exertions of the authorities could never prove the fact against him.

Surge was all this time lying in prison, and was only released on paying a heavy fine. He had possessed two-thirds of the ship seized, and the loss of this, and of his fine money, completely ruined him. Poor fellow, he caught a severe cold while lying upon the damp stones of the gaol, which hung upon him like a leech ; and this, with his despondency of mind at the loss of his property, with a

wife and six children looking him in the face for food—all this did for Bob. He felt that he must founder—go down like his own ship; so he sent for Tim.

“ Ah! Tim,” said he, “ it’s all over with me; I am sinking fast in deep water; what will become of the old woman and the little ones?”

“ Don’t bother yourself about that,” said Tim; “ they shall never want while I have got it; and when I haven’t——He——”

“ No more of that,” said Bob, “ we have had too much of it already; but never mind, you are a good-hearted fellow, I know. Share your crust with the old hen and chickens, will you, Tim?”

“ Share it, no!” and here he swore a round oath that he would not share it; “ they shall have it all,” said he.

“ And bury me, Tim—bury me in the old church-yard on the cliff, where we used to sit and look out so often; you know the spot—where we first got sight of the——.” And here the poor fellow almost fainted, for he was dying.

“ And, Tim, let me be carried by my mates. And harkee, Tim, be sure you spread the Union Jack over my coffin; and if you see one of the land sharks about the place make him sheer off, or I shall kick the lid of the coffin off——and——”

“ What?” said Tim, bending his ear close to the lips of the dying sailor.

"Look after the hen and chickens, Tim ; the cock's a-dying." So saying, the breath passed from the body of this poor fellow, and his stiffened gripe was in the hand of Tim on one side of the bed, and in that of his wife on the other.

"It's all over," said Tim, rubbing his eyes with the sleeve of his coarse monkey-jacket—"he is up aloft afore this." The poor woman did nothing but weep and wail, and the children clung round her and filled the house with lamentations. After a while, however, she grew more composed, and set herself down, and, calling her youngest child to her, bade him kneel down and pray for deliverance from their trouble.

"Never mind, old Poll," said Tim ; "I'll stick to you while I have got a shot in the locker. Here," said he, pulling an old bag from his bosom, "here's something to keep house with for the next twelve-month, and before that is done God will send us more." So saying, he threw the bag, containing between fifty and sixty guineas, into the lap of the widow.

Bob was buried as he desired. The Union Jack was carried before him, and thrown upon his coffin in the grave. A custom-house officer *was* seen in the churchyard, but Tim would not allow the clergyman to proceed till he had gone away. The man had good sense, and left the moment he found his presence disagreeable ; and let us hope that Bob Surge slept in peace.


CHAPTER II.

TIM GOES A-PRIVATEERING.

SUCH are the circumstances that led to the privateering adventures which I am now about to relate to you.

Tim Bobbin, after he left the widow, said to himself, "Well, I must be father to these poor children, somehow or other, and they never shall want if I can get it. I dare say," he continued, as he walked along the shore, "the folks here will take pretty good care I shall not obtain much from them. Well, never mind, there's a hot war and plenty of Frenchmen. Poor Bob, poor fellow! I did not think it would have come to this. Confound it, it seems as if my brains would not work to-day, else I should have thought of something long before now. I am as stupid as a donkey." Then he set himself down on the beach as he continued pondering, and thought he saw one of the widow's little children standing before him with a smile, as much as to say—
Courage, Tim, courage.

Thus Tim walked on, ruminating and perplexing himself right sorely as to what he should do so as to be able to help the widow and her children. "I shall cudgel my brains no more about it," said he; "something will turn up before the day is out. I'll trust to Providence. But how is this?" said he,



“there is a storm brewing to leeward, or I am mistaken.”

In a very short time the thunder was heard in the distance, and the wind rose into a hurricane. The rain came down in torrents; the lightning quivered on the waves, and a storm came on of a very fearful character indeed.

Signs of distress were soon observed from a ship in the offing. She appeared with her flag reversed, and every now and then a pistol was fired, to make a signal of her dreadful condition. The waves were rolling over her, and she vainly endeavoured to beat to windward, while the shrieks of the poor sufferers were quite appalling.

Great numbers of people now came upon the beach, towards which Tim had almost unconsciously wandered. Several of the influential inhabitants also appeared, who endeavoured to incite the boatmen to make an attempt to release the ship.

The waves, however, ran so high that no one had the courage to venture. It was impossible to launch a boat through the surge. There were no life-boats and life-preservers then, and it appeared certain that every soul would perish.

In the midst of this consternation the ship, which was of a considerable size, struck on the sands, and the waves immediately dashed over her in all their fury, sweeping away her bulwarks and forecastle like so much chaff.

Tim, who had been till this time silent, now seemed to recover his former energy, and observing several casks which had been thrown out of the ship floundering on the shore, he desired they might be immediately emptied, and lashed to some spars round one of the boats, to keep it from upsetting easily. He then sprang into it, and thus by setting an example, induced others to follow him. The raft and boat were pushed off with great difficulty, and a line having been floated from the ship by another cask, at the request of Tim, it was fortunately laid hold of, the ship was reached, and the poor creatures saved. The vessel herself broke up during the night.

In the morning it was ascertained that she contained a valuable cargo from India. Among her passengers was a native prince of great wealth ; and so thankful was he for his preservation, that he made liberal presents to his preservers, particularly to Tim, who received from London, in the course of a few days, a hundred guineas, while his associates, eight in number, had fifty guineas each.

What to do with the hundred guineas was Tim's next thought. His first suggestion was to bestow it immediately upon the poor widow ; " But then," he said to himself, " it will soon go ; I think I had better try to make more of it."

So he lay thinking a whole night concerning the best plan of putting it out to service. " I have it at last," he said to himself ; " ay, that will do—just

the thing—‘nothing venture, nothing have,’” he would have said, but sleep cut short the sentence, which was ended in a snore.

In the morning, as soon as he awoke, he leaped out of bed, and went to the beach, where he met with several of his associates who had been partakers of the liberality of the Indian prince. “Now, my lads,” said he, “let us club together and buy a bark, and go a-privateering, like honest men.”

The idea had before struck several of the sailors, and they fell into his plans immediately. “We only want a captain, Tim,” said they; “and if you will be helmsman, as you have learned navigation, we will go wherever you like to steer us.”

There was an old lugger boat, with the broom at her masthead, lying in the mud a little way up the frith: she had been for sale a long time, and was likely to be for sale, for no one would take a fancy to her, for she was as sorry a looking craft as had ever ventured a league to sea.

However, there was no better to be had, and it was arranged she should be purchased. So each man put into the bag a portion of his good fortune. Tim paid for the shares of two or three others whom it was advisable to take into partnership. They soon succeeded in putting a new deck upon her, and otherwise rigged her out in pretty tolerable style, not forgetting a good sound caulking and pitching.

The next job was to collect a quantity of old arms, consisting of muskets, pistols, cutlasses, boarding-

pikes, and two small swivels, which they mounted on her timber-head. Tim also bought two old long Spanish pieces, which had formerly been used with a matchlock : these he placed aft, as what are called stern chasers.

This outfit, and the object of it, seemed somewhat of a burlesque upon ordinary privateering ; but Tim was, as I have said, a good-humoured fellow, and the others were well known to be fond of a joke, and particularly of being their own masters ; so they did not mind the mirth and harmless ridicule which their armament excited.

Thus equipped, and having stowed on board a few tubs of beef and other eatables, not omitting a few kegs of smuggled brandy, which had been long buried in the sands, the lugger boat and its fearless crew, thirteen in number, put to sea amid the shouts of the landsmen, lubbers, and custom-house officers.

And off they went sure enough ; and, to tell the truth, the lugger, having a fair wind, sailed out of the harbour in fine style. Tim, who liked a joke, seeing several officers who were his deadly enemies along shore jibing at him, ran the flag-halliards through a small keg, and bore it up to the masthead. Then, applying his mouth to the speaking-trumpet, roared out as loud as his lungs would allow him, *It hasn't paid the duty.*

This turned the laugh against the custom-house

privateers, as Tim called them ; and away he went, with the laughter from the shores pealing in his ears, by no means then disagreeable music.

Tim steered his bark directly across Channel. He was not at all afraid of being taken for a privateer, and so he steered on fearlessly enough. He was also as little likely to be thought worth powder and shot from any French cruiser.

Towards nightfall they had reached the middle of the Channel, and it being a warm September evening, and every man desirous of doing something, not one seemed willing to take the accustomed watch below ; every one was upon the look-out : as to Tim, he looked as fierce and sharp over the boom as a terrier dog.

“ What’s that to leeward ? ” said he. “ Sure it is a likely-looking craft ; she is bearing down for Havre, or I am mistaken.” It was a brig seemingly—a heavy sailer. What she had on board remained to be ascertained.

Tim put his helm hard-a-port, and luffed up, with the advantage of a brisk breeze, and the water rattled under the old lugger’s bottom delightfully. “ Bear a hand, my lads, make ready for boarding.”

No sooner said than done. The two swivels were plugged with grapeshot, the pistols loaded, the pikes laid handy on the gunwale, and every man had his cutlass by his side.

Tim steered boldly towards the vessel. It was a

French brig, laden with various articles of French consumption shipped at Rotterdam, and sailing along the coast for Havre under protection of the French cruisers; which, however, were not then to be seen.

She was not without means of defence; she mounted four carronades, and had fourteen hands on board; besides which every man was well armed. Tim kept the helm down, determined to lay the lugger alongside, and to board immediately.

When he got within pistol-shot the French captain hailed in the French language. This Tim did not understand, and cried, "Hoy, yoy," which was equally as unintelligible to the Frenchman.

The captain now cried out in English, or in what he called English, "Vat you mean? I shall blow your brains out."

"Blow away," said Tim; "better be without brains than without money. But two can play at that. At 'em, lads."

Crack went the starboard swivel. Bang went the Frenchman. Crack again went the lugger, by which time she was alongside. Tim put the helm into the hands of the cook, with "Keep her up, lad," and dashed on board like lightning. The French were cut down or ran below, and in fifteen minutes the *Tricolour*, for that was her name, was a lawful English prize.

The crew of the *Tricolour* were soon secured, and

then Tim began to overhaul the cargo, which consisted of butter, cheese, ham, bacon, eggs, Dutch toys, cloth, linen, and a variety of articles of merchandise. Tim was mighty pleased with the toys, and vowed they should go home as a free gift to all the boys and girls in his old village.

The next question was, should they return or not? After a consultation, it was determined that all the warlike munitions should be taken out of the lugger, and that she should be filled with the most valuable portion of the cargo of the brig, and then be despatched home, under care of three of the crew and a couple of Frenchmen, and that the *Tricolour* should be fitted up as a privateer.

This was no sooner determined but it was acted upon. The bold fellows laboured hard all night, and by the morning the best of the cargo was transferred from the *Tricolour* to the lugger, which was despatched forthwith, and spread sail across the Channel.

When the day broke they discovered a French cruiser right a-head, about five miles off. The lugger was seen sailing to the west as fast as her sails would carry her. Presently the French cruiser wore round, and appeared to be in full chase of her. And so she was. This filled Tim with a great deal of perplexity: however, his mind was made up in a moment to steer after the cruiser. She was an armed schooner, of ten guns and five-and-twenty

men, and one of the prettiest ships in the French navy.

"That is the boat for privateering," said Tim. "Now, my lads, I will tell you what we must do. We must bear down on the schooner under French colours. She will suppose that we are coming to her assistance, and while she is endeavouring to capture the lugger, we must dash alongside and take her. It's as easy as possible. Bear a hand."

The crew had not the least idea of being captured by a Frenchman, and it seemed as natural to them that they should take her, if it was their will to do so, as that the sun would rise. So they gave a cheer, with an "Ay, ay, boy," and prepared for a fresh encounter.

The schooner now gained upon the lugger, and in the course of an hour was within cannon shot. At the same time the *Tricolour* was making very near the schooner, which, however, took no notice of her, never supposing her to have been captured during the night. It was the brig they were escorting down the Channel, and they were glad to see her standing towards them.

Presently crack went a shot ahead of the lugger, with a French command to bring to. No notice was taken of this, and crack went another shot—however without effect. The lugger kept on.

Presently the schooner lowered a boat, and a

dozen hands got into it and rowed towards the lugger. Tim saw this with a delight not to be imagined. "She is ours! she is ours!" said he; "lay alongside."

By this time the schooner's boat had reached the lugger, and at the same moment the brig was steered directly athwart the schooner. Tim and his bold fellows leaped on board, and in a few minutes overpowered the few men that were left (who were none of the boldest), and prepared to fire on the schooner's boat as she returned.

The lieutenant who had been despatched to secure the lugger saw the collision between the two ships, and could scarcely understand it. He, however, mastered the three English seamen, and, when it was too late, learned the truth of the capture of the brig from the Frenchmen who had been put on board. The truth then flashed upon him. He looked towards his vessel, and saw the English flag at her masthead and heard the British cheer.

The cheer was followed by a shot—a warning not to come on board, and a command to release the Englishmen. This, after a little hesitation, was complied with. The French boat was then desired to take a line beyond the schooner; and lugger, and brig, and schooner were in a short time in full sail towards the English coast.

A breeze sprang up about mid-day, and the ships scudded through the water joyously. Tim had

divided his men, five in each ship, and two in the lugger; and thus, keeping closely together, they ran for Whirligig Ferry, with all sails crowded.

The people of the village, seeing the lugger standing in with a French schooner and brig, could not understand it; and as it was about five o'clock in the afternoon, hundreds of people were congregated to see the strange sight.

Presently the English flag was hoisted over the tricolour on both ships. As to the lugger, she had no flags, and the sailors on board of her hoisted up hams and sides of bacon, tubs of butter, and all sorts and descriptions of things, as trophies of their victory.

I do not know whether there was more shouting or laughter at this strange sight. The ships steered on right into the creek, the crowds following them. Among the rest were the poor widow and her little ones. Tim saw her from the shore. "Hurrah, old girl," said he, "keep your heart up; there's life in a mussel."

The ships were soon moored, the prisoners taken out, and Tim was carried on the shoulders of the very persons who had jibed and laughed at him when he set off, into the town. He made headquarters at an inn called the Jolly Tar; and the gentry of the surrounding neighbourhood, custom-house officers, officials and non-officials, came to applaud his bravery.



TIM DISTRIBUTING HIS PRIZE.—*The Privateer.* P. 295.

Tim first of all had three or four bales and crates of Dutch toys spread in the market-place, and the crier went round to call together all the children, who came in shoals; and the madcap of a sailor kissed them by hundreds, and danced, and capered, and rolled among them as if he had been a child himself—he was such a kind, good-hearted fellow. As to the women, they thought more of Tim's kindness to the children than they would if he had bought them things of ten times the value.

Tim had, however, not forgotten the women, particularly the old ones, of whom there might be a couple of hundred in the place. Among the other matters that had been captured there were found on board the schooner several bales of a coarse woollen cloth, manufactured in Holland, and used for soldiers' great coats. These Tim declared should be given away to the old ladies to make themselves under garments, or upper garments, or anything else that they chose.

So the next day found Tim cutting out quantities of drugget, and giving away parcels of tea; and soon after was a sale by auction of the brig, and the cargo of both brig and schooner, which amounted to thirteen thousand pounds.

Tim was a generous fellow, and though he was entitled to a larger amount than the others he divided the whole of the sum equally, giving exactly the same to the two sailors who were unable to purchase

a share in the lugger boat as he did to himself and the others.

His next care was for the widow. Tim purchased a house near the centre of the town, and fitted it up in the best manner as an inn. He obtained a licence from the magistrates, who found it impossible to refuse him. He called it the LUGGER BOAT; and then he made it over to the widow, and had the satisfaction to see her behind the bar. Besides this, Tim sent all the children to school.

Such was the first adventure of Tim Bobbin, and it will give you a specimen of a privateer's life. All privateers do not, however, come off so well as this hero; a very considerable number are sunk by the fire of larger ships.

During the war a French privateer had very much annoyed the small traders on the English coast, and being a very fast sailer had generally contrived to make off without reprisal. Emboldened by their success, the crew committed many excesses, and, on one occasion, had sent an English brig to the bottom, with all hands on board, merely in the spirit of wickedness. Our government sent out a swift frigate on the station, which, coming suddenly up to the privateer, without any parley, poured a broadside into her, and she went down instantaneously. Such, my young friends, are some of the horrors of warfare.

THE WRECKERS.

CHAPTER I.

You have heard of the disasters and the terrors of the sea, my young friends, and I dare say would scarcely think it possible that any human being would be so wicked as to try to decoy ships upon the rocks for the purpose of plundering them and murdering the shipwrecked crew.

But there have been wretches wicked enough for this. Towards the close of the sixteenth century a horrid custom used to prevail in some parts of the coast of Cornwall, of leading vessels to destruction, in stormy weather, by fastening a lantern to a horse's head, and leading it about on the tops of the cliffs, that the mariner, far off at sea, and tossed about by the tempest, by mistaking it for the light of a ship, and thus not apprehending land in that direction, might be induced to shape his course thither, till the foaming breakers gave too late a warning of his fate—namely, that of being dashed upon the rocks—while a set of ruthless wretches, called wreckers, frequently murdered those who escaped drowning, that they might not dispute their title to the property of the wreck, which they called a "God-send."

In a hovel on a craggy shore of a deep and dangerous bay, not far from the Land's End, in Cornwall, dwelt one of these wretched men. He was old and hardened, and had exercised his calling of fisherman only when there was no smuggling to be done and no ships to be wrecked. He was not alone in his work, being the leader of a band as ruthless and hardened as himself. His wife, too, encouraged him in his deeds of villany, and sometimes aided him in his exploits.

Many years before the period of which I now write these two wreckers (before they had commenced their iniquitous trade) had been blessed with a son, who had at a very early age been sent to sea. He went as boy on board of a West Indiaman. He had been successful, and, having reached manhood, was returning to share with his parents the reward of his industry, success, and enterprise.

The ship in which he took his passage homeward was a West India merchant ship, of which a large proportion was his own. He also brought with him a rich cargo and a considerable sum of money in specie, and had a most favourable passage till within sight of the English coast.

It was on the eve of Halloween, in the middle of November, when the returning adventurer again saw the white coast of his native land. His heart seemed to leap out of his bosom, and wished for wings to reach the shore. What delight it was for this suc-

cessful young man, only in his twenty-fifth year, to know that he should soon be able to rescue his father and mother from poverty, and to make them happy all the remainder of their days.

He had, in his imagination, resolved to build a pretty English villa on the site of the old stone hovel, to adorn it with flowers and shrubs, and to store it with poultry and kine; to buy his father a pony to ride on, and give his mother an easy chair. He had laid out stores of happiness for the old people, and felt, as every good son ought to feel, the highest possible pleasure in being a dutiful son; although, to tell the truth, he had little to thank either father or mother for, as he had been sent off to sea before he was seven years old.

The land faded from his eager gaze as the night came on. With the night came a strong wind from the south-east; this rose into a gale, and before midnight blew a perfect hurricane. The ship was endeavouring to make up the Channel under close double-reefed topsails, and heaving in the waters awfully. It was pitchy dark, and, during an awful gust of wind, the vessel shipped a sea which stove in her starboard quarter, carrying away the cabin head, binnacle, and everything on the quarter-deck.

Now the binnacle is that place in which the compass is suspended; and great was the consternation on board when it was found that, in such an hour of darkness, the compass was lost; and the

captain, owing to the impossibility of seeing anything (for it was so dark he could scarcely see his own hand), gave himself up for lost.

However, a light was at last descried to leeward, and closely watched. The object to be ascertained was whether it was that of a ship or one belonging to a lighthouse, fixed to warn them of some rocky shore.

At last the light was observed to be in motion, and as it was moving in the direction of the wind, the conclusion was that it proceeded from a ship successfully weathering the gale. There was no other alternative than to keep that vessel in sight.

The ship was then put in the direction of the vessel as it was supposed, and although the waves rolled over her every minute, she yet made successful way, and young Loggan (for that was his name) became again filled with the hope of seeing his native shore, and beholding the faces of his parents.

Presently, however, the light was not to be seen, and all was dark. The ship kept her course, however. Again a light was visible, but it was not the same light, and was in a direction farther to the westward. The crew were now in great consternation, not knowing how or where to steer. In the midst of a consultation of what should be done, the awful intelligence, "Breakers a-head!" was heard, and the next moment the ship struck on a rock.

The moment the vessel struck the sea beat over her with great fury. Her masts went, one by one,

over her side. Her rudder was carried away, her bowsprit split, and the sea was breaking in from a large hole in her bottom.

All was now despair. The passengers clung to the rigging ; the sailors were all in confusion ; the winds bellowed and the waters howled about them, till at last the Indiaman split in two, and the stern part went down, with the captain, mate, and a number of the crew and passengers.

Loggan now threw himself on a portion of the mainmast floating by the side of the ship, and, cutting away the rigging, was at last riding upon the waves. He had fortunately secured about his person a considerable number of gold pieces, and his vouchers for money purchased in the English funds.

After beating about among the breakers and the rocks for some time, the young man at last found himself dashed under the frowning brow of a high cliff. With prodigious efforts he climbed up to a spot above the reach of the sea, and here he sank, exhausted, being more dead than alive. At last the morning dawned, and the first thing he beheld was a number of the people of the coast plundering the wreck, which during the night had beaten under the cliffs.

CHAPTER II.

ON the evening of the day on which Loggan again saw his country, the old wrecker and his wife were sitting on a little bench beside the door of their stone-built hovel. The old man cast his little piercing grey eyes, which age had not dimmed, over the watery waste, and, after looking upwards to observe the course of the clouds and wind, ejaculated, although all appeared serene and beautiful, "There's luck in the weather, Madge ; a storm is brewing."

"God send us a good one," said the old woman, "and a ship ashore ; for if we go on at this rate we shall have to eat sea-weed and black rock for breakfast, for you have been the unluckiest man alive this last summer. Where the fish are gone to I cannot tell."

"Where they are gone to ? The case is plain enough, wife. Do you think God will send us fish to be thrown on to the land like dung. No ! ever since the lord of the downs came from Lunnun, with his scientific farming, as they call it, and persuaded the farmers to use sprats and herrings for manure, everything has gone wrong, and we shall not have a sprat or a pilchard left in the Channel."

"The fewer sprats the more wrecks, for if God Almighty is angry with them for this, he will not

stop with keeping the sprats away ; he does not pay his debts with halfpence, and I hope he will send a good storm, and plenty of 'em."

"See," said the old man, "there is a large ship to the south-east ; she is coming up the Channel ; I wish it would blow great guns ; and if I am not mistaken it will before night. Look at the gulls, wife ; see, they are making shorewards ; we shall have it"

Sure enough the old man's predictions were true. As the evening set in the winds rose, and before dark it blew a perfect hurricane. As soon as it was dusk the old man took a lantern, and, placing it on the head of an ass which he kept, drove it at a brisk trot three or four miles over the coast, in an easterly direction. He also directed his wife to go to the westward for about two miles, and when she observed that his light was extinguished to light her lantern. Thus it was the people on board the Indiaman were bewildered.

The old man was watching on the cliffs all night, and was on the tops of those against which the ill-fated vessel struck. But neither himself, nor the savage wretches whom he had called together for the purpose of plunder, would afford the least assistance, but left the crew and passengers to their fate.

When Loggan saw the people plundering the wreck in the morning, he was at first tempted to call out for assistance ; but hearing the oaths which they

made use of in their exultation over the wreck, and their expressed determination to send to "Davy Jones" all they found connected with it, made him determine to make from the scene of destruction as quickly as possible.

He therefore scrambled over the cliffs, and was in a short time in a bye path which seemed in some degree familiar to him. At last, when he came a little farther and looked around, he discovered that he was near his native home. There, sure enough, stood the stone hovel in which he had been brought up; there was his father's look-out, on a rising knoll; there was the seat in the garden, an old boat's bows turned over it; and there was the very donkey which he had left sixteen years before.

I will not attempt to tell you how rejoiced the poor young man was. He entered the hut, but it was silent and empty—all were gone to plunder the wreck. He sat himself down in his mother's chair—the same that she had rocked him in when he was a baby—and burst into tears. When he became more calm, he fell on his knees and returned thanks to God for his deliverance.

He had reason to rejoice, for his ship was insured, and all his property. He had forty Spanish doubloons about him and all his papers. The only things he had really lost by the wreck were a few presents for his father and mother.

Like Joseph, he determined not in the first in-



OLD LOGGAN DISCOVERING HIS SON.—*Wreckers.* P. 305.

stance to discover himself to his parents, being anxious to ascertain whether they ever thought of him, and if they still cherished an affection for him. And so, taking out his money and lodging it on the table, he sat still, waiting the event.

He waited, however, a long while—nobody came—and, being faint and exhausted, he looked for something to eat, but in vain—there was no food in the cottage. How glad was he that he should be able to provide for his parents !

At last, towards the evening, the old man and his wife were seen coming from the cliffs, laden with plunder from the wreck. When they came to the door Loggan went out to meet them. They started when they saw him, and the old man roughly inquired what he did there.

Loggan told him he was the only person, he believed, who had been saved from the wreck, and begged of them to give him sustenance till he could make his way towards Exeter, where he should be able to take coach for London.

The old man told him they had got little to give away, but he might stop there for a night or two if he liked ; and, saying this, went into the hovel with his load, as did his wife with hers, which were immediately stowed away in the inner apartment.

When they issued from this apartment, the old man fixed his eyes upon the doubloons which lay on the table. These Loggan gathered up and put into

a bag, offering one to the old man in return for the accommodation he offered.

While supping off some dried fish, the conversation turned upon his voyage, the disaster, and the place from which the vessel came. Old Loggan was desirous to obtain as much information as possible; as he knew inquiries might be made as to the produce of the wreck; and he wished to destroy anything which might be identified by the relations or friends of those drowned.

Loggan resolved not to make himself known till the following morning, although his heart yearned towards his mother. He sat up for some time with the old people, and at last the rum-bottle was brought, out of which the old man drank pretty freely, his wife following the example.

Loggan thought both father and mother much changed; they seemed to have grown reckless and hard-hearted; and the old man, when he became warmed by the liquor, talked strangely, and his eyes glared fiercely.

To avoid anything unpleasant, as he thought, Loggan retired into his crib, which had been prepared for him; and throwing his father's rough coat around him to keep himself warm, bade father and mother good night, and in a few minutes dropped off to sleep.

How long he slept he knew not, but he was awake by a sudden pressure upon his face and head. He threw his arms upwards, but the weight of a whole body was thrown upon him. At first he thought

that, during his intoxication, the old man had, unintentionally, thrown himself upon his bed.

He struggled to remove himself, but a bag of chaff was thrown over his face, and a prodigious weight pressed upon it. He endeavoured to cry, but he was stifled. He made another violent struggle, and, breaking through the crib, fell upon the floor.

"The knife, Madge!—the knife! Keep him down!—the knife!"

"What, murder me!—Murder! murder!" exclaimed the young man: but before he could raise himself, a deep stab in the side was given him by his father's hand.

"Oh, father!—dear father!" said he, "I am your son Richard—I am Richard!—do not murder your only boy! Save me, mother! mother!—mother!"

The old man's hand stiffened over the knife. He stood paralysed, his mouth half open, his eyes glaring, and his body convulsed in every muscle. At last a tremor came over him—he shook like an aspen, and sank back on the floor.

The old woman, at the first appeal to her, knew the voice of her son; she ran to him, and endeavoured to stanch the blood, which flowed freely. Finding this ineffectual, she parted his hair, and hung over his face as if she could have devoured it. The poor young man was dying.

"Oh, mother!" said he, "are you my own dear mother, that I loved so when a child? Did you not

teach me to say the Lord's prayer when I was no higher than your knee? Oh, mother! mother!—I am dying!—yet let me pray for you!"

The old man recovered from the swoon into which he had fallen, and kneeling down for a moment over the poor young man, satisfied himself that it really was his son; then burying his hands in his thick hair, and uttering a loud scream, ran wildly out of the hovel towards the cliffs, and dashed himself headlong into the deep.

Young Loggan had but a few moments to live—he took his mother's hand—told her, in a few words, what preparations he had made for her happiness, and after a few convulsive gasps breathed his last.

It is impossible to describe what the mother felt. She went soon after to the magistrate's and confessed the whole; and then, becoming mad, was confined as a lunatic for the remainder of her days, which were few. Such is the story of the wreckers. From it we may learn this striking maxim—that "He who throws a stone against Heaven very often has it fall on his own head."

We may be sure of this, that although retribution does not always take place in so striking a manner as in the present story, yet that *evil* must produce *evil*, and the chances are that the evil we do to others may return to ourselves even in this life.—In the life to come—ay, who can tell the state of evil-doers in the life to come?

ENGLAND'S STRONGHOLD—GIBRALTAR, WITH THE
STORY OF ITS CAPTURE.

IF you look at a map of Spain, you will see that where the south coast of that country projects, as if to meet the opposite coast of Africa, there is a small bay, one side of which is formed by a narrow tongue of land, stretching out to the south. This tongue consists of a rock of seven miles in circumference and nearly 1800 feet in height, which on the side facing the Mediterranean Sea is hardly less steep than a wall, while its summit is a ridge about two miles long, and almost as sharp as the edge of a knife. The other side slopes down more gently towards the bay, and on the lower part of this slope stands the town of Gibraltar. The rock on all sides has a very remarkable appearance; and seen in one direction, it presents the outline of a lion lying down to sleep. It terminates towards Spain in a vast perpendicular precipice, which frowns over a waste of flat sand, scarcely raised above the level of the sea, which washes it on each side. This plain is about two miles in extent, and is bounded on the north by noble-looking hills, which are continued round two sides of the bay.

This wonderful rock belongs to England. There is a broad strip of the sandy plain, reaching from shore to shore, which is called "the neutral ground." Its limits are marked by two lines of sentry-boxes, those on the English side being painted black, and those on the Spanish side white. On this ground there is no house, and no person is allowed to remain upon it from sunset to sunrise.

You may be sure that a spot which commands the entrance of the Mediterranean Sea, and which seems by nature to belong to another country, was not taken and has not been kept by the English without trouble. I am now going to tell you something of its history.

In very ancient times the name of the rock was Mount Calpe, and along with Mount Abylæ, on the coast of Africa, just opposite, it was considered one of the pillars of Hercules, beyond which the ancient Greeks and Romans scarcely ever used to sail, and which at one time they thought it impossible to pass. After the fall of the Roman Empire, the Goths governed Spain; and when they were conquered by the Saracens, or Moors, as they are often called, the rock was taken by a famous chief named Tarif, and from him it took the name of Gitel-tarif, or *the mountain of Tarif*—*Gitel* signifying *mountain* in Arabic, the language spoken by the Moors. A Spanish town, not far off, was called *Tarifa*, from the same hero. The name *Gitel-tarif* was soon

changed into *Gibraltar*, and by this name the rock and town on its foot have ever since been called. The Moors fortified it strongly, and there now remain the ruins of a large castle, built by them a little above the town, which was completed in the year 725, as we know from an inscription found on one of the walls.

After several centuries, the Moors became weak through ease and luxury, while the old inhabitants of Spain, who had retired into the north part of the country, had gradually regained their strength. They came down upon the Moors in great power, and drove them by degrees out of the land. As long as this was going on, Gibraltar, from its being near the African coast, the proper country of the Moors, was the scene of much bloodshed and bravery. In the year 1462 it fell into the hands of the Spaniards, after having been held by the Moors for 700 years.

From that time it belonged to Spain, and the fortifications were repaired and strengthened by the Emperor Charles V., so that it was considered impregnable. A great wall is now standing which bears the name of that monarch.

In the reign of Queen Anne, Gibraltar was quite unexpectedly thrown into the hands of the English. Two princes, named Philip and Charles, laid claim to the crown of Spain. Louis XIV., then king of France, being related to Philip, supported his claim, and made

him king, though he had previously promised to assist Charles. The English and the Dutch took up the cause of Charles, and this led to a bloody war. There were England and Holland on one side, and France and Spain on the other. The famous Duke of Marlborough was general of the land forces, and gained some great victories over the French in Flanders. Sir Cloudesley Shovel and Sir George Rooke were sent out with a fleet; and Sir George Rooke was dispatched, with the Prince of Hesse, who was fighting on the English side, to make an attempt on the city of Barcelona. This attempt failed; and Sir George Rooke, being admiral of a great fleet, did not like to go home without doing something. Accordingly, he determined on making a sudden attack on Gibraltar.

On the 21st of July, 1704, he sailed into the bay with his fleet, and landed 1800 men, with the Prince of Hesse at their head, on the sandy plain, where is now the neutral ground. The prince immediately called on the Governor of Gibraltar to submit; but he refused; and on the 23rd, at daybreak, the ships began to cannonade the town, and soon drove the Spaniards from their guns. Presently, at the landing-place, by what is called the New Mole, a little to the south of the town, Captains Jumper and Hicks landed with their men, when the Spaniards sprung a mine, which they had before prepared under the fortifications. This killed two lieutenants, and forty of the

brave fellows under them, but the rest kept their ground, and were soon joined by others. The battery on the spot at which this landing was made, is at present called "Jumper's Battery."

The Spaniards, although they behaved bravely, could hold out no longer, and the governor surrendered. On the 24th of the month, the Prince of Hesse took possession of the gates, and the governor marched out with all the honours of war. The English had lost in the attack only sixty men, including the forty-two that had been destroyed at Jumper's Battery.

The Prince of Hesse remained as governor of the town; and Sir George Rooke, after engaging the French fleet off Malaga, returned to England. When he reached home, this brave admiral got neither thanks, glory, nor profit for obtaining a place which has been, and will no doubt long continue to be, of the greatest value to the commerce and power of his country while the Duke of Marlborough got a palace, riches, nobility, and all the honours that the nation could bestow, for gaining victories which have left no solid fruit whatever, and for expending the resources of his country in a quarrel of which he had himself been one of the chief authors.

LONDON :
SAVILL AND EDWARDS, PRINTERS, CHANCERY STREET,
COVENT GARDEN.

STANDARD BOOKS FOR BOYS.

DARTON AND HODGE'S BOYS OWN LIBRARY.

Cloth gilt, and profusely Illustrated.

Uniform in size, &c. with "FAMOUS BOYS," price 3s. 6d. each.

HOLIDAY TALES.

By **WILLIAM MARTIN.**

With numerous Illustrations by clever artists.

OUR BOYISH DAYS.

With Eight full-page Illustrations in Colours.

By **William Martin**, Author of "The Intellectual Calculator."

CHIMNEY CORNER STORIES.

By **WILLIAM MARTIN.**

With numerous Cuts and full-page Illustrations, by **HARRISON WEIR.**

MODERN TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES.

By MEREDITH JOHNES.

With Eight full-page Illustrations, by HARVEY, &c.

CLEVER BOYS OF OUR TIME, AND HOW THEY BECAME FAMOUS MEN.

Fourth Edition.

THE BOY PRINCES.

By J. G. EDGAR.

FAMOUS BOYS; AND HOW THEY BECAME GREAT MEN.

By the Author of "Heroines of our Times."

With Eight full-page Illustrations.

TRIUMPHS OF PERSEVERANCE AND ENTERPRISE.

By THOMAS COOPER.

Illustrated by J. GILBERT, ANNERLEY, WILLIAMS, and others.

LONDON: DARTON & HODGE, HOLBORN HILL.





BOYS OWN

LIBRARY.